

Peace to the Wanderer

The Philosophy and Friendship of Richard Rose

by Robert J. Martin



Artwork courtesy of Daniel Pflieger

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Foreword

I met Richard Rose and encountered his Albigen System in the early 1970s, and was fortunate to learn of his personal ways by hanging around him as much as possible. He was unlike anyone I have ever known.

Bob Martin was his friend and the first member of what later became the TAT Society. Bob documents the plans and early visions they had for a workable spiritual group. They also discussed effective tools that might help serious seekers of definition.

This is a story of what it was like before and after Richard Rose found the answer that he was longing for. An interesting thing to notice is that Richard's personality changed little, and his values of friendship seem to have strengthened. He used to say, "There is no religion greater than human friendship," and that is the way he lived. There was no doubt about his consistency; if you were one of the people who were close to him, you didn't *think* that he was your friend, you *knew* it. In this writing, I noted Bob Martin as quoting Rose, who explained how he hoped their relationship would be: "To one another let us simply be friends, for friend is a common word, but a great achievement."

We can thank Bob for his accurate neutral reporting concerning friendship; for later Rose accused Bob of not holding up his share of the load using the principle of confrontation. The two men were quite the opposites in many regards, which again points out the ability of Richard to walk in another man's shoes. This was a trait that became the cornerstone of Rose's teaching ability. Depending upon who asked a certain question, the answer he gave was often different and tailored for that individual's beliefs.

Other spiritual friends of Richard's are also mentioned in the biography; people such as John Peré, who lived on the same street as my wife's parents, and Leon Wood, whom I never met, but Mister Rose talked of him frequently. He would often comment that Leon was the most deeply enlightened man that he had ever met. Wood had focused on the Lord's Prayer, and his experience was spontaneous and shattering. But the man had no language that could explain this realization. What made his experience remarkable was that he was able to travel foreword or backward in time and to destinations with ease. This is quite extraordinary. That is what the rest of Rose's life developed into—to find the ways and means to explain what he and a few others had found.

For people who know Richard Rose, this sojourn by Robert Martin definitely helps fill in some gaps. It is also a nostalgic trip back into the time when these two friends exchanged letters and lives. Now we can read them as they were written not so very long ago. But more than anything, this is a statement to the conviction that friendship is the key to all communication. And so the rapport that is developed between the teacher and the student is the link that enables transmission. It gives one the chance at becoming the condition that Rose referred to as Betweenness. He talks of “Betweenness” in his book *The Direct Mind Experience*. There is a section near the back of that book on “points of reference,” and he speaks laboriously of the necessity for friendship on the path. Briefly he explains, “We must take all things into account. We live among millions of people. We must not expect to find ourselves more meaningful than them. We should not despise them, but we should never worship their bodies. Nor any body.

“But carry a high respect for friendship. Without friendship there is no brotherhood—there is no safe retreat—no communion with guides or colleagues, and ultimately, no philosophic language of any value.”

Knowing that camaraderie was the key factor in passing on rare information, this biography is about a very unique friend and instructor—a man who saved lives.

Gary Harmon

June 2006

A Note From the Editor

As a reader of Bob Martin's chronicles, you are unlikely to remain riveted by his writing talent or rest upon the meaning behind every word. You will, however, find heretofore unpublished accounts of Richard Rose's life before 1973, when he established the TAT Foundation and began publishing his hard-hitting philosophy books and poetry. Look even deeper, and you will discover the genesis of precepts that would later blossom and inspire Truth seekers from around the world.

As the editors of Martin's work, we settled upon two principles from the get-go. First, his material would remain largely unedited except for occasional grammar, spelling, and readability corrections. Additionally, Rose's letters would be reprinted in their original text with nary a redaction save rare spelling corrections or other small edits. Some might argue that in today's world, a few of their statements are somewhat coarse and politically incorrect. On the other hand, Martin and Rose lived in a different era. But if they were alive today, they would unabashedly offer their views on any subject at hand.

In this inaugural digital edition, the editors decided to present Martin's work without the traditional index or glossary. Furthermore, you will note that a section titled "About Richard Rose" was reprinted from previously published Web site material courtesy of the TAT Foundation (www.tatfoundation.org). Regrettably, we were unable to locate sufficient material to write a similar piece on Bob Martin. Bob was born on June 4, 1918 and passed away on January 6, 2003, in Emmaus, Pennsylvania. It is our hope that a future edition will contain details about his life so as to provide the reader with a more complete picture of the author.

We hope that sincere Truth seekers will find the information helpful in assessing and expediting their own spiritual path. We are deeply indebted to Robert J. Martin for capturing the most uncommon of Richard Rose's writings.

January 2007

Chapter I

I Meet R.S. Rose

I, Robert J. Martin, was working as layout inspector at Curtiss Wright Aircraft Plant in Columbus, Ohio, in the spring of 1943. My domain then was receiving inspection, where I made detail checks of the first pieces of machined parts and forgings supplied to us as subcontractors.

One afternoon I strolled over to the machine shop inspection department to see Harold DeLong, an old friend of mine who was working there. He was relatively a peon, who worked in what we called “bench inspection.” This was inspection of simple parts that did not require setups over a surface plate and use of the vernier height gage; this latter work classified as layout inspection.

In passing the machine shop layout cage, where I had formerly worked, I saw a rare sight, at least rare in those days. Bald as an egg, and with a full reddish beard, a short but strong and young fellow sat on a high chair and bent over his surface plate, as he cast a baleful eye on the set-up he was constructing.

This vision entranced me. I stopped and stared at it through the wires of the cage. The part he was setting up was one I was very familiar with.

“Need some help?” I patronized.

“Not from you, sonny,” He glanced scornfully at me.

“I haven’t seen you around before.” I wanted to further my knowledge of this interesting creature. “I’m a layout man too. Used to work in this cage. I’m an old timer around here.” Being there a year already during the war warranted this statement.

“You haven’t seen me because I just started a few days ago. Used to do layout at Goodyear Aircraft at Akron.”

“If you don’t mind my asking, why do you get your head up in such a weird fashion?”

“I don’t mind. One reason is to baffle idiots like you. Also, I’m trying to keep the girls away.”

I must know this character better, thought I. “How about getting together for a bull session some time?” I queried. “You’ll find me very interesting.”

Rose looked at me suspiciously. “You’re not a queer, are you?”

“Hell no.” I was offended. “Do I look like one?”

“Yes.” Then Rose laughed boisterously.

“I’ve a wife and two kids,” I protested.

“Forget it,” he said. “I was just testing your equanimity.”

We exchanged addresses, and thus started a friendship that began 40 years ago.

Back in '43, Rose invariably dressed like a Catholic priest. He wore a black single-breasted suit, a black topcoat, a white shirt and black tie. This was topped by a black felt hat. I sometimes called him “Father Rose.” Of course, his shoes were black oxfords. In a sense I think he had what the Catholics call a vocation. Years previous he had gone to a Seminary for, I believe, three years. He left because he couldn't get suitable answers to his philosophical questions. But he had the temperament.

At this time he was as ascetic as a Monk. He was celibate, a vegetarian, a non-smoker and non-drinker. He drove no car then, but relied on public transportation. He would not sit in bars to shoot the shit with me. He said I quickly got oiled up and then it wasn't worth talking to me.

One exception to this, and perhaps an example of his feeling about bars, was one night when we stopped at Ben's Tavern near Ohio State University. We had both just come off the second shift at 1:00 AM. My wife, Ruth, was to meet me at Ben's. I was able to wheedle Rose inside, though he insisted on a soft drink.

The three of us grabbed a booth where a party was just leaving. When a shift let out at Curtiss Wright it was often impossible to get a seat anywhere in a bar. At Ben's, people would be lined up two deep along the bar behind the row of occupied bar stools. Tables for four would host six. Many nights the beer would run out, and us beer drinkers would have to switch to wine or booze. With all the alcohol that was processed through the guts of Curtiss employees, I often think it a miracle that 7,500 naval aircraft were successfully fabricated at the Columbus plant during the war.

RS and I got into a philosophical wrangle. At this time I pushed the idea that the only possible way to understand reality, *if* there was any way, was the course of modern Theoretical Physics. (While working, I was attending college part time and majoring in physics). Einstein, whom I had once visited for a half hour, was my idea of the greatest man who ever lived. Eddington, Jeans, Bohr, de Broglie and Heisenberg were other heroes of mine.

RS was convinced that no conceivable use of the verbalizable thinking processes could come to grips with ultimate reality. He was at this time heavily into Yoga, a subject which I had but the vaguest knowledge of.

Sipping her beer, Ruth turned baffled eyes from one to the other of us. As she continued to be ignored, a hint of irritation crossed her face.

“Gentlemen, may I interrupt a moment? I have a weighty question.”

“Of course,” said Rose, pleased to have her show interest in the conversation. Ruth hesitated a moment, a serious expression on her face.

“I don't know just how to ask this,” she temporized,

“That's all right,” soothed RS. “Just do your best and we'll do ours in trying to give you an answer.”

“Okay. Here goes. Why is a duck?” Then she laughed.

Rose has always remembered Ruth by this episode. It typified for him a widespread fatuity found in women.



At this time, Rose had probably just turned 26. He is about 13 months older than myself. For six years, I had known Harold DeLong, whom I then considered my best friend. He was about nine years older than I, or about the same age as my wife. Harold was quondam manager of the Old Heidelberg Rathskellar near OSU and was a devoted student of occult subjects. However, another subject to which he was devoted interfered mightily with his course in life. This was his devotion to women. At this time, he was an inspector at Curtiss.

I was anxious to get my new friend and my old friend together. I was certain there would be mutual fascination. (Beware: one's friends will not necessarily be friends). One Sunday afternoon when none of us were working, RS and I called on DeLong.

For a while the conversation was formal and inconsequential. I wanted Rose to realize what an amazing friend I'd had before I met him. I brought the conversation around to poltergeists and elementals, subjects with regard to which Harold was full of news.

"Have you really seen elementals" asked RS. He shifted his chair forward, his voice now lively with interest.

"Why sure," drawled Harold. "In fact I have some down in my basement right now."

I was as intrigued as was Rose. Was I really about to be introduced to some elementals? These I understood to be a kind of playful, joyful, normally invisible, fairy-like creatures, that are part of Nature and usually overlooked by man. I really had hitherto placed little credence in them. Was I to learn that they actually existed?

RS and I followed DeLong down the dingy cellar stairs and into a dirty ill-lit basement. Occultists do not have time to clean things.

Harold stepped over to a large cardboard box that was open at the top except for a sheet of chicken wire.

"Meet my elementals," he said. "They are truly nature spirits!"

Pointing to the baby bunnies lying snugly against their mother, he introduced them all: "This is Suzy, this Betty, this Jane, and this little fellow is Tarzan, though it's a little hard to tell him from Jane yet."

By this time Rose was half up the cellar stairs and heading for the outside door. His footsteps were not gentle.

In later years, we often discussed DeLong, whom I kept track of for a long time. Rose, however, never felt impelled to renew this acquaintance. Rose agreed that DeLong probably had a large store of miscellaneous occult knowledge, but did not know anything for sure. Also, his lifestyle—and some of his writing—suggested a mind that was saturated in the effluvia of various vulvas.



At this time, RS had an old friend whom he hoped I'd someday meet. Rose had become acquainted with him years previously, when RS had gone to West Liberty College near Wheeling, and had been majoring in chemistry. The friend, who modestly acknowledged himself to be Jesus Christ engaged in his second coming, had erroneously been labeled Julian Barclay by misguided parents. Julian was sometimes seen on Wheeling street corners, preaching his second coming. He might be dressed in burlap sacking and sporting a full beard, and his hair—long down his back—would be fastened together like a pigtail.

On one occasion, Rose and Julian were hitchhiking somewhere together. As was very customary in those depression days, a man stopped and picked them up, probably before he got a good look at Julian. He kept casting worried glances back at Julian, who was sprawled in the back seat. Finally he turned to RS and asked, his voice quivering slightly:

“Where are you fellas from?”

“Oh,” said Rose. “I wouldn’t want to tell everybody, but I’m Prince Louis Philippe of France, and my friend is Jesus Christ. He’s universal you know.”

At one social occasion where RS and Julian were in attendance, the subject of reincarnation came up. With a serious expression, Barclay asserted that reincarnation was true for some, but that if you wanted to be reincarnated, it was important to select the right undertaker. The undertakers who were in the know, he told them, put your corpse in a large centrifuge with your body firmly held so that the length was radial to the axis of the centrifuge. The machine was then turned on. The large centrifugal force compressed the length of the body until it became the size of a child. It then could be stuffed into a womb subsequent to the appropriate copulation. And so, born again!

On two occasions, shortly before he died, I met “Jesus” many years later, but this is another story.

Barclay had unusual parentage. He was the son of a fundamentalist from the Wheeling, WV area, who met and married an Australian aborigine woman. Julian said he had an extensive world following who tuned into him telepathically. In passing, I should note that there is a certain esoteric sense in which Julian’s claim to Christhood could be seen as meaningful. Whether this is what he meant, or whether he meant it in the simplistic literal sense, I cannot say.



It might be wondered how two healthy young specimens such as RS and I remained free of military servitude at this time. A comment on this may be of interest.

Rose was turned down, or as we said then was 4F, because of a detectable heart murmur that was probably a result of malnourishment back in the good old depression days of his early youth.

I had a silver plate in my right femur and a knee-to-hip operation scar thereon. Resulting from a youthful tangle with a truck, this was my ticket to survival.

I cannot say either of us was in much sympathy with the war effort, but I believe Rose looked on it as a monstrous piece of collective insanity which no decent individual would indulge in if he could help it. For those who could escape the insensate maw of wars, however, unusual opportunities for getting ahead existed. Beef being in short supply, in later war years Rose helped alleviate this condition. For my part, I got a start as a scientist in a way that might never have happened in peacetime.

On the other hand, I’d been an admirer of Hitler since I was twelve. So I thought we were on the wrong side. This sentiment, which I expressed freely when full of beer, caused me some employment problems. Yet, from my aforementioned adulation of Einstein, it is obvious that Hitler and I did not see eye to eye in all respects. At this time, and until the end of the war, I believed that rumors of the final solution of the Jewish question were nothing but vicious allied wartime propaganda, of the kind we had experienced in WWI. This is typical when your government lies. You never know when they might be telling the truth. My admiration for national socialism was more for the socialist than for the national part, and has remained so to this day.

Which brings me to a chronic source of dissension between Rose and I. Any discussion between us of economics or of the social order, throughout all of our years of friendship, was likely to end with us in a white shaking rage. I was a Roosevelt man. RS believed in a capitalism untrammled by government. My ideal was, and is, a society in which the money game has been completely closed down by the elimination of fluid interchangeable credit within the country. I believe Rose kind of enjoyed the money game. He said I hated it because I was no good at it. That, he says, is why I spent most of my life as a high priced scientific whore for government projects. I said no decent person who understood what went on would want to spend time learning the silly money game. There are far better games to play. And then he would retort. He knew the games I preferred. Getting drunk and sodomizing my wife. And so it would go.

This latter item reminds me that he used to like to rib me, often in public, about my uxoriousness. Leaning across a surface plate, and shooting the bull at work he might say, "For God's sake Martin, turn your head a little bit. I can tell what you were doing last night. Why don't you use some mouth wash?"

Nothing loath to being the straight man, I'd retort "What!? And loose the flavor?"

On another occasion he was over in our receiving inspection layout cage, and called across the room.

"Hey Martin. Is it true you'd do it for an orange?"

"I don't need no orange," I yelled back. "But no cocks, no cocks!"

In serious discussion of sex, I'd tell Rose that he kidded me so much about sex, and also tended to see queers behind every bush, because sex was on his mind since he was starved for it. Indulgence, I claimed, frees the mind much better than abstinence.

"When you say that," RS retorted, "you are just rationalizing your enslavement to pleasure. The Catholic tradition as well as the Hindu and Buddhist have all claimed the need for drastic curtailment of sex by all who hope to gain spiritual heights. This agreement between the widely separated Eastern and Western mystical traditions surely must have derived from similar experience."

"Sure, but what about the Muslim and Jewish traditions? Their mystics didn't scorn sex. At least not all of them."

And so it would go.



In the autumn of '43, an incident occurred after which Rose resolved to retire to his mountain farm in West Virginia.

At work, we always had to wear a big round tin badge. These badges were of different colors and had numbers that together identified your division and department. If you were at a supervisory level, your name and position were also on the badge. RS didn't take these badges too seriously. He looked at this as just one more aggravation being inflicted on us by big brother.

He was leaving the plant one day and his badge wasn't visible. He was walking through the gates in a sort of yogie peace when he was abruptly seized by the guard.

"Where's your badge, bub?"

"Are you nuts?" protested Rose. "You see me walk through this gate everyday. You think I'm a kraut spy?"

“I don’t care if I see you every hour. When I see you I’ve got to see your badge.”

Rose finally located it deep in an inner pocket.

“Here’s the asshole badge,” said RS. “Now I warn you, if you lay your hands on me again I’ll bend my height gage over your head, and it would be a shame to ruin a good height gage. They’re hard to come by, but punks like you are a dime a dozen.”

Well, in war time there was no danger of being fired over an incident like this. After all, Rose’s utility was on a considerably higher level than the guard’s.

The episode really bugged RS, however, and it wasn’t long after that he decided to go back to the peace and quiet of his mountains.



Toward the end of ‘43 I too left Curtiss Wright. Without my college degree, I had risen about as far as I was likely to go in the aircraft plant. I was eager to increase the challenge of my work, and had fixed my attention on Battelle Memorial Institute. Battelle also had the merit of being within walking distance of where I lived near OSU. Abridging some intervening contretemps, since this is not my biography, I started to work in January of ‘44 as a research technician in the fuels division of Battelle.

About half of my work in ‘44 was theoretical. I did mathematical analysis of problems involved in the airborne transport of pulverized coal through pipe and ducts, and of problems involved in metering such flow. I would probably not have had this opportunity in peace time, but the acute shortage of scientists and engineers during the war made it possible for one to rise to his highest level of competence even though he lacked some formal credentials. At this time, I had about 2.5 years of a physics major behind me.

Early in ‘45, with a year of fairly sophisticated work at Battelle behind me, I was able to wangle a job at Surface Combustion Corporation in Columbus, as a development engineer, where I worked on the development of gasoline-fueled combustion heaters for high-flying aircraft.

During these years I didn’t see Rose. He remained on the farm for the most part, engaging in a thriving beef business. We probably exchanged only a couple letters. For my part I was worn out with technical work and study, with getting drunk and recovering, with chasing lonely women who were very abundant, and trying to pay the bills and keep the peace with my wife and two step children.

A couple of matters I’ll mention may have come by mail at this time. I am uncertain as to when I learned of them, as I didn’t start saving my correspondence with RS until 1947.

It seems that while at Curtiss Wright, Rose had developed a platonic friendship with Jeanne Hammil, a young lady who was a bench inspector for machine shop inspection. She was the wife—probably separated at this time—of Frank Hammil, an intellectual acquaintance of ours who was an English Instructor at OSU.

I didn’t know Jeanne very well, but I still remember her appearance. She was medium height for a girl, but quite thin. No hourglass figure here. Her “chest” had scanty development. Her hair was worn in tight ringlets that hung down to her shoulder and was very black. Her complexion, however, was rather pale and dark. This was Rose’s Egyptian princess, whom he once referred to as the fourth reincarnation of Amin-Hotep, successor of Cleo’s dynasty. During these years, Frank and Jeanne left Columbus and moved to the west coast. RS maintained communication with them.

My knowledge of an amusing incident involving Rose and Barclay dates from this time. We go back to a scene where Rose and Julian are kidding around in a dormitory room at West Liberty College.

“If you are Jesus Christ,” suggested Rose, “no harm can come to you before your time. Isn’t that right?”

“Of course,” said Julian, “I’m invulnerable.”

“Well then,” quoth RS as he grabs hold of Barclay. “Let me throw you out the window so I can verify this.” (It was a second story window).

“Hold ye of little faith!” Julian roared. “It is written that thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Even so I told the Devil when he tempted me in the wilderness.”

I started January ‘46 with a new wife. This one, Mary, was just 18. My ex, Ruth, was 37. I was just in between. I think I believed I could have more control of one that I caught young and raised myself.

About April of this year, I made my first of many visits to Rose’s farm. At this time he had 160 acres, much of it being a mountaintop and some of the sides. This adjoined another farm of about the same size that belonged to his mother, and later was inherited by Rose. The mountain farm area later served as the location for a Hari Krishna Ashram. Rose unknowingly leased this part of the property to them, but retained the acreage that had been his mother’s.

When Mary and I visited in ‘46, the living structure was a small old cabin, like two rooms and a loft. Except for a small knoll that rose a bit higher, this cabin was at the top of the mountain. We met RS at his mother’s home on Jacob Street in Wheeling. From there, he drove us into the country. Two miles from our destination we parked, and the rest was an uphill walk through beautiful country.

I cannot remember what we talked about but, being young, our conversation probably involved lots of lighthearted gaiety. Rose kidded Mary about keeping blinders on me, to control my roving eye. With just three of us there, she was the queen for two days. The spring weather stayed mild and dry. We slept downstairs and Rose slept in the loft that night.

A wire grating over some bricks formed the stove where, outside, RS cooked bacon and eggs for us as breakfast on our second day. A blazing early morning sun drenched the mountaintop with light. Half-wild chickens roved about, and one, becoming startled somehow, ran toward us, and leaping between us stepped down on the cluster of freshly fried eggs. Getting a hot foot, she quickly continued on her way. Rose laughed and remarked that even chickens were fairly smart. This one was trying to discourage us from eating eggs. We laughed, and let not a chicken’s dirty foot discourage us. Indeed, this is one of the few breakfasts I’ve remembered for 40 years.

There was a fine view from the mountaintop. Though most of the sides were forested, the top had been long ago cleared of trees, probably for farming in the last century. Still cleared, it was used for cattle and goat grazing. I remember Rose had a goat herd out there that was practically wild. They ran free all the time and kept away from people. We could see them in the distance, peering cautiously at us intruders. Much more tame, a number of cattle were browsing the slopes.

Rose’s mother, whom we met at Jacob Street, was very hospitable to us. She was quite grey, thin, and rather fragile looking, an old lady about the age RS and I are now. His father, though more pale looking, seemed equally ancient. There was no other family members there. His next older brother, Joe, whom RS always referred to as the ape man, was out of state somewhere, and so was his younger brother Vince. His oldest brother, James, had been killed during the war when he, a merchant seaman, was lost when his ship was torpedoed out of a convoy. I believe RS once mentioned that he had a sister who had died of illness when yet a child.

Ah the nostalgia! At this time, Rose and I already railed against the passing years. After all we had been fully grown for about 12 years already. And we had not yet found the Truth! Time was growing short. Compared to us, Mary was just a child yet.

Chapter II

The Experience

After my first visit to the farm another year flew by during which I had no contact with RS. Probably due to my own sloth, even letters weren't exchanged. To get away from my attachment to my ex-wife, Mary and I moved to Cleveland in late November of '46. Here we were going to start life anew. The post-war slump was setting in, and despite my nearly two years work rated as a development engineer, the best I was able to get in Cleveland on short notice was a sub-professional job as a senior draftsman for Tucker Industries, Inc. Tucker was a sub-contract firm of about 70 employees, and at the time was doing detail design on steam boilers for Babcock & Wilcox, the largest designer and fabricator of steam power plants in the United States.

At the end of January '47, Mary delivered our first son. In line with making an announcement of this to the world, I wrote Rose a letter. I got a quick reply, which follows.

R.D.3 Moundsville, W. Va.

Feb. 6, 1947

Friend Bob;

Am in possession of your welcome letter. You have waited a long time to remember me. Since you have written many things have transpired and expired with me.

Have just returned from a visit to California and Denver. Was out there a year ago and saw Hammil at Los Angeles. He has effected a marital schism with Jeanne. I guess you know I was in Columbus a few months ago and earnestly tried to locate you.

I too am contemplating marriage, but not till later in the year.

I have spent a couple of years on the farm and wheedled several shekels from the beef business. Am in the mood to return to a steady position with some manufacturer.

I would appreciate it if you would get me a reply to this as soon as possible and let me know how things are stacked in Cleveland. If it is possible to live and work there I may be up in a couple of weeks. This will enable us to get together and renew the memories of our quondam peripatetic discourses.

Or have you grown less mental?

I have traveled all over this country, and have gathered for myself many rare books on philosophy and occultism. Have been to California, but to my chagrin did not get near Mt. Shasta. That was one of our dreams, I think.

For a long time I have looked forward to a revisit from you to my place here in the country...but the vacuum has detained you. I still have hopes that you will come some day with your thesis on Relativity, and read mine while I read yours in the peaceful atmosphere of this retreat.

You really owe me another visit, you know. But as DeLong used to say; space is a feminine domain; and since space confines you, I'll acquit you of deliberately omitting. Give my respect to your wife and my blessing to your little continuum.

I remain as ever,

Ignorantly,

Richard Rose.



Rose's reference of a manuscript of his which I could read, refers to a beautiful book length collection of poems which has just recently been published under the name Carillon, by Pyramid Press of Benwood, West Virginia.

After receiving this letter, I fired off a long epistle in reply, quickly getting back the following.

Feb. 12, 1947

Shangra La

Friend Bob,

Today I trudged the two miles down to the post box and got your letter. If having babies encourages correspondence, I hope you have quintuplets.

This is the longest letter I have ever received from you. You must have an easy job to do that much writing on company time.

Concerning your South American amigos. I understand that you three had your phallic noses on a very tender anal nerve of Uncle Sam. Curious Latin thumbs in the pie of democracy. Shame, shame, shame. Did you make the Bastille? Did DeLong have his finger in this dung heap too? I heard he did. Rather thought his advanced mentality would forestall any such disaster. I also hear that DeLong is another advocate of a new deal in marriage.

Concerning my marriage...I don't think it will interface too much with my beliefs. I rather feel immune to sex. When you and I were haggling over the finer points of philosophy in Columbus, I was a victim of a love affair that happened years ago, the memory of which I could not get out of my system. With the memory rode the haughty tyrant, fear...I was very much afraid of becoming enmeshed again. Today I feel an indifference that I haven't felt before. Therefore I think it safe to team up with someone for mutual mental advancement.

This someone incidentally is a rare 'chef d'oeuvre.' She has a bewitching beauty and dynamic personality. The one thing I can't understand about her is her extensive affection for me. I keep looking in the mirror and wondering...how can it be possible? She is the fourth reincarnation of Amin-Hotep, successor of Cleo's dynasty. When you see her you will realize this. Together we hope to be successors to the current Pendergast dynasty in Kansas City.

Concerning my poetry. Your flattery of it effects me like warm rain on hot manure. This ant hill on which I am sitting begins to look like Mt. Parnassus. Yes, your catalytic flattery would almost make me profuse and prolific. However, my superior philosophy sternly reminds me of my eternal logic of inertia, and I sink back timidly in my chair, complacent in the fact that as long as I have you for a friend I shall be a poet, and as long as I have my logic I'll not have to work at it.

Incidentally, two of my former disciples are in Cleveland. Garbesi, for one. I don't have their addresses, however. Garbesi is married. He was running around Columbus as though he were mad, trying to find a halter with which to hang himself...and found a vulva that fit the neck of his narrow destiny.

Concerning California...both times I arrived there in the winter. One of the reasons I went out was to look this Mt. Shasta over, but winter is not a good time to do climbing at that altitude. Hammil is teaching at a university in Los Angeles, and suggested that I come and see him if I was looking for a place to kill some time. I stopped at Frank Hammil's last winter, but didn't see him this winter.

Last winter I went down to a little town below L.A. to investigate an outfit that claims to be metaphysical. I've come to the conclusion that they are a good outfit to contact for the purpose of studying Astrology. Otherwise, quien sabe?

Los Angeles is like a huge carnival. I guess every cult in the world is represented there. While I was there, I saw turbaned Hindus, American ascetics with beard, long hair, sandals and staff (one of them was a young handsome egg). Hammil and I ate in a palatial restaurant...neon edged palm fronds, undulating and variegated lights, indoor rock gardens with ever running water, and to accompany your mastication a lovely artiste frittered and fretted over a golden harp. We ate beneath a bamboo roof on which rain fell copiously every fifteen minutes. Prices were very modest, and a sign at the cashier said that if you were not pleased with your meal you could pay whatever you

wished. Outside, engraved in the sidewalk in brass was a giant zodiac.

In the center of L.A. is a beautiful square...inhabited, unfortunately, by the ungracious weary and effluvium from skid row. To this place each noon come the inspired homosexuals with flexible bibles and long tongues to save humanity from whatever they think humanity should avoid. They hop energetically from bench to bench like fleas on a dog's posterior, to the constant annoyance of the recumbent drunks whose sole ambition is to find better congruence with the friendly park bench. The real entertainment begins when the drab looking clique of communists offer rebuttal to the retainers of Christianity. Into such a squabble did I once stick my neck. I had the good preacher trying to gobble the cobbles from the fountain.

Should you ever see L.A. you would have Hammil's reaction, I think...you would never wish to leave. The most of the books I have collected lately have come from Denver, another clean, beautiful city. Got the writings of Eliphas Levi there. A very rare work. This is the best reference for the type of occultism originating in Europe. Of course I am interested in nothing but metaphysics, or an occasional book on psychology or philosophy.

You may be seeing me up there in the near future. So in case you move, drop me a line. After the wedding (if and when), I intend to settle in Cleveland for awhile. Will use the farm as a summer home. Perhaps we can make some trips back there together.

When I come up I'll bring some of my foolscap.

Ignorantly,

Richard Rose.



Ten days after I received the above, I wrote to RS. After some delay I got the following answer.

R.D.3 Moundsville, W. Va

3/12/47

Friend Bob;

The reason for this late answer is the miscarriage of your last letter. It is postmarked Feb. 22, but has just arrived.

Don't worry about me getting temperamental. I may have changed a bit since you last saw me, but I've always retained enough of my old personality so that my friends will still know me. And don't be afraid of making me angry. Do you not remember that

ours is the pursuit of Truth, and we are therefore accustomed to blunt conversation, and repugnant to conventional flattery.

I haven't seen DeLong. Your wife (in Columbus) gave me the story about you and your South American amigos.

As for Amin-Hotep, that was just a crack. I didn't want to tell you who she is until after we got married. You knew her. She also worked at Curtiss Wright. What a small circle ours was, n'est ce pas?

Concerning your remarks on philosophy, I cannot enter into that just now, because when I start to unwind it is an arduous process. I want to get this note off to you today, in other words.

I will write you in full later. I may not be able to spend much time in Cleveland, since my obsession lives in a more westerly direction. But I shall be up, in any event.

I must hurry now to catch the mail man. (Gotta ride a horse two miles to get him.)

More later.

R.S.



And then came the announcement which I had anxiously awaited. It came on what is hard to believe now, a penny post card, dated Mar. 31.

Friend Bob;

Shall arrive Cleveland April 5 or 6 if nothing else happens. Or have you died? If you know of any interesting local psychopaths get them all together and we will tempt the gendarmerie.

Prepare advento Christo.

RS.



I can recall little of our April weekend get together. I know I introduced Rose to my best friend in Cleveland, Bill Fleischer, who worked with me at Tucker Industries. Rose later told me that my bond with Bill was the pleasant mutual mixing of philosophy and beer. As a later letter indicates, it was at this time that RS first talked of forming a circle of seekers, who, by working together and sharing

discoveries, would greatly increase the likelihood of any of us finding ultimate Truth. This would be the first seed that eventually grew into the TAT Society.

Not many days after this visit Rose took a bus to Seattle. This was his nuptial. In Seattle, Jeanne awaited him. Not long after he arrived, I received the following letter.

4 – 18 – 47

Seattle

Friend Bob;

I'm somewhat settled now. Looked vainly about for a job as a chemical technician or a layout man. I'm now a waiter in the hoity-toity club. I run the garbage in to a bunch of old bags.

I find their conversations interesting, because they can fill hours with meaningless exclamations. One says, "Mrs. Pratt! (way down at the end of the table.) I say, Mrs. Pratt...I'm very fond of meeting you downtown...Yes? Oh, thank you, I'm sure." Whereupon they all draw their lips back over their teeth like a bunch of mice around a slab of cheese.

I have come to the conclusion that what makes young women crazy and psychopathic is the fact that they are raised by old women.

This game that they play is quite a vicious one, but it doesn't require any brains. They just smirk at one another until finally one of them breaks, whereupon the whole pack tears her to pieces.

I hope this finds you all well. Give my affection to that dear but unfortunate child who has unhappily been sired by a satyr.

I do not see much of Jeanne. Peace is more valuable to me than a second of titillation paid for with knots on the head.

Woe is me, Jerusalem!

RS.



After writing to Rose again, the following missive arrived in early May. It gives some insight into the traumatic psychological state he was probably in prior to his experience, which we shall speak of later. It also gives a valuable peek at his early ideas concerning a circle of truth seekers.

Seattle, Gen. Del.

5 – 11 – 47

Friend Bob;

Today received your letter. Things have happened here. I have been cuckolded already. Alas, alas, etc. Have not seen Jeanne for nearly a week. In fact, I don't know where she is.

It was not written, I guess, and my pencil is not long enough to write its own destiny. All of which is of no importance.

I am glad that you are in accord with the idea of forming a circle. Let us at least call it a circle...something without a head or tail...a ring of equality.

Consequently, no presidents or heads. It is most appropriate if you will be kind enough to act as secretary or hub for this wheel of ours. This position will be one of service and can only incur gratitude, while the useless egotistical word president might cause one to enter the circle with social rivalry intentions.

If there is no archy, then no anarchy. If we are a brotherhood we don't need any facetious leader.

We will need a central link. You can be it. You can give birth to the physical form of the circle if the soul is strong enough to enter it. You can keep the list of addresses. All new members will be voted by the vote of all.

Qualification to join, sincerity. Our purpose, Truth, which shall be our only law. To share truth with each other as far as we are able, and to help one the other through material assistance, technical advice, or any other desired form of cooperation.

Before taking any member in we shall have to feel that he possesses a degree of indifference toward the material that will preclude the possibility of his using us as material for writing a book, or tempt him to report us to that large and obese bureaucracy that is ever suspicious to more silent bureaus.

Seven is a good number. Let us take the first seven before we draw up a definite body of rules for all time. I will submit an organ, and if they all decide upon it there will be no further need of a constitution. The less preamble, the more simple the bonds that bind us, then the longer we shall exist.

Contact those whom you have mentioned. Make it clear that we do not expect to share their wisdom if it is more advanced than ours, but will share our association and material advantages.

This is a physical circle, intended to better the physical plane, and thus, as you say, to enable each to pursue his path with more facility, independently of the other members.

Concerning your concern over low types getting in...I think that the law of gravitation will take care of them. Minds of the lower type will take us for a bunch of crackpots, and leave us alone. Since no money will change hands, the greedy will not be drawn.

In the naming of our organization, let us pick an honest name. To one another let us simply be friends, for friend is a common word, but a great achievement. Brother has unpleasant associations. It signifies a binding to the family group. We have no obligations to one another except the Truth. And having no obligations we shall deserve more.

As long as the fates shall allow me possessions I will donate my farm for a central meeting place which will be open at all times to the members. If a yearly meeting would be held it might be an appropriate place. As you have aptly suggested, the time is nearly at hand when the world will sense its own mentality.

I started this letter some days ago, but I've been very busy as a waiter...12 hours a day. One day 14.

You mentioned having the applicant write and submit a letter showing his feelings and sincerity. Personally, I think a recommendation by a quorum of the initial seven would be better. In other words, we should know each other before we let the gate open.

For instance, I would give my vote of approbation to all that you have suggested, without a letter from them. You and I so far constitute a majority. Of course when we are of the first seven, then we'll consult the other five, and expect them to consult us on a new member.

As a means of identification I will obtain some rings (if you wish) that will be difficult to copy. However, I don't think that a good idea. I would rather that we identify ourselves from memory.

Well, to avoid confusion, I will close. Give my sincere affection to your Mary Anne.

Sincerely,

Richard S.

P.S. Bob, I get my mail at general delivery now. Am going to sea perhaps soon. Will expect you to carry on with the organization, and trust your judgment.

RS



A day or two after I received the above letter, I got a card from Rose. viz. "Am in trouble. Will arrive Cleveland 8:00 P.M. the 19th. Meet me at Greyhound station." This was dated in Seattle as May 15th. When he arrived, we visited together for a couple of days. It appeared that he had experienced an overwhelming spiritual or psychological trauma just after his breakup with Jeanne. So cataclysmic was this that he had some fear of having abruptly plunged into insanity.

By this time of our lives both of us had some familiarity with claims of higher consciousness in which valid contact with reality might occur. As a result of DeLong's urging, I had been a member of

the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, for over a year, and had read *Sadhana* by Tagore, *At the Feet of the Master* by Krishnamurti, and *Isis Unveiled* by Blavatsky. Rose had read a number of books on Yoga and had engaged for some time in Yoga practice. I believe both of us were familiar with *Cosmic Consciousness* by Bucke.

RS and I concurred in the conclusion that he had undoubtedly had an experience of Cosmic Consciousness. Not with the organic eye, but with an inner eye in a fully visual manner, he had observed the incredible panorama of objective nature spread out and frozen in Space-Time. He, as an abstract observer, was directly aware of and anguished for that miniscule ripple in the phantasmagoric fabric that was the mortal Richard Rose. And he could see it was as though he was not, and the other frozen wavelets that were his friends and family, he could see that it was as though they also were not. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that this experience was not a series of thoughts, but was a “visual” experience.

But there was more. A point came during this transcendent vision when all particularized visual percepts dissolved, leaving neither light nor darkness nor any verbalizable substratum, but only that Void which is infinitely Full! That Nirvakalpa Samadhi into which Ramakrishna was plunged by Totapuri.

A couple of months after this visit Rose tried to write—at least what could be indicated by words—about this profound experience. At this place is where this description logically belongs, and so following is his “Books of the Absolute.”

The Books of the Absolute

Book I

Out of the valley of the river came a wanderer. Peace was in his eye and his soul was wrapped in Nirvana. Peace to the wanderer.

O Eternal Essence, I was that wanderer. I it was who left the gardens of tranquility that I might labor for the Truth.

I sought thee, O Eternal Essence, in the grottoes and in the tabernacles. I called out thy name to the stone ears of statues. And thou answered not.

I sought thee, O Eternal Essence, in the lips of sages, in the mysterious code of the Arcana, in the words of saviors, and in the ether of the Cosmos. And Thou answered not.

I sought Thee in the voice of Nature. I looked for Thee in the footprints of animals, in the habits of birds. I listened for a revelation in the murmuring of waters and in the soft moaning of the forests. I laid my ear against the roaring cataracts and bared my head to the tempests. But Thou answered not.

I have sought Thee, O Eternal Essence, within myself. I have sought Thee in my mind with my mind until I was cursed with confusion. And I saw Thee not.

Then, O Eternal Essence, I sought Thee whence I came. I sought Thee in my womb. As the wild beast flees from the elements into his caverns where his wild dam littered him, so I fled the darkness of my clay. And naught did I find save the turbulence of my imagination. There in chaotic pattern did

I find the seeds of all confusion that pretended to be wisdom. Where man was born was also born his gods. Where man was born was also born his demons. And where in glorious pain man first raised his foetal head, there too in ignominious joy was he devoured.

My eyes are extinguished although I see the earth beneath me. And my ears are destroyed and my mouth speaks no words for my feet carry me though a realm that needs no language. And my mind is not one thought. And within that House is heard the painful tolling of a tiny silver bell, and within that dome is felt the surge of mighty roaring tides that will not be stopped.

For the keeper of the House is gone, and all that remains testifies that he never was. Exploding thunder shakes its walls, and heaven and hell are within its region. For All is within that House, swelling it to burst its comprehension. All joy is here, and all of joy is pain, torturing the house that cannot contain it.

All of joy is tears, and the world will not contain the reaving sorrow of this House. All this House is fire, straining to burst forth until these walls stand no longer.

O lamentation of lamentations, has thy agony no tongue? O sorrower in the spaces of desolation, who shall hear thy anguish, and unless it be heard, how shall the pain be stopped?

I, O Eternal Essence, beseech Thee,—where within Thee have I dissolved myself?

Where are poisoned those who follow love? Where have I left my I-ness, and now having left it, who is it that cries out to Thee? Where is the dirge of sorrow that is all that remains of me? Who feels this pain that burns and consumes, yet is felt not by I-who-am-no-more? Who is it that looks from the windows of my mansion like a strange prowler? Who is it that hears and hears not, that yearns for life and lives not, that seeks out death and dies not....?

All Ever-Allness, what is Thy pleasure in my sorrow? Thou hast damned me to thoughtlessness, and yet I cannot leave off thinking, and still my thoughts are not words. Thou hast robbed me of my soul and mind, and my body laments for all ages, for my body dies not, nor yet walks among men. Thou hast delivered me from my ego, and what is there that remains? O Ever-Allness, forever insensate, pitiless to entreaty, all that remains of me is Thee.

What is the magnitude of Thy nothingness! O what are the limits of Thy plenitude!... What is the thunder of Thy silence!... How quiet are Thy cataclysms!... Thus shall I sing the praises of myself.

Peace to the wanderer!

Book II

Who shall hear of Moses, Gautama or Amenhotep, if hearing is not? Although Jesus weeps and Socrates drowns, who shall hear their anguish if there is not hearing?

Who shall know of love and godliness, of peace and serenity, if knowledge is not?

Who shall not perish in the heavy seas of forgetfulness if knowledge is not? Though his convulsions and agony for life be mountainous,... shall he not perish....?

Though the worlds scream from their vertiginous orbits, how can they cast themselves up or down while knowing is not.... Though the stars roar in anguish at their distances, who shall know of their roaring?

How can the atom know of the sea.... How shall the atom know of the universe....?

How shall the spaces know of their nothingness....How shall nothingness hear the agony of nature that cries out against it....?

Where, where is where....? Why, why is why....? Where O wise among wise, is when....? In what drifting sandheaps are its footprints.....? In what continuum is etched its lightning rate like music etched on ice?

Who, who is who....? Can the sage, more than the fool, say that which is being....and among beings, who are what? Is the spark an entity, or is it merely part of the flame, and is flame only illusory heat....or does it live?

Is not man a question asking questions, frustrated by the unanswered, laboring to answer himself....and creating a mountain of questions in the answer....yet who shall know?

Who shall know the circle that has no radius, and who shall know the point that is a line of infinity....?

Where is maya....if All is maya, who, knowing, sees this illusion? Is not his knowing also maya...?

In what pitiful hells are the wise....In what blackest abysses are the oblivious ignorant....?

How shrill is the hunger of inertia..., how maddening the stupor of extinction that comes from action?

O wise and foolish, look about you in your joys. Where are the joys of yesterday....and being gone, did they ever live? Did you enjoy, or was it another's lips that drained thy cup?

Hear the voice of shadows....Look about you into the invisible memories of the ether. Where are they?

What matters it if the infant starves,...if the angel is raped,...or if the saint burns upon the spit? Are they not gone....is not the sorrow gone? And who shall remember....since knowing is not....Who can hear their anguish?

Where are the beautiful....Where is their beauty washed by the years....Where are the years drowned in the ocean of the Unknowing?

Think ye on the folly of light. Does it not perish when the eyes are closed? But the power over us by light is feared by man. He sleeps and dreams of darkness, and awakens, screaming into it....

Relax ye and die and live the darkness, and enter into the impassive pool of the Unknowing....

Who shall extol the memory of man that leaves him often before his life....Who remembers after life? If man forgets his infancy before his manhood is upon him,...what shall he remember hence....shall he remember nothingness? Desist and enter the pool of the Unknowing.

What is time, O mind....? Is it the number of steps in a day,...the number of thoughts in a step....? Then of the thoughts in a day, how many years of days would it take to know all that is known, and then how long to know the magnitude of the Unknowing....and how many steps will take thee from here to there? Who shall anoint thy limbs?

Though he who forgets more seems greater than he who strived not and died in ignorance....who shall know....who shall know? Mourn ye for the hour when the cloud of the Unknowing passes and the falseness of light dazzles the eye. For the light is a liar unto Light, and the light is the darkness of the mind. Yet who shall know....?

I is dead. Death is dead and life has no living....All that remains is All.

I of the cloudier corpus is slain. It is slain that the I of the mind may live.

I of the mind is slain for the I of the spirit to live.

I of the spirit shrinks from the vanity of life. Space is upon it. Space towers above it, silently mocking its absence, and the spirit takes its leave like a thought....like the vapors and like the solitary sound that is heard not....

Eternity wanders through infinity like a blind minnow in an empty ocean whose bounds are limitless....Yet who can see its boundlessness?

Eternity probes itself like a blind idiot for it knows not its immensity, and it roars and rages in its madness because it cannot find its edges. Yet who can hear its roaring....?

And the candles of time are lit, and their wax congeals in cold spheres....but they burn so long and die so quickly that no man knows if they burn.

Eternity convulses in its pralaya, seeking for definition.

Death agonizes silently for motion....And all that remains is All.

O who shall hear of this anguish, for all that remains is All!

Book III

O Dream of Dreams, tell me, where is the Dreamer?

O Dream of Dreams of Dreams, tell me, where is the Dreamer?

O Dreamer, speak unto me,—in which of these Dreams wilt thou be found?

O Dreamer, speak unto me, art thou the dreamer in the Dream or the Dreamer of the Dream?

O Dreamer, answer me,—if thou speakest unto thyself, and hear the sound of thy voice, and reply unto it,—are there then two people speaking, or is it but one?

O Dreamer, answer me,—how many people are dreaming thy Dream?

O eternal spaces, art thou black or white....Is thy form clothed in light or darkness?

Reply unto me who walketh in wakefulness, knowing not if wakefulness be but an illusion of wakefulness,

Or if sleep be the door of the Absolute....

Or if sleep be the dreamer awake....

Speak unto me,

Not in the ringing of my ears

That know not if such stridency be the dawning of new perception,

Or the damnation of all that was real.

O world, where art thou, that but a second past, clung to my feet?

Where in space am I caught?

O love, where are thy children,—the friends of my youth?

Who has frozen them in the eternal ice until they stand in transient memory, seeming as statues....?

Who has placed the halter of time upon their necks, to swing them in the listless abysses of silence....?

O Never-Never-Forever...why art Thou?

O tender I-ness forgive me....O lovable I-ness forgive me....for my hand has shattered the mirror and I can see thee not.

O hunger that begets creation, O wistful memory of myself, O transient I-ness, forgive me....for the probing finger has shattered the veil of illusion.

I have shattered the chimera of all Knowing....and all that I know is naught.

Time did I seize in the fingers of my mind, and that which seemed to move, as a phantom I held in my fingers....

The peoples of the earth did I see, all that had lived or would live, and their thoughts were upon their faces.

Beneath my feet did I seize space, and that which seemed afar was near, and beneath my feet I suppressed the mountains....and yet did the cool oceans rise harmlessly to my nostrils.

And in all this land there was not one sound, for my fingers held all time, and in time are the fields of motion. So that no atom stirred, nor did one audible wave afflict the ether.

For the blood of the Serpent is coagulated, and in its mind all thoughts are one.

And I saw the voices of men...and I saw the beautiful patterns of motion...but the world was as still as death.

And I saw beauty as it liveth....yet no color was upon the eye.

The rose upon the bush was only a pale weed, yet red and pink shook the shimmering twilight with their loveliness....and the soft perfume of memory tinted the void with its essence.

I saw the flight of the swallow, rolling across dimensions like silent surf.

And as I looked, I saw the emerald dye of the deep, drawn from the ocean's waves...and even the whiteness melted from the snow upon the mountaintops.

Plain was the picture. Plain was the picture, for I had concentrated upon color and motion....and now they were no more.

Strange was the land, for I had concentrated upon dimension until it waxed and waned, and that which seemed small was as great as that which seemed great.

The nightingale sang in the gloaming...but his beak is now silent...and yet his song liveth forever.

O friend of my childhood, O lovable I-ness, what have I done to my world? For I have turned my eye upon it and delivered it unto chaos!

And now I look upon the looker....Twice I see myself. Twice I see myself, and then I see myself no more.

I see myself as a suppressor of mountainous space and a conqueror of time. Mighty are my sinews as I stand upon the mountain.

Then I see myself as an infinitesimal man in the infinitude of humanity...caught in the congealed blood of life.

I see this tiny man, happy, living, responding to illusions of color and motion and dimension, and happy in his response, knowing not the illusion of his indulgence in non-existent happiness.

And looking upon the tiny man, I see his joys leave him, for joy is a thing apart.

And looking upon him I see his response leave him because motion is a thing apart.

And seeing these things, my heart burns with love for existence.

Yes, I on the mountain, conqueror of illusion, now weep for the beauty of illusion.

And looking back into the panorama below, I the mountained man,—I the consciousness Absolute, see that the tiny man now no longer liveth....for life is a thing apart.

And since he no longer liveth, he cannot see me as I see him, nor can he see himself as I see him, nor can he ever know of his joys being things apart....or know of his love which is now a thing apart.

And knowing his love and his longing for the pattern, I on the mountain bewail and sorrow in his loss.

Great is my anguish in his silence....great is my agony for his dissolution.

And feeling my agony, I on the mountain know that I am the tiny man in the endless cavalcade.

And soon I see, looking ahead, that all my joys are not, that all my love is not, that all my being is not.

And I see that all knowing is not. And the eminent I-ness melts into the embraces of oblivion.

It melts into the embraces of oblivion like a charmed lover, fighting the spell and languishing into it.

And now I breathe Space and walk in Emptiness. My soul freezes in the Void and my thoughts melt into an indestructible blackness.

My consciousness struggles voiceless to articulate and it screams into the abysses of itself. Yet there is no echo.

All that remains is All.

My spark of life falls through the canyons of the universe, and my soul cannot weep for its loss....for lamentations and sorrows are things apart.

All that remains is All.

The universes pass like a fitful vision.

The darkness and the void are part of the Unknowing....

Death shall exist forever....

Nothing is Everywhere....

Silence is forgotten....

All that remains is ALL!



About two weeks after Rose and I discussed his experience, I started to work for Babcock & Wilcox Research center at Alliance, Ohio, being the second man that was hired for a new theoretical studies group that was being formed. On the strength of my experience at Battelle Memorial Institute and at Surface Combustion Corporation, I was hired as an analytical engineer. For a short time Mary and I rented a one room apartment on the second floor of a house in Hartville, a little village about 10 miles from the research center.

While I was engaged in these changes, Rose got a job in Cleveland at Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Company, working as a layout inspector.

About every other weekend he would visit us in Hartville. Upon one such occasion, Mary had a girl friend in to spend the evening with us, hoping to provide an interest for Rose.

Subsequent to this visit, which was in the early part of August, I received a commentary thereon as follows.

Cleveland,
7827 Burke
8/10/47

Roberto;

Being in the habit of sending some part of me to Hartville each week, it behooves me to at least let you a note by mail. It may flatter us to know that I'm making this in duplicate, one for posterity and the other for the posterior

Sent off my poetry missive today.

Incidentally I am glad to have met Ruth. I hope she can say the same for me. I meant to tell her that I looked forward to seeing her again, but being in a heavy somnambulistic state when I took my leave, I could think of nothing but ub-glub. If you see her, convey my thoughts.

Incidentally, I expect some mail from West Virginia in a day or two.

My dear fellow, I hope you will not take this for jealousy, but I have noticed that you seemed to have another than an altruistic motive for inviting Ruth over. Reasons for this deduction; sudden fastidiousness prior to her advent, attempts to monopolize the conversation, incessant echoing of "I am a scientist," and "I must be something, because look at the intelligent people who come to see me."

The one thing I like about letters is that I can finish that which I started to say before being interrupted.

I rather look for you up this Saturday. If your indolence provides you with rationalization contrary,—call. If you do come I will try to arrange for you to meet some of the screwballs.

Oh yes, and bring that bunch of rubbish about the Orange in the Continuum. Who knows, if there is anything to it I might be able to introduce it to the public....as a comedy, if nothing else.

Until later then.

RS



Well, Mary and I did get up to Cleveland on Saturday to visit Rose. Typically for me on a trip, however, I got well in the bag from beer. While Rose was taking Mary around to some of the downtown stores, I sat in a cozy Euclid Avenue bar and guzzled. When they returned in a few hours to pick me up, they found that I had been subject to a profound realization. I raised my forefinger on high and announced, "Lo, it has come to me that, Cleveland is my New York!"

That evening we went to a downtown beanery where some of RS's Cleveland acquaintances were to meet us. I recall that one of them, by the name of Lang, was from the planet Venus, or so he said. Most of that evening, which I turned into a farce for Rose, is gone from my memory as a result of alcohol fumes that pervaded me. I'm afraid that I didn't favorably impress them with the quality of Rose's friends. We had some sharp words in their presence, which helped them to see Rose with feet of clay. Ah, Alcohol, the great solvent.

At this time we didn't exchange so many letters, as we were able to get together frequently. However, the following one came from Medina, Ohio in mid September. He had quit Cleveland Pneumatic Tool.

Medina, Ohio

Bob;

Salutations, effendi. Your letter to general delivery, Cleveland, was forwarded to me. As you surmised I have left Cleveland Pneumatic and Tool. The blighters came to me one day and said, "One more mistake and we will be looking for a new man." I just never went back to work there. I thought that giving them a notice as too good for them. I collected my wages and said I'd be in the following week. The mistake in question happened to be my first, and I proved to them that it was not my mistake entirely.

I am very happy to hear from you. Was afraid that my ranting and raving the last time I was down had preyed on yours and Mary's nerves.

I am also happy to know how well you are selling your brains. Glad to hear that you have found some use for them. Heretofore had looked upon said brains as a spongy shock absorbent to catch the recoil from an active phallus.

The only reason I hated to leave Cleveland was a beautiful young girl, met at your former den of iniquity on Kinsman. Sixteen. I romanced her one night...she was only about five feet high, but as pretty as a picture. Kismet. Two women in one year would have been too much. I would probably have met the fate of DeLong's goat. (Which had keeled over dead right after the climax of intercourse)

Moritami te salutamus, or some such rot.

Am now working as a waiter at the Pine Tree Inn in Medina. At Cleve. Pneum. Tool I made about 50 dollars a week. At times here, with the tips, I get 90. Not that the money means a damn thing. This is a much nicer place to work. And I get to meet a lot of characters.

I have some wonderful howling arguments with the guy that runs the place. He gets drunk and undertakes razzing me. Whereupon I psychoanalyze him, and give him hell in no uncertain terms. He winds up laughing like a bastard.

Send me that dope you have on the Rosicrucian Philosophy. I'm going over to Wheeling this weekend. Why don't you drop over this way sometime?

Sincerely,

Richard



In October of this year, 1947, I pulled out all the stops on promoting RS where I worked, and he was hired as a Research Technician in the classified Navy program dealing with heat transfer to liquid metals. (Sodium and Potassium). We didn't know it at the time, but we were part of the far flung effort involved in the development of Rickover's nuclear powered submarine.

Chapter III

RS Research Technician

When Rose began working at B&W, he rented a room in the house in which Mary and I had our apartment. At this time I didn't have a car, and went back and forth to work with another B&W employee whose route took him through Hartville each day.

Rose had an old green panel truck, so now I was able to ride to work with him every day. This led to our first serious quarrel. Coming home from work one day, Rose made a turn from one road into another at such a speed that the one side of the truck literally lifted off the ground.

"Slow down. Slow down," I yelled over the roar of the poorly muffled engine. "You almost tipped over on that last turn."

"What's the matter?" asked Rose. "A philosopher like you should not be afraid of dying."

"So what," I retorted. "Only a fool dies because of childish pranks."

Rose answered by thrusting the accelerator deeper. The old truck, with its baloney skin tires, zoomed down the road.

"God damnit, slow down you bastard!"

He slowed down and turned to me, his face suddenly grim. "Don't you call me that. *Do not ever* call me that again. If it wasn't for your sweet wife's sake, I'd stop the truck and beat your head in right now."

"Don't let her stop you," I snarled. And so it went, the rest of the way home. For about two weeks afterwards, we lived in the same house without speaking. It was at this time that I found an apartment in Alliance so that I wouldn't need a ride to work. It seems that this problem arose from a difference in mores. To me, calling someone a bastard was a fairly mild epithet, and no way had any literal connotation. However, psychologically, the Ohio River is where the South begins. Rose was touched somewhat with some of the old-time Southern chivalry, which considered this to be a heinous reflection on one's mother.



RS was unable to take the scientific game seriously. He saw all of us research men going about with grave solemn expressions, getting deeply identified with our work, and it made him feel hilarious. I must admit that at this time, my major self-image was that of being a research man. When drunk at the bar of the Lexington Hotel in Alliance, I'd greet new acquaintances with the confession that I worked as a scientist, was a 'Fishisist' in fact. (I had majored in Physics.)

Rose was a real irritant in the staid technical and corporate machinery. He questioned the value of how we were spending our lives, and the real value to the world of the work we were doing. He was superb at coming up with ego-piercing comments, and enjoyed making parodies of one to another.

With all this, however, some of the more important bosses liked Rose. My immediate supervisor, chief analyst Joe Wachunas, took a real shine to Rose, and liked to discuss philosophy with him. Higher up, Marshall Leland, the head of the Navy project, supported Rose, as did his boss, Lambert Kooistra, the Director of the Materials Laboratories. Despite his view of our overall absurdity, when Rose had something interesting and challenging to do, he was a very ingenious and perceptive worker.

Wachunas, a believing Catholic, was a neo-Thomist. Leland was a secular Humanist, and Kooistra was a Christian Scientist. They gave RS something to sharpen his teeth on.

The extreme incompatibility of Rose and the system could not indefinitely endure association. But it was Rose who got fed up first. He worked at B&W Research for about a year, leaving in the autumn of 1948, when he left he went back to his mountaintop farm.



In the spring of '48, while we yet worked together, a tragic event occurred. On a Saturday morning, I got a long-distance phone call from my ex-wife's daughter, Anita. She had found her mother dead in bed that morning, and could think of no one to turn to but me. She had known me since she was seven, and for six years I had been as father to her. Now she was fourteen. She and her thirteen-year-old brother, James, were now alone in the house in Columbus that I used to call home.

Although I made pretty good money, I was usually short of money, for two reasons: I contributed a pretty good sum to my ex-wife, and I spent too much on beer and taverns. So during this crisis, I was short on cash. Rose lent me what I needed, and went along with me to Columbus to help me take care of the funeral arrangements.

Anita and James's father, who had been Ruth's first husband, was old enough to be my father. He had been a machine gunner in World War I, and had been very unstable since then. At the time of Ruth's death he was hopelessly poor and alcoholic. Thus the immediate future of the two children looked like my problem.

Rose volunteered to give Jimmy a place to stay down on his farm. I prevailed on Mary to agree to having Anita come and stay with us. Neither generous gesture worked out very well. Jimmy was so delighted with a gun, which was readily available, that he shot the neighbor's cow. The upshot of this is that he became a ward of the State of Ohio and went to a state home for juveniles.

Anita had known me a lot longer than Mary. Also, she had helped her mother a great deal in housekeeping chores. Her ways of doing things were not the same as Mary's ways. Since she was taller than Mary and looked like a young lady already, it was hard for her to think of Mary as a stepmother. Two young ladies and one youngish man under the same roof was a sure prescription for trouble. Rose didn't help this aspect of the matter, for when he would visit us he would kid Mary about me trying to get into Anita's pants.

Rose and I had taken the children with us after Ruth's funeral without going through all the legal hoops. This later led to some trouble which as I recall was probably investigated by my mother. She didn't like RS, probably because of his blunt and aggressive manner. This particularly annoyed her because she was somewhat of an acid-tongued termagant herself.

Apparently she made some hints in pertinent places that Rose had taken Jimmy for immoral purposes. This came back to him, and one evening when Mary and I were at the tavern, and my mother was at our house with Anita and baby Roland, Rose came storming in and confronted my mother with this matter. He thoroughly intimidated her, which he meant to do, but he didn't touch her physically. Even thirty years later, if I mentioned Rose, she would launch into a tirade about this monstrous man who would stoop to terrorize a defenseless old lady! My mother carefully treasured all alleged offenses against her, and kept them ever green in her memory.

This event caused no friction between Rose and myself, for I was convinced that mother had been sticking her nose in our business. Also, I knew that Rose was about the last man on Earth who would have immoral intensions of a homosexual nature. This is why the matter infuriated her so.

Eventually, when the domestic friction between Anita and Mary reached a critical pitch, Anita was given as a ward to the State of Ohio, and joined Jimmy in a juvenile home.



As mentioned above, toward the end of '48 Rose severed his connection with B&W and returned to his farm. January 1st, we agreed, would be the date of the first meeting of our circle at the farm. At this time the only members were Rose and myself. Now, during my drinking days, New Year's Day was a very bad day for me to plan any event, because I usually hung one on New Year's Eve. In fact, for this reason I had been late to my wedding with Mary, which was on New Year's Day of 1946. So, predictably, I couldn't get down to the farm for our first scheduled meeting, and RS presided over a meeting of one. I apparently wrote some sort of apology for my default, since I got the following letter shortly thereafter.

Shangrila

Jan 15, 1949

Friend Robert,

I am writing this letter in honor of the 15th of January.

I have no complaint of your not getting down. After all, I do not worry if you do not arrive at truth, or if you arrive a year late, or a year behind. If you can excuse yourself that is the most important.

The day I left you in Mt. Union I bought that truck we were looking at. With it I have yanked out several thousand feet of timber.

I have not heard from Virginia since before I paid you that last visit.

You make a presumptuous statement when you say we were about to throttle each other. I must admit that I have had several artistic inspirations about what I could do to your head with a lead pipe.

As to the more serious side of things, I would appreciate it very much if you could get off a readable version of your theory about the Universe. From the things I've been reading lately, I think that thinking along your lines bears an important place in Metaphysics. You may be surprised at this, since you are getting ready to scrap or overhaul your theories which up to now I had little use for.

To build a house one needs a carpenter, an electrician, a plasterer, a plumber and a stone mason. It might be that you are the carpenter and I the mason, and with the concerted theories of a few others we might construct a house of logic amenable to all.

Let me know what you think about it.

I think that you desire Truth as strongly as I desire a wife. I would marry, but not divorce Truth if such were the sacrifice. You would endorse Truth and be faithful to it, but your head floats in an ovarian barrel of serum. Perhaps too far East is West for either of us. Mark...I do not criticize, as of old. I merely note.

To get your spouse you put up a struggle. In fact, I have notice several agonizing struggles just to retain your mistress after you had her seemingly roped. If you desire Truth as strongly, you would put up a similar battle and achieve something of a result, I think.

The longer I live the more I think those "Three Books of the Absolute" are the greatest inspiration of my life.

Do let me know what revisions you are making concerning your Orange Peel Universe.

I had it in mind to suggest that you ask Peré to come down sometime. I think the fellow has a deep seated interest in things yet does not allow himself to be considered more than a dilettante for fear of censure. May be wrong. I also thought that we should have contacted DeLong and received his opinion of joining. But I guess we have a year to think things over.

Incidentally I have some unfinished business in Alliance. I would like to have a long talk with Kooistra. Of the whole kaboodle up there I think his mind is closest to being right. I fear that I have made a bad impression on him. I tried to shock him into making statements. However, being a true philosopher, he holds no rancor, so I may get another stab at him.

That about consumes my ink. I shall take a short vacation in Florida, and then shall return to the hills for the coming year. I would be pleased to have you and yours this spring. Just give me a couple weeks notice so that I can arrange my timetable and I shall spend much more time with greater relaxation.

This is not mere formality. I will be happy to have you and Mary down. In fact, we can make a party of it and invite Virginia and a few others if your word is good. I do not like to prepare for it and then receive an apologetic note instead of you.

Give Wachunas my condolences. He is one of the tragic souls who was buried before his birth...entombed in the whalebone of mother church. But he is a likable fellow. Kind.

Convey my sentiments to Piotter also. To he who would make his cadaverous senility appear as august sensibility, I extend my pity. He plays God in the wrong clime and age. The Egyptians might have cartooned him in hieroglyphics as a close relative of Ptah, with the suggestive body of a grasshopper bearing the head of a dog without frontal or dorsal lobes, but with an ample simian countenance that is happily unfathomable, screened by blank seriousness.

Write soon. (Hell knows when that will be with your relative concepts of time and space).

Sincerely,

RS



A few items in this letter may benefit from explanations. The girl, Virginia, was a friend of ours from our Columbus days. My paper, which Rose refers to as the Orange Peel Universe, actually bore the title *A Three Dimensional Model of the Four Dimensional World View*, and was the cause behind my meeting with Einstein in the spring of 1939. (It was later presented before the Physical Section of the Texas Academy of Sciences in 1955 at San Antonio). Peré was a friend of mine and fellow Analytical Engineer at B&W Research. Wachunas was my immediate superior and Piotter was an engineering supervisor. Kooistra, whom Rose wished to know better, was one of the two directors of the Research Center.

In this year of 1949, which followed the year of RS's employment at the Research Center, I received several post cards from him. These were sent to my office at work and caused quite a bit of stir among my fellow employees. This will be evident when you read them. They reveal a very witty and satirical strain in Rose's nature.

Rose

Moundsville, W. Va.

4/19/49

Robert Martin

Professor of Inertia

B&W Research Laboratory

Alliance, Ohio

(postcard)

Robert: What eateth thou? Or doth that which thy eateth detain thee? Are thy foolish friends of scientific egotism more worthy than the friend of veracity? Long have I been

away from the friends of thy foolishness. Tell me. How art they? The Pharisee, Sirius P. Otter, - how doth he prosper in his gasconades? And the high priest Wachanass, surnamed the "The Grosser"? And hath Wally, the flap eared one, registered with the Bureau of Aeronautics? It is said that the lazy asses that carried thee to thy promised lands of scientific idleness have grown most ponderous.

There is lamentation in the valley of roses that the seeker of truth labors and pays tithes to Caesar who supports such politicians who go about with sly faces pretending to be wise men and scientists.

There is also lamentation for the various harlots whose wicked industry is the reading of another's post card.

From the bosom of Allah

R.



R. Rose
2300 Jacob Street
Wheeling, W. Va.
7/6/49

Robert Martin CL WM # !!!
B&W Research Lab.
Alliance, Ohio

Salutations! Fellow Roman, hail! It is said of me that when I close my eyes the Sun ceases to be. When I close my heart and still my tongue the Gods perish in the nebulae of their own conceit.

Wherefore let the Gods welcome my persecution. It is free advertising. Let the paunch of pomposity welcome the blessing of my fist.

Having visited the augurs it was determined in the colon of a slaughter ass the fate of one high consul Sirius Flatiscrappus, surnamed Deus. The augurings read that in his next incarnation he shall spend his life as a chained dog that will continually bark that the law is just, and it is only fair that he should be chained, because he would not be punished had he not broken some law.

Be up Friday eve.

RS



A note on the above is that Piottter had a rather canine shaped face.
And then came the following.

Wheeling

7/28/49

Robert Jehovah Martin
Office of Consulting Engineers
Department PFFT
B&W Research Laboratory
Alliance, Ohio

(postcard)

CONFIDENTIAL

Sir: In reply to your enquiry for the most recent paper of Sirius P. Otter, I have only the following information. It has been ascertained that Spirochetes tertius equals the cube root of mens plus balles vacui.

Clinging strongly to formulary procedure, “, delta standing for dogface, (a confidential term for an excrescence peculiar to engineering), and with standing for blimp, or the fatty swelling that surrounds a desk, and canceling out L, standing for Marshall, we have —

+ = RJM, a negative force whose vector is upward into zero, thusly !0 but which shall eventually be reversed as the force of the vector is dissipated.

V (vector RJM) plus 0 equals one and one half which shall soon be 2. Trusting this will help you in your sincere efforts, we of the Academy extend our salutations, and regret that we could not come personally.

RS



The confidential note on this open card insured that it would be read by many. The delta above referred to Piottter. The beta was Wachunas, who was rather corpulent. Marshall was Marshall Leland, the head of our Navy project. And of course, I am RJM. (My middle name is *not* Jehovah). As you may have already deduced from the card, my wife was pregnant, and about to become 2.

At about this time, through our director, Kooistra, I made contact with a Babcock & Wilcox field engineer by the name of Melville. He had spent some time in India supervising the erection of a B&W power generating plant. I had one meeting with him in which he told me of a fakir leaving his body. He went into a trance, and when he recovered he had knowledge of things happening at the same time in a distant city. Leaving his body was the claim that the fakir made to explain the phenomenon.

I wrote to Rose about this, and also said some complementary things about my engineer friend, John Peré. In his next letter he comments on a wasteful evening of yack that he had spent on his previous visit to Alliance.

Wheeling, W. Va.

8/12/49

Bob:

Received your letter of Aug. 8. Wish you would send me the address of The Society of Psychical Research.

Melville is a good man to discuss Hindu practices with. The fact that he is not a seeker makes him more reliable. It is unfortunate that he did not run up against more material.

Peré sounds encouraging, alright. Next time you come down why not bring him along. Truth is I would rather have seen Peré when I was up last than that swimming pool addict with his Jeanne Hammil wife. These latter two people are in no mood to be converted to Philosophy. Just beer partners. You must learn to discriminate.

Peré is pretty much the same kind of guy as my friend W.C. Lee. Interested in a spirit of adventure only.

I have several new clippings to add to my collection. One on Voodoo and the other on Poltergeist.

This theory of the fakir leaving the body, if proven would kind of upset your Monistic world view, would it not? Or would you be able to apply the Vaseline of sophistry, and say, that by going at it from a certain angle it positively agrees with you?

It is a tragic coincidence that your interest in Metaphysics and your family are increasing at the same time. The more enmeshed you become the more your sulphurous soul cries out for Light.

As for me I am still making money and losing time.

I'll be seeing you. Thanks for the address of the publishing company. Did I tell you that the Wheeling Poetry Society has acclaimed me loudly?

Votre ami

RS



Following the time of the letter above, Rose happened to be one day in a low dive, or pool hall, in Wheeling. He was stabbed in the face while trying to defend a youth who was being pushed around by a couple of punks whom he had reason to believe were employees of the local crime boss.

Also, in this interval, I informed RS of the birth of my second child. His response follows.

Wheeling, W. Va.

October 1949

Friend Bob;

I rejoice to learn that there is another tie to hold my estimable friends, Bob & Mary, together. But alas my heart weeps for the little newcomer.

As usual my bad luck comes in the autumn of the year. Four days ago I undertook protecting a kid who was getting his face kicked in by some punks. Result; I got stabbed in the face. I plan to be up your way after they take the stitches out.

I am finished working for the year. What would be the possibility of our going together to visit the Rev. Fulton Sheean? I have been thinking strongly of seeing him as soon as I get my affairs here in order.

Shall be spending much time at the farm now.

I also hereby designate you as my sole heir and executor to all of my writing, and in the event of my demise trust you shall continue in the quest.

Unfortunately, I fear that my recent adversaries are pawns of Bill Lias.

I feel confident that I have no nuisance value in his eyes, and anything that transpires will be accidental.

All for now. Be seeing you soon.

RS



Some time after his next visit to me RS's sense of humor again became irresistible. So another open card was delivered at B&W.

PH Research Div.,
Wheeling, W. Va.
12/19/49

Robert Martin, Incumbent
c/o or sub Joseph Wachunas
B&W Research Lab.
Alliance, Ohio

(postcard)

Dear Sir;

We have been referred to you by several mesdames whose virginal isms led them to, at your hands, vaginal schisms. We of the Phallic Research Div. commend you highly. Among our collection we have no peer for you. We wish to make enquiry concerning your attitude toward bequeathing your body to our museum for posterity. Rest assured that the rest of your body shall be interred according to your wishes once we have subtracted the phallus. In order to guarantee eternal embalming we use the new Transfusiones de Menstruum Angelorum. Horum.

One, Frank Hammil, so designates: Rose thinks nothing and has brain children; Martin gets stiff and gets brats; Hammil, as teacher of English, must correct both kinds of children.

Well, shall the famous Kallus Phallus be willed for future scientific research? Awaiting your decision—

PH Research Div.



After this communication I warned Rose that he was in danger at Leavenworth as a result of using the open public mail for blatant pornography. It may be that prudence overcame him, for this was the last such card I received.

During the following month I wrote Rose two letters before getting a reply, which came as follows.

2300 Jacob St.
 Wheeling, W. Va.
 1/23/50

Friend Bob;

Concerning flying saucers, there is quite a bit about them in the recent issues of Fate magazine. As for Station WRVA of Richmond, Virginia, I sent them a letter asking about the details of their claimed recent discovery. NO answer of any kind resulted. I think a trip down there without any leads from the station would prove futile. It's possible that something did land down there but government agents have invited all who saw it to keep mum.

Am in receipt of your check for \$5.00. (*I was still paying RS back for money he lent me when I buried my ex-wife.*) I note it was signed by Mary. Yours is a manless marriage.

Now for excuses for my lapse in writing. My baby goats are coming in two and three at a time. I am seizing every warm hour to lay the foundation for the house I'm building. My father was drunk for a week which meant I had to stay out on the farm with the goats and ten head of cattle. My mother had a stroke and this has caused problems. I have two calves sucking goats, which they must be weaned away from. I have a couple thousand feet of lumber to get out with my big truck, the tires of which are flat, the packing out of the winch, and the battery of the case, and all this I discovered that I was building my house partly on the street right of way, and I had to relocate the foundation.

Despite all of the above, I have been giving considerable thought to our venture of the circle of seekers. The most important thing right now is to follow through on the advertising angle. For two reasons I'd like you to handle this. I would like to keep this area clear of searching eyes that might be inimical to our project. Here where our letters are kept and where our most stable meeting place is, we should not leave our inner chamber open to first callers in case we meet with unpleasant characters bent on harm. The other reason is my lack of time. You are also close to Cleveland and Canton. You can trot over to Canton and rent a PO Box and none will be the wiser. Using it as a base we can put ads in the Cleveland and Columbus papers and let them send their answers to the Canton box. When I say none will be the wiser, I am thinking of those for whom we work for our terrestrial incomes. This set up will allow us to screen applicants, and be on guard against fakers trying to sell a course, or fanatics who would try to drag us to the pulpit.

Lets get busy on this project if you agree. You get the box, and I'll contact as many big city papers as I can and place ads.

Give my sincere sentiments to your wife.

Sincerely,

RSR



The above letter certainly shows that a philosopher can have plenty of mundane problems. Following this letter there is a gap of six months correspondence. This is because I almost succumbed to Alcohol. RS was undoubtedly disgusted. I didn't follow through with the matter of the post box. Many other things I neglected, such as my family and my job. Toward the end of this period I had a wreck while driving drunk. To stay out of jail, I agreed to a two-year revocation of my driving license. Shortly before the accident I had bought a new (second hand) Packard, which a technician at work was fixing up for me in his spare time. As I was not to need a car now for two years I sold it to Rose for a hundred bucks. I thought the car was in fine shape, because I had instructed Foster Eiden, the technician, to do everything needed to put it into fine running condition. The bill to him was more than I charged Rose for the car. Shortly after he took the car back to Wheeling, I got the following tart communication.

Wheeling

8/12/50

Ave Bacchus;

Ordinarily you would not hear from me so soon, but you have unwittingly given me a reason for correspondence.

I write you this so you can show it to one, F. Eiden. I am entirely unaware of the deal you had with him, so I don't know whether you have any squawk coming or not.

I am very much displeased with the Packard. I could have rebuilt my old Buick but I didn't have time. Again I'm without a car, though I have two of them setting here.

Here's the dope; I use a quart of oil to every four gallons of gas. This is not an exaggeration. I get less than fifty miles to a quart of oil. I presume you know what this means. No rings.

The bearings are shot and rattle at 35 mph.

It cannot be run at night because there is such a severe short in the lights that they run the battery down and stall the motor.

I get less than ten miles to a gallon of gas.

Now here's my attitude. When a mechanic overhauls a motor he seldom puts old rings back in as Eiden has admitted doing. He also checks the diameters of the piston bores to see if the rings fit. Also, there is no point on working on a car for several months only to run it for 150 miles before the bearings start to give out.

Bob, I'm perfectly sincere in this matter. If you get a chance come down and I'll show you how to lay a smoke screen with this car. If you still have faith in your mechanic I'll nurse it up to Alliance and sell it back to you.

It overheats. I took out the thermostat and it still runs hot. Eiden's list states that he flushed out the cooling system.

It seems ironical that such could happen at the hands of two great Engineers.

Let me know if you want it. You can sell it or send it back to Eiden.
Give Mary my love.

Richard Rose



Following this I wrote to Rose protesting my innocence in the matter, assuring him that Foster was supposed to fix the car up completely. I absolved RS from all the remaining part of his payment for the car. In reply he soothed my hurt feelings as follows:

Wheeling, W.Va.

9/13/50

Friend Bob;

Your letter amused me greatly. I'm not angry with you because I realized that you were ignorant about the car. I didn't blame you as much as you thought, because I knew you hadn't driven it at all.

I looked it over and found that Eiden did a lot of tinkering with it. I can see where little things have been bolted together and painted up. I still drive it a little. Got the wiring fixed so I can drive it at night, but if I go over 20 mph the bearings rattle.

I did want a car that I could take a trip in and not worry about getting back, so I complained. But what the hell—this has been a bad year for all of my equipment.

The reason I haven't written more, lately, is because I've been tied in knots between the farm and the house I'm building in Benwood. I deplore the facts which delay earnest communication between us, but I'm up to my ass in difficulties.

Like George Nodle, (a good friend of mine in California), I feel that these mundane trivialities are hideous. Perhaps the snare of the forces of adversity for all who seek.

Don't feel badly about anything. I shall not quite be myself until I've finished building this house. Then a great load will be lifted from my shoulders and a smile of serenity shall enfold my paralyzed brain.

The essential things about life are still tucked away in the anterior lobes. I have no time to measure the flight of the swallow, or pause to partake the sweetness that comes from carelessness. At present mine is the fare of Maya...I have descended into illusion...the butterfly winging its blithe uncharted course is not for me to know, and the reward of the soul at this moment is not the oblivious delight of the Honeysuckle.

Give me back the immortal hopes of my youth, those fires that kept the phantom of death from my features, those rewards in themselves. Give me problems to solve, and

let me dwell once more in the happy prospects that this world strand of mine was not drawn with inevitable finality...and fatality.

Would that I had not dissolved beauty, happiness, gentle belief, and heard the mockery of love. The fact that I am resents itself. The man would be a boy, sporting though the meadows and glades, not standing in stark Allness.

Be reassured, I am alive. I regard you. And judge in Truth.

RS



I got an unexpected phone call from Rose on October 22, 1950. He announced his marriage to the younger sister of his boyhood friend, Johnny West. It was sort of a May-December marriage. As I recall, she was 17. Rose, at this time, was 33. I used to kid him sometimes about robbing the cradle.

During the first week of January '51, I went down to Columbus Ohio and took the two days of written exams required to get a professional engineers license. I also took an oral exam before a board. Like a perfect fool I spent the two nights I was in Columbus touring bars and meeting old friends. Fortune smiled on me, however, and despite the drinking and the short sleeps I got an 81 on the exam where 70 was passing.

This Virginia, whom I had known from a year before I had met Rose, was a big buxom attractive blonde. Nor was she the stereotype dumb blonde. She was vivacious, intelligent, good company. From the time she was in high school, however, she was always in some kind of trouble. She had the unfortunate habit of trusting men completely if she liked them. At this time of my exams Virginia was 28, and was clearly showing the physical ravages of life in the fast lane. I had introduced her to Rose back in '43 when he worked at Curtiss-Wright Aircraft. Over the years both he and I contributed modest sums of money to help her with her problems. From the wisdom of greater age, I can look back and see that her number one problem was Alcohol. I have said this much about her because she is referred to in the following letter from Rose.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
1/9/51

Friend Bob;

Just received your letter of 1/8. I'm glad that you have finally taken the exams that will give you the approved accolades.

You mention that you are considering looking for a new job. I don't think it is a hot idea to move to Columbus, although you would probably get a bit of a warning before an atom bomb were dropped on Columbus. They would hit a lot more important targets

before they hit Columbus. It only has about 300,000 population. Bigger cities would go first. Also, it has no great industry.

Akron would be bombed long before. Why don't you drop down to see me, and while you're here put in an application for Wheeling Steel. They are a big outfit and always in need of good engineers. They even hire them for their sales force. I know the Vice President (not intimately). He started out with them not too many years ago. He makes over \$20,000 a year and lives in a \$200,000 mansion. How I come to know him is my wife's parents are his domestics. He's also an engineer.

About Virginia Marker and the letter she told you of getting from me. What I told her is not propaganda. My situation has deteriorated, but not enough to draw on your willing nature. I just hoped that some of my debtors would kick in and ease the burden. If the people who owe me money would pay I'd have no worries at all. Virginia is the second largest debtor on my list, and I gave her all the facts hoping she'd come through. She has never made a move to pay a nickel back of any of the money I lent her. I am definitely disappointed in her. I know she can get money from her parents if she wants to.

Since I wrote to her I managed to pick up a job in a slaughterhouse. That was the week before X-mas. I worked for four days and got sick. I couldn't take the steam from the hog scraper. I was in bed on X-mas with acute tonsillitis. I went back to work the day after New Years and lasted till Friday. I took Friday off and they fired me. I felt as happy as if I'd been given a pardon.

We have plenty of food and all that, but my general expenses are considerable. I thought it would be simple to borrow some money on the house, but in its unfinished condition they all refused. (By they I mean the various banks). It will take about \$200 of materials yet to finish the interior. The two cars are both on the blink and the rear end is out of my big truck. The excessive snow we've had means I must buy more feed for the cattle. Johnny West, my brother in law, was going to lend me enough to buy feed for the cattle, but last Saturday he was in a serious car wreck. Demolished his and a new car. And they fined him besides.

Well, I'll pick up another job, stall my creditors, and squeeze by till painting season starts in the spring, when I should be able to start making money again.

Try to make it down the first chance you get. This valley has opportunity in your field, and these hills are good breakers for radiation. The farm is near, and will be an ideal place to run to if hell breaks loose. A few of our children must survive this coming debacle. That flat country offers no protection at all unless you dig deep.

Well I look forward to seeing you. Don't worry about me. I dislike being a burden to my friends. I'll rob somebody down here.

Sincerely,

Rose



I should confess at this point that my interest in a new job was because B&W Research was getting fed up with me due to my irregular attendance caused by drinking. In the letter above, it's interesting to note how the shadow of nuclear war was already with us. Unfortunately, in the years since then the farm in the mountains is no longer a safe place to run to. It is only about 15 miles from Wheeling, which itself would be a target in any all-out war. There is virtually no place in the United States anymore that would be a safe haven from such a war.

About this time I became convinced that there were some things philosophically that I believed in for sure. I wrote about this to my friend George Nodle in Los Angeles and also to RS. My convictions were along the line of the worldview of Raja and Jnana Yoga.

Rose replied.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
1/31/51

Friend Bob;

I'm finally getting around to answering your letter of 1/21/51. Like Nodle, I too am intrigued with the idea of your settling about the convolutions. Sometimes I think that when a man comes to a conclusion about life it is the first evidence of resignation, or of mental senility. I genuinely hope that you will prove an exception.

Incidentally, the more you write and the older you get the more you tend toward the ideas of Yoga. Unless you have made a sudden departure of late. I look back over the past and stand in amazement at the various ideas I have fostered.

I began cradled in the folderol of Roman Catholicism. I was fascinated by the solemnity and ritual. I had a conviction then. I drifted into Spiritualism, not the séance-chamber kind, but the theoretical kind backed up by experiment and data acquired by such people as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the London and American Societies for Psychical Research. Big men and big minds went in for it, and they looked broader than those in the Church. So I soon had another conviction. But on looking deeper, and discovering the possible poltergeist as something that might be deluding even the scientific seeker, I commenced to doubt again and to look for better paths.

In the process I became an atheist, at about age 21, and undertook probing the physical brain to find an analysis for thought and thus for that which seemed to join us with the visible and the invisible. It was my analysis of will that convinced me that we had none unless we imagined ourselves to have one. Man's personality began to fall apart until he seemed to be a robot in a dominating plan. Ah but to get at the epidermis of the planner and cause him at least an itch!

Then Yoga. Perhaps my mind was hungry and willing to delude itself, having gone so long without a cloak. But this latest conviction came to me like love to an adolescent. I

had no doubts. I felt one foot in Nirvana. I found none of their words illogical, and found much so harsh with Truth that it took me years to grow into their theories.

I have never disproven the theories of Yoga as I was able to do with the others. I left Atheism because I reasoned even if there were no God and no hereafter, it might still be possible for the individual to perpetuate something of himself. Atheism is too often just laziness of the mind. I have just never found the time to study and practice Yoga as a person should. You can read books that say a person can pursue his usual life and study Yoga, but that is bull for the birds. To reach the inner door you must retreat.

There are a few things about Yoga that I have come to doubt, but these doubts do not stop me from thinking that Yoga is the King of thought. I would like to give you my formula, or my idea of the formula that the mind uses to analyze any trend of thought.

1. Application of Logic, and logic being human it boils down to – why do people follow it, or why do they not follow it. If they follow it by a majority, then there is a very good chance of it being a creed of fear, wishful thinking or hypnosis.
2. Is it not the trick of a higher intelligence or higher plan to take thought away from man by adding confusion under the egotistical guise of pretended logic?
3. Having pretty well assured ourselves that neither of the foregoing have any bearing on our thinking, then how are we to be sure that we have the ultimate instead of just a step, or only one of a million facets but not the entire gem. It sort of goes back to the crack about how can the finite mind understand the infinite?

Well, in reference to your statement that you have found something that you believe, I wish you would sit down and write it down. Make it out in duplicate when you write to George Nodde. Or better still, come down for a spell. Try to get down before the middle of April if you come.

Well Bob, what are we doing to further our quest? Or will you be done questing now that you have hatched this belief? Would it not be possible for you to run an ad in one of the magazines this year? I feel sure that if it is done right the results would be stupendous. If we never do find the Truth through it, we will at least gather a fine circle of acquaintances of our own ilk. Let us dub you with some sort of title. Call yourself the Society for Truth, or the Metaphysical Research Society, or some such thing. Advertising thus will not pollute the inner body of the circle with the designation of organization. We'll just pollute you. You can be the vestibule of the Society through which we can screen fellows for our group.

Seriously Bob, let's do something about expanding. What do you say? You can't meet these fellows in bars. There is one other thing that you might do. Write to Richard Shaver and get a copy of his book about his mental adventures. I've read an account by the guy telling of his convictions. I like the way he writes. He don't try to prove anything. He's either got something or he's crazy, and in the latter case he still might have something. The book only costs two or three bucks, and if you send for it I'll buy it from you later. I'm short of dough right now. His address is –

Richard S. Shaver, Rt. 2, Box 74, Lily Lake, McHenry, Illinois.

The book is – I Remember Lemuria.

I'm going to close with one thought in mind that seems apt at this time. DeLong mentioned it some time ago at Curtis Wright there at the layout table when the foreman, Dickey, said he had read all there was on Occultism and had not found Reality. DeLong replied that action was necessary for achievement. Of course, since then, DeLong's course of action has been akin to trying to lever the world with his phallus, but I still remember that it is an old Occult maxim. 'To know, to do, to dare and to be silent.'

My friend, we must never allow our domestic lives to grow to the point where they seem important enough to overshadow the quest. Then we are slaves indeed.

Sincerely,

RSR

Chapter IV

Interlude

In April of this year (1951), Mary and I and our three children went on vacation to her parent's farm in the hill country south of Chillicothe, Ohio. During the vacation, I traveled to Columbus and located a position as a full time research associate in the Department of Mechanical Engineering at Ohio State University. I would start with them on June 1.

For an Alcoholic such as I, getting back to my old stomping grounds was a psychological error. I could now go to the Old Heidleberg Rathskellar again. Also, the New Heidleberg Rathskellar had recently appeared on the scene. Then there was Larry's Bar & Grill opposite the main gate of the campus. This was where I had met Mary. I went to all of them. I really loved that draft beer.

About September, I met an interesting Pakistani who was in graduate school at Ohio State. We talked of Eastern Philosophy and I wrote Rose about our conversations. He replied promptly.

Benwood, W. Va.

10/4/51

Friend Martin,

Alas how I hurry the road beneath my feet. How I accelerate the clock. How I traverse my life strand with this insipid consciousness.

You are my lamplighter, occurring with raised taper in this dark night of carnality, calling to my attention the ever important yet non existent Time.

A couple of years ago I met a couple of East Indians on a bus. Little guys. One was a Pakistani and the other a Hindu. They seemed to be quite chummy despite the fratricide going on at home. I guess you know that the Pakistanis are Moslem. In Blavatsky and other writers of Eastern Philosophy there is indicated that Moslem, Buddhist and Hindu yogis share none of the antagonism of their respective religions.

Even as I wrote the above paragraph a phone call came telling me that my cattle are in someone's garden. Another day to be spent chasing.

As you know I have the mailing list for the Psychological Research Society. So do all of the other members. It seems that one of them is a big shot in Technocracy Inc... So he mailed everybody else ballyhoo about Technocracy. In the last issue of the Society journal there was an item denouncing such use of the mailing list.

This outline of Technocracy stinks. I wrote and told the guy that I thought he was a leftist. Technocracy is supposed to be an Economic system worked out by Scientists. I feel sure that it is not so. It is just a form of Communism devised to flatter the mind of those who classify themselves as intellectuals.

I would like to make it over to visit with you for awhile, but I'm not very free right now. I just finished suing a guy for an unpaid painting bill, and will have a case in court next week for an alleged traffic violation by me. I'm about through painting for the year, but I have to go out to the farm and build a mile of fence.

Write me soon about George Nodle's evaluation of Dingle?

Give my sincere affection to Mary and the children.

Dick



Shame, shame RS, for attacking the poor Technocrat as a leftist. I, your long-term friend, have been a leftist all my life. Remember? Back in about 1937, I was even a member of Technocracy for a short time.

George Nodle, who lived in Los Angeles, agreed to join Edwin John Dingles' Mentalphysics Society. This was essentially a Buddhist Yoga group. As its headquarters were in Los Angeles, George would be able to get to know Dingle and get his impressions concerning the integrity and quality of this Guru. I was particularly interested as I had been a mail order member of Mentalphysics for a couple of years. After six months of going to Dingle's personal classes, and a couple of private interviews with the Master, George was unable to come to a certain conclusion. He had no doubt that if one followed the studies and exercises he would become changed. But whether this change would lead to a grasp of Reality he was not sure. Dingle, guiding his classes, had a great charisma. But Dingle in personal interview seemed like an ordinary guy. Nodle could not decide whether he thought Dingle was a liar concerning the supposed Tibetan source of his teaching, and his claim of having spent some time in a Tibetan monastery.

Drinking quickly ruined my good position at OSU, and I quit about the first of November in time to avoid the disgrace of being fired. I then got a job at Shellmar Products Corp. in Mt. Vernon, a small town about 48 miles north of Columbus. Here I was a plant engineer involved in designing systems to improve the efficiency of production. I didn't like this at all. I realized very quickly that Research was my game. This dislike of the work, and the fact that I only went home to my family on weekends and Wednesday nights, was a beautiful set up to grease the skids toward alcoholic debacle. In two months, I was fired for irregular attendance.

I returned to Columbus, and by faking a suitable work history, got a job about a block from where we lived. It was a little machine tool plant. I was hired as a tool grinder and machine shop inspector, thus going back to skills I had learned before I had met Rose. I worked on the night shift, which was very agreeable to me, and curbed the beer somewhat, partly due to my greatly reduced income. The work was very easy for me. It was like a vacation from the mental pressures of high level work. I relaxed. Mary was alarmed at my seeming content with this blue-collar work. I wasn't trying to locate work in my profession.

For the first time I started to do the daily Yoga practice described in my *Mentalphysics*. Formerly, I had merely studied the written material. About 45 minutes of Pranayama exercises with suggestions at one session each day, and another daily session which was Meditation, including going into the Silence. Shortly I stopped drinking.

During this spell of Yoga, I found at our local branch library the two most philosophically (for me) influential books that I had ever read. *The Wisdom of the Overself* by Paul Brunton, and *In Search of the Miraculous* by P.D. Ouspensky. I continued my Yoga practice and read these books, and then – doors started to open within.

About this time, Rose was over to see me and I lent him *In Search of the Miraculous* to take back with him. A short time later, I received the following letter.

Benwood, W. Va
1674 High Street
4/9/52

Friend Bob;

Mailed back the book today. Can't remember how long it has been since I was up there, so if there is a fine just let me know and I'll forward the sum.

I didn't get it all read. I read about a hundred pages from the start. Then I picked it at random because of lack of time. If you have Ouspensky's book *The New Model of the Universe*, I would like to borrow it. I sent a money order to Harcourt & Brace for a copy of the book about Gurdjieff.

Concerning Ouspensky's study of Gurdjieff:

I think it might be worthwhile to note a few of my feelings about it so far. I feel that G is a man of great learning of a nature similar to Anton Lang whom I met in Cleveland back in '47. G was not ignorant of Western sciences, but in these matters he seemed less versed than Ouspensky. So it seems amazing that he could lead such a man as Ouspensky around by the nose for such a long time without offering anything tangible. By this I mean that G derided proof (which I have always done) but he also never bothered to alleviate Ouspensky's worries about basic axioms or themes such as reincarnation.

In this respect he reminds me of your friend DeLong. Ouspensky no doubt revered the man, yet he gives a few hints to the contrary. He visited G's native home, and in it saw

a portrait of G in which he saw something that he did not care to write about. G had a profession in the portrait. Ouspensky also notes that G had a habit of falsely representing things. G occasionally advertised O as one of the lecturers in his entourage after O was severed from him and knew nothing about the billing. And yet G asserted that the truth was essential on the path.

Still I think it is one of the most valuable books I have ever read. Certain things were brought out very clearly that were not explained in anything else I have ever read. Still, I do not think that G was anything but a clever adventurer. He was a Yogi without affection for the whole of mankind. Or even affection for the few who desired to climb. It all ties in with much that I've read or felt about Yoga. Men like G, DeLong, and Lang, have learned much, but pretend more. Their power is held by a few little tricks. Self confidence, a bland paternal smile when questions are asked, and by keeping up the pretence that they are someone to be waited upon constantly, in order to get the lip droppings when they chance to fall. DeLong has been more honest with you in recent years, but he was never qualified to lord it over anyone. He too lacked love and the simple knowledge of the human being. Anton Lang also, and beside that he had a personal motive.

Like O you are always seeking for a miracle to befall you, and constantly, in a masochistic manner, expect a Master to come along, give you thirty lashes, calcinate your mildewed carcass in the fires of rationalization, and finally hand you the purified esther of an Aum or Soul. Then he shall whisper in your ear the magical 'open sesame' that shall open the gates (vulvae) of heaven. You meet a guy like DeLong. He is sadistic and yet you mistake him for a Master. He draws his palm slowly across his smiling face and presents a face inscrutable, which appeals to your sense of melodrama. You love the mysterious so a mystery is spawned for you.

You have a great mind for logic but none for feeling. You can argue about people but not with them. Nobody knows anything terrific. I doubt if Christ himself had any golden elixir for his followers. G is right about that when he ridicules the ability of machines (people) to think, much less to act, of their own volition.

My guess is that G did not have an answer. He didn't know where he was going when he died. He had found certain means to increase his aura, or astral body (these means could be very valuable) and was, playing the long shot, just like any philosopher. I have always reasoned thus. If anything survives it must be our thinking apparatus or consciousness, so consequently learning, and the expansion of consciousness, is of most importance. This is akin to the expansion of being.

So what do we do? We start studying and theorizing. We arrive at a little block that aims at fatalism or futility and we quit thinking. The mind is tired. We pretend we have found. (Religion, faith, final philosophic deduction). Mere rationalization. That was why I was rather startled when I heard some time ago that you had finally found something. I thought that you had drowned.

It is possible that Ouspensky was a greater man than G.

Before I forget. There are a few things that I wanted to point out. Look on page 51. There G tells you something that I told you years ago in Columbus. It is of the foolish circle of knowledge, especially as concerns the western and materialistic sciences. You may believe it easier when you hear it from him.

Another thing; a note of alarm. G mentions that at the Last Supper Jesus actually gave strips of flesh from his own body for his disciples to eat. Maybe Ouspensky was too shy to mention more. I do agree with G that knowledge is matter, and it is very possible that only so much is available.

I think that G felt that he could learn more. Like you and I he was looking. He advertised. So should we. We should initiate something progressive. G could do nothing alone himself.

Just now I picked up a scrap of paper that must have fallen out of my dictionary. On it a poem.

On the other side of the mountain lies a long lost vale,
Where the lake of Truth, like a virgin, lies in beauty pale.
But I am wearied near to death, and still the summit's crest
Is far away...and all I know or care to know, is rest.

R. Rose



At the end of April I had the most profound spiritual experience that I have had in my life, either before or since. It came on with a timeless rush. Overwhelming ecstasy accompanying a sense of complete understanding. The smallest sight of natural beauty; a flower, a bird, a cloud would make me weep with joy. In this state I read the Gospel of St. John, and it all seemed to make profound sense. It was a moving conversion experience, but not exactly to Christianity, but to a Christianity seen as but a part of a larger Reality, more completely elucidated in the esoteric philosophy of Hinduism and Buddhism. At work they thought I had gone crazy. I preached to the other employees about "the Joy of the Lord." My wife thought I should see a psychiatrist. Of course I soon lost this job, but not *this* time from drinking. I felt like for the first time in my life I was conscious; that before this I had stumbled along as in a dream. I assumed my new state to be a permanent acquisition. But woe, it was not. Over a period of about two weeks I gradually descended from the heights. However, some effect of this experience has remained throughout the rest of my life, even today. Despondent as "God" left me, I picked up a beer and discontinued Yoga practice.

During the height of this experience I sent Rose a postcard. On it I simply announced "I have found God!" To which he replied May 7 also by postcard, "Bullshit!"

After working at a low paid job for five months, and then getting fired, I was soon in severe trouble. However, with some help from Mary's parents we weathered the storm. By August I was working as a mechanical design engineer for A.M. Kinney, Inc., a big engineering firm in Cincinnati that was currently designing a big power plant for Proctor and Gamble. As a condition of my good fortune I was now going to AA, a venture which only last about three months. By December, we lived in a nice ranch style house in a tiny village 22 miles from downtown Cincinnati.

I had written RS at length about the depression that afflicted me because of my loss of "God" contact. His reply, which follows, did not help my depression. I felt like I had lost my best friend.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
Dec 24, 1952

Friend Bob;

My friend you do not know what the dark night of the soul is. It is the low between two mighty exaltations. The low that must necessarily follow the peak of a development and attainment of tranquility.

I'm glad you got yourself another job in time to avoid hardship for your family. I have been in Cincinnati. A very sinister place. I cannot make it down because my cattle are now in open pasture and require constant attention. I get into Benwood from the farm only a day or two at a time. I would be pleased to have you up, but I do wish you would make an effort to keep any appointment you might make. The last time you called, Phyllis called incessantly to the farm and to the neighbors in the country until she got word to me. I got into town then, and you didn't show.

It is difficult to work intelligently with you, because you, (a Gemini), are essentially an actor. It wouldn't be so bad if I just had one characterization to oppose. But I have Martin, the great lover; Martin, the eminent Scientist; Martin, the prolific author; and most impossible, Martin, Count St. Germaine, the lord High Metaphysician! Grasp a bottle and rave into a mirror at a pathetically diminishing spectre.

I am nearing the age of diminishing returns (31 years?). I must begin to make decisions that will be final for this life. Both of us have vacillated too long. I shall lay me a course now and follow it. I look back regretfully now. I know that subconsciously I have been waiting for you. I have felt that of all people you and I could do something together. I now realize that I have been leaning. A sort of rationalization of my own. I am certain that I cannot count on you.

You shall always be welcome...because you profess to seek the truth. I will not ever promise to help you, however. You have testified to the fact that there are other things more important. Before I embark upon any venture in the future with you, I will need proof according to my own logic and feelings. Mere words placed in argumentative order will not fool me.

I would like to remind you that you will not meet with success in the writing field for the same reasons that you will not succeed in the Metaphysical.

It all goes back to a lack of 'know thyself.' I have talked long and hard. Ten years. Have in fact almost been swayed by your rationalizations and sophistry. I am weary in my error. I know that words from me to thee are wasted and I have wasted enough to know. I wrote down a long analysis of this difficulty after you were down here the last time. I never mailed it. You do not need words now. You need the forge and fire of experience, — nor shall I use my lungs for the bellows.

You once said you would find Truth through the bottomless pit. The jest that proved true! Unfold ye labia everlasting...and let him in. The land of promises and piece eternal

Cozy cloaca nurse his dreams and wishful thinking. Bore and snore. Or blow little glubworm, blow.

As in the salutation you are my friend. I do not discount that. So you shall be welcome. Just try and be sure and come when you say you are coming. It will require preparations up here as you know.

Give Mary and the little ones my love.

RS Rose



After receiving this I wrote Rose a letter, in which I protested that he completely ignored the significance of the experience that I had in Columbus, came soon the following.

Benwood, W. Va.

1/16/53

To my friend...still.

Vide aquam, egredientem de templo, de manu dextro...Domine de profundis evocabo...

I saw beer running out of the tap room....Oh Lord I saw thy face on the bar room floor.

Like Job did I sit on the dung heap, aye, but a light shineth from within and it is the light of the most hi— hi di ho.

My family has deserted me and my enemies exalteth. I lie with the dregs of the wine casks and cigarette butts and the Pharisees walk by with disdain.

For thy sake, O voice within, O light within, did I punish myself. My wife and children did I abandon that I might sorrow and be humbled for thy glory.

O Lord give me wisdom...thank you. Now I have it. Hear me sons of Babylon and especially ye proud whores who live in the dead town across the dead sea....sitting on their dead asses.

The Lord has given me wisdom since I groveled in the gravel. The prophet is right. Right is the prophet. Illusion. The prophet is right. (All things relative to the trinity must be said in triplicate according to Syllogism, the sacerdotal instrument unknown to the profane.)

O Lord hear me sing with thy other servants, Ammian, Buddha, Dingle, St. John, Krishnaturti etc...Chrous: The voice from the gravel is right. Right is the voice from the gravel. Therefore the voice from the gravel is right.

O Lord, who didst allow me to wander from thy side for all my youth and young manhood. Hearken while I bark in the darkin. Thou who didst allow me to wallow in whoredom that I might come to see thee. Who didst let me drink strongly of the grape for a dozen years that I might cling to thee. Thou who didst steep my mind in insanity that I might come to know the sane. This boon do I ask of thee. With thy big fist smite the arrogant philistine of a whore, Rose, who sitteth on his preponderance. Smite him into the wine cask that he might find debasement even as though did for me. Smite him into the whore wallow that he may be dismayed and distracted. Smite him into humble confusion until he learns from this...humility.

Blessed are the meek for they become powerful as fertilizer.

Amen: Amen: Amen:

All levity aside.

I am genuinely happy to hear that you and your family are getting along better economically. Let us not belabor ourselves with philosophy. I shall agree with anything you say. I do not mean I'll act upon any agreement however.

Please do not feel accountable to me. I'm sure that you will do that which is best for you.

If you get a chance to come down bring Mary and the kids with you. Phyllis would be happy to get to jabber with Mary again.

Until then, take it easy. Get plenty of rest and do not become too absorbed in your work. Spend some time laughing. Try to get interested in little things. Like your kids.

I still say we have much to be thankful for. Just think of all the people we met at Curtis Wright that have fallen from our interest long before this.

Thanking you for the long letter,

Richard



I should mention here that shortly before the last letter from Rose, shown above, in the autumn of '52 I was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. I believe this step of mine helped sharpen the barbs of my friend's wit. His reference to Ammian, in the previous letter, referred to the young Franciscan Monk who had give me instruction and conferred the baptism. My view of the Christianity that I was accepting was Mystical Christianity, which in my view of it was quite consistent with Hindu and Buddhist Philosophy.

As the year of '52 wore on, the following interesting letter arrived.

Benwood, W. Va

7/24/53

Friend Robert;

The salutary lines of a letter, they say, should somehow pick up the continuity of thought of previous letters and denote the general atmospheric relationship. I must admit that I've grown very fatalistic toward you. Various things and random words inform me that your wheel turns differently than mine, and in a manner utterly unpredictable. So I say to myself (after many drastic reversals on your part), if he writes he writes. If he comes, he comes. It is not wise to try to move the bowels of a Gila Monster.

I used to value you higher when you stuck to your materialism and your intent to reach higher learning through the coordination of physical and mathematical symbols. You mastered that field better. Now that I see your eyes opening to the logic in which I swam while at Curtiss Wright, I am upset. You are not situated physically, temperamentally, or domestically to walk the path. And you have eyes but no will. And will is necessary.

Books are written on the subject. They'll talk of fate and predestination. Fact is I just mentioned being fatalistic myself toward you. Paradoxically. But I say will is the greatest of all. It may not roll away the door to the tomb, and in its extreme state of stubbornness it may precipitate us into the path of a cyclone...but it is fundamental. How can I say it?

Do you remember the foreman, Dickey, at Curtiss Wright? By some strange chance Dickey, DeLong, you and I were gathered together around a layout plate and were discussing philosophy. Dickey remarked about being disillusioned. 'I have read every book there is on Occultism and have found out nothing.' It was then that DeLong said. 'Reading is not enough. One must carry out some sort of action'.

You are reading many books but are opening few doors. I sat here for awhile wondering how to tell you what I'm trying to tell you, but I feel that I'm firing at a nebulous target. In the eleven years since we met, you have learned, or are about to learn, the means for attaining peace of mind. But peace is soporific, and unless the will is developed the exercises, or trance, will become anesthetic. Such was the pitfall that snared my feet at Curtiss Wright. I relaxed into the trance.

A person must do. Well, we went through all that how many times?

How about giving me Nodle's address and a delineation of his character likes and dislikes, temperament, etc...If you have already mentioned me to him I will write to him, and perhaps stop to see him when I go to California this Fall.

As regards DeLong. He may be like Eliphaz Levi. Perhaps he wants to attach himself to some hierarchical body before death so that he will be on the band wagon in the Astral. Or a female may have degenerated him into a church goer, and suddenly he remembers that there is truth in all religions. A mere woman, you know, will alter the path of the adept.

Speaking of reading instead of acting. At the Salvation Army store I picked up a good book by the Theosophist, Leadbeater. It is a detailed description of Heaven.

Yes, in another thirty years we shall find an emaciated Mongol (I have a somewhat Oriental appearance, being one quarter Cherokee) playing with his remaining chancres. His son shall be addressed thusly: Go my son into the mountains beyond Wheeling, and there seek out the daughters of a very wise man who lived there. Perhaps they can remember some precious thing left behind for him as a heritage of wisdom...And after awhile Sir Roland, or Sir Andrew, will go while bearing his lance battle wise, and then return to the old man and say...‘O venerable father we have discovered the Holy Grail...with my lance did I pierce the wooded cave and probing in its depths did find.’ Aye, father, truth through the bottomless pit.

What manner of worms are we? Born but to spawn.

Drop in and bring St Augustine and Swedenborg with you.

Sincerely,

Rose



The reference to DeLong, above, was anent to the fact that DeLong had recently joined the Episcopal Church.



In September of this year, 1953, I became acquainted with a little Occult group, the members of which all lived in or near the tiny village of Amelia, where I lived. The center, or hub of this group, was a local plumber’s wife. The plumber attended the meetings, but had little to say. There was an old guy of 65 who had recently found the light. He had written some nice mystical poetry. A still older fellow who ran an interesting secondhand occult bookstore in Amelia was sometimes there. Then there was a giant Pollock who crushed my hand when we were introduced, and staring deep into my eyes said, “I love you, because I can see the Christ in you.” He was in the construction business.

At first I thought this was the kind of circle that Rose wanted to develop. However, I soon found out that all of these people were members of the Oceanside, California, Rosicrucian Fellowship, which Max Heindel, a former big shot in Theosophy, had founded back in the twenties. As a guide for his following he wrote a book chock full of occult miscellany, which he named *Cosmoconception*.

I attended some of their meetings, and they tried to recruit me for the Fellowship. I confess that one of the biggest attractions for me was the plumber’s wife. She was a tall, buxom redhead, something which I had never had.

I mention this group in small detail, as Rose came over, I believe twice, to attend these meetings and meet the people. He censured me for ogling the red head. However, my enterprise in finding and getting acquainted with these people improved my status with Rose.

During the beginning of October, I was laid off due to an extensive staff reduction following our completion of the Proctor & Gamble power plant design. This time my departure was honorable and I took with me a letter of good recommendation.

I was fortunate in connecting with the kind of work I like best. Southwest Research Institute of San Antonio, Texas, hired me as a Research Analyst in the Department of Engineering Mechanics. We really moved this time, fortunately at company expense. It was hard on Mary, as it would now become difficult for her to see her people, and the kids to see their grandparents. I remember our first night in San Antonio. She was sitting on a bed in our motel room, watching a couple of the giant Texas roaches playing about. She started to cry. I started to work at Southwest Research in the middle of December.

Chapter V

San Antonio

Shortly after we got settled in a nice place to live, I wrote Rose a massive letter. He replied as follows.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
1/23/54

Hello Bob;

I would like to abbreviate your letter if you won't think me brash. You are lonesome. I have had the same feeling when traveling. Especially when sojourning in the desert. I wrote many letters when traveling.

However, there were several things noteworthy. You have a little better insight into human nature and the relationship between personality and the ability to pursue philosophy. Also, I think you are getting a better idea of how to think...discrimination. As evidenced by your criticism of personalities in your letter, and your regard as to their methods and extent of attainment.

As for the affidavit about our circle which I sent you seven years ago, your suggestion to reaffirm it now would be anticlimactic. You say that the 'quest' is most dear to you, etc. But it is not dear enough to exact enough. I speak for myself also. You would like to make an annual meeting date more elastic. That would be all right as long as it was just you and I. But when it became there and four then it would become a four waystretch. We would never agree on a date. Many a person sets one day a year aside to visit the grave of his mother or wife. We haven't buried truth yet, and neither of us seems willing to set one day aside to visit the tallest styles of our lives.

Even our personal visits are too heavily spiced with your alcohol and our domestic appendages. In vain I look backward hoping to note a step of progress is a result of our first meeting at Curtiss Wright. In vain I try to make you see that this is not matter to talk about, write letters about, or sit around and hope for. The time is now, and how many nows have slipped through the hour glass!

The mind seems most clear in the wake of dissipation. When the heat of lust is spent in orgasm, or when nervousness is scattered by alcohol, and the consequent sobriety holds the mirror to our asinine faces, then do we see ourselves and retrospective trail of nauseating errors. Such clarity you once held in Columbus. For a moment I thought you were going to show more courage than I myself had ever shown, and make a real breakaway. But it was not to be.

Since that day I feel more complacent with my lot. Someday I may make a break for it. I doubt if you will. Four children are a considerable drag.

The life of Swedenborg is interesting. I do not doubt that he penetrated a veil without a Guru. Suffered a temporary period of insanity. Told people he was the Messiah. Of course he got over it after a while. But what solids can be strained from the uncorrelated data that he dishes out from a brain that might have been addled? His diary shows him quite obsessed with lust, even in his sixties.

You gotta walk that lonesome journey...you gotta go there by yourself. So say the niggers. If Swedenborg had a close friend to hold his hand through his madness in his retreat from London, far from home and friends...then perhaps the message left to the world might have been more clear.

One-piece is missing from your ability to discriminate. A man must be a man. He must be complete. Mentally and physically. If he is celibate but has no testicles, then he is a teapot without a tempest. If he is wise but has no will, then he is as the wind. If he has alacrity of coordination of mind and an impeccable memory, but fails in discernment, and allows himself to be diluted by himself, then he is the blind leading the blind.

Your wives and I have given you much, and your friends have given you much, but none can give you manhood. Get rid of that self-sympathy and prepare to outstare your tombstone. Get rid of self-delusion. There's no love anywhere for a man who only loves his appetites. Rationalization is the cacophony of Hell. (Swedenborg)

Your love of Truth does not make you a seeker. As I noted in a previous letter I think it best that we try to continue our friendship. Perhaps it will survive, but I have long despaired of doing anything with you on a higher plane. I wouldn't say this to you, but we both professed to stand in reverence of Truth, so I'll speak what is in my heart.

To continue in our previous endeavor is to pretend. We have, or should have, outgrown the age when we fence with broomsticks and utter make believe. You will not give up your toys. A little insight should show you that your Aedipus complex is strong. If you had made an effort to shed it you might have been a freer person.

We shall not become spiritual giants with the ostrich like heads stuck in the vagina. But we can live or die like men, at least; leaning on none, neither asking your giving solace.

Well, I must close now. I have to clean the manure out of the barn. My karma has given me a malodorous lot.

If we ever travel westward we'll look you up. Write frequently, but don't fret too much about the metaphysical.

Sincerely,

Rose



Within a couple of months of arriving in San Antonio I met the man who would become my best local friend during our six years stay in Texas. This was Frank Pena, a half Indian Mexican, who at that time was 59, and became like a daddy to Mary and I, and a grandfather to our children. Even as my real dad was killed at Chateaux Thierry, Pena had fought in WWI. Although born in Chihuahua, his parents had moved to San Antonio when he was a boy, and Frank had become an American citizen. When he was 16, he had helped smuggle guns into Mexico for the Mexican revolutionists who were the progenitors of the present government of Mexico.

During the twenties Pena had become acquainted with some esoteric groups in San Antonio, and his interests in these matters became life long. He practiced Yoga at this time under alleged Hindu Yogi, by name of Gerwhal. He once showed me some of the lessons he had used.

I am discussing Pena at some length because he was not only my friend, but he became a friend of Rose, and in fact was instrumental in inducing RS to make two visits to San Antonio.

Frank told me a lot of things about the Occult beliefs and practices of the northern Mexican Indians. He made no great claims for personal powers or illumination, but as I passed on all these things to RS, it made a favorable impression. Rose thought that Frank was maybe the tallest person we had ever met. As a result, he came to San Antonio in January '55.

I can remember no details of this visit. Frank lived on an acre of ground in a very scenic band of hills about 15 miles north of San Antonio. Having been separated from his wife for nine years, he lived alone in what was a large army surplus squad tent mounted on raised board flooring. He was having severe money problems, having arrived at the age of being too young for social security, but too old for most employers to hire. His special trade had been decorative concrete work, which is in low demand when economic conditions are slow.

I took a week of my vacation time while Rose was there, and the three of us spent much of our time at Pena's acre, lounging about and shooting the shit. There was a 114-year old Mexican Indian lady witch whom Frank spoke much about to me, and whom Rose was hoping to meet, but it turned out that she was no longer available, being dead.

I believe Rose was disappointed in the value of the visit, though he liked Frank. Shortly after he returned home, I received a short but subtly satirical letter.

Benwood, W. Va.

2/7/55

I say there boy;

Nearly forgot about you. I forgot to ask you, have you dropped your ideal of organizing a Metaphysical school?

Would you like to collaborate with me in a plan to get more associates in this field?

We must advance in many spheres of activity simultaneously. Your plan of working on one facet only will fail, believe me.

One must be of a will to advance economically, and to retreat at the same time into seclusion; to expand mentally, and to grow spiritually by surrounding ourselves with problems and duties that exercise the character.

Thank Mary and Pena for their patience with me during the sojourn. Do try to visit us – all of you, I mean. If we plan all things are possible. Bring Pena and his boys along. Tell your children hello for me. Please deliver the letter inside and the photos to Pena.

RS



For the next few months we didn't correspond. The sea of Alcohol again rose up to my nostrils. I became enamored with drinking beer in poor Mexican taverns, listening to their music, which is far superior to American popular music, and courting their beautiful girls. I *loved* San Antonio. Sometimes when Ed Grove, an alcoholic friend of mine, and I got well lit, we'd go down to Mexico for a real orgy. My boss and my wife began to make unpleasant observations about my character.

Breaking the long spell of silence between us, in June I got the following remarkable missive in which Rose sums up his philosophic views to date.

Benwood, W. VA.

June, '55

Bob;

It has occurred to me for some time that there should be some deposition of thought concerning philosophy, the pursuit of Truth, the means to pursue it, and a decision as to the nature of good and bad or right and wrong procedure.

The purpose of such a deposition:

In the past I have embarked upon paths of endeavor, and then have been weaned away by the exigencies of a livelihood. Thus may this be written as a reminder of aims.

A person's mind is easily swayed by that for which he hungers at a given moment, and if his philosophy is not at hand, desires may supplant it with rationalizations. It is my belief that even a momentary sidetracking, allows for the habit of occasional momentary sidetracking, which can evolve into a habit which can evolve into continual sidetracking, or a life contrary to basic intention of the thinking mind.

DEPOSITION OF CONCLUSIONS OF LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY

In the first place we must face the prospect of thinking. If we are to contemplate Being, discuss it, or write about it, we must employ thought. Being is that which man attempts to intensify with pleasure, to prolong with Science, and to extend beyond death with philosophy and proof. Perhaps we can have Being without thought, but can we have proof of it without thought?

I hold that man's right to doubt is sacred. Hence we must have proof. But is there anything really proven?

We come back to thought. The theories about thought are myriad. I used to have a little theme: do we think or do we think that we think? How many people are doing our thinking? Does a man think or does he live like an automaton with a parallel dream about what is going on, but having neither control over life nor over the accompanying dream? Or does someone else dream the whole thing...or something else dream it?

I can find little solace in the profound 'I think, therefore I am' solution. In the first place Descartes never proved that it was he doing the thinking.

I don't believe that anything can be proven to the satisfaction of all agnostics. I do not propose to institute any such effort, mainly because words must be used and words are a highly elastic and relative medium, and we would wind up having to prove the definition of every noun and verb in the dictionary.

Many theologians say that the finite mind cannot grasp the infinite. I am not so eager to put such a restriction on the mind until we know its nature better, but I think that they are right in this regard: the great unknown Truth, or the Infinite, will never be proven with words.

Likewise, I do not expect to prove that London exists with words, but with words I can chart a course that will bring all to London. So I set about writing this down without any attempt to define or prove.

In the quest we may wander through a thicket...we may get lost in a morass...walk aside to avoid a tree...may stray considerably...but the alternative is futility...to live until death in the thicket.

It might be granted that nothing is proven, and that for man to waste his lifetime plotting paths out of ignorance is futile. But even the futilist does things, and thus against his own reasoning. Suicide, the proper termination of a futile life, is seemingly futile also, unless we are sure we are spiting the gods.

Foolish action is not commendable. The only reasonable life is one that is governed by the most consistent reasoning.

It is possible that our thoughts and actions may be imposed on us: by mores, environment, heredity and desire. Or totally by a God. But neither of such is proven, and until we are absolutely sure that we are robots we should act as though we are free, and some of us will be impelled to seek for individuality and survival.

If we are irrevocable automatons then we cannot think, nor act, nor prove anything. Any life in the future will also be automatic as far as we are concerned, so our so-called salvations will also be fixed, and we will have nothing to lose by our speculations.

If we are not utter robots, but merely slaves, we will have little proof of our escape from slavery and darkness until the dungeon is pierced, since we have never yet been on the outside. We must speculate about the first rock to remove in the dungeon wall.

If we are to institute a plan it can only be a system of eliminating the unlikely ifs and holding fast to the likely ifs until they become unlikely. This is a system of reasoning.

I hold that we must admit that which we are before we can advance. If we do not know ourselves we must admit that which is possible concerning ourselves, eventually narrowing down the more possible away from the less possible.

I admit that reason is the automatic compilation of memory data. The memory is in a large, if not total sense, automatic, or involuntary at the least. Memories pile up as evidence. In reasoning we compile memories in regard to the subject at hand. The consequent action is decided by desire. We survey the different piles of evidence, pro and con, and decide which will bring that which we desire. Philosophy is the result of a compilation of desires, in memory, and the consequent decision among them of which desires are the most desirable.

For instance we desire pleasure, immortality, power and children. Then we reason. Which is the most important? Immortality seems to be because it gives prospect of prolonged pleasure, eventual power, and individual survival, and hence no need of race or species survival. If reason despairs of immortality, then we will settle on one or two of the remainder, depending on our singleness of purpose.

Then comes the actual philosophy. The mind has found that which it wants, so it builds a heap of rationalization as to why it wants it. A Spinoza may fill a book with pleasure philosophy, a Nietzsche may do the same in preaching for the power of Superman, and there is no need to list all the books that pretend to tell the proof of the author's private heaven and the passports to the same.

In a sense all are right. Spinoza is right because all decisions are the result of a desire for the greatest pleasure...eternal heaven. Each to his own conceit of it. The immortalists merely say that the greatest pleasure is heaven, and go on from there. And he who loves power wishes to be a god, and that engenders immortality.

This all makes the mind look rather mechanical. To a certain extent. Perception may be pre-ordained. Memory is definitely. We can only remember that which we experience. The reaction (reason) is regulated by the desires, which are only checkmated by stronger desires, and surmounted only by a single overwhelming desire, which is planted in us from outside.

Remove the survival desire from organic life and creation crumbles to dust.

Now someone may say we live in fear. That we conform to laws for fear of punishment. That we embrace religion because of fear of death. That which we fear is the cessation of pleasure (life). When life ceases to be a pleasure for long enough man becomes indifferent to the fear of death. Some even find pleasure in embracing death.

Fear is merely the con. Desire is the pro.

We start out intently thinking that we are able to analyze our being, to prove something. The process of proving seems to point to fatalism. Fatalism eliminates the ability to act. We may only observe ourselves. But it is not yet proven. Heredity is forced upon us. Mores are a part of our social inheritance, but they can be opposed if the desire is strong enough. The same with environment. We can desire a change, but can we change our desires?

Our desires narrow down to the desire to learn, the desire to have fun, and the desire to prolong life. The desire to learn may surprise some, but even the amoeba seems to demonstrate some curiosity. The cow wanders more quickly on a full stomach. Many are carried away by curiosity and spend much time in learning, and little in fun, until they learn enough about fun to make it a checkmating desire.

It has seemed to me that this inbred curiosity generally terminates or aims at pleasure. The desire to have fun is generally climaxed in sexual pleasure. We may enjoy nature, but we will enjoy it better with a companion. When we see that sexual pleasure leads to having children, and children will deaden our spirits somewhat to pleasure, we may inhibit the organism somewhat, but then curiosity will return until new avenues of pleasure tempt us, until in the end we are still tricked into pregnancy.

The desire to prolong existence is a necessary seed in all life forms, to prevent curiosity or the appetites from leading us into destruction before the purpose of life is carried out.

All this seems to hint that we are foreordained. The insect lays its eggs and dies. The spider breeds, devours its mate, then bears its young. There are more people having children than there are monks and nuns. This latter would indicate that the strongest urge given to man is the desire to propagate. The parent rationalizes a kind of immortality through his posterity and obeying the divine law.

But all this does not mean that we must raise children. There is nothing proven that the trends of the majority are infallible. It merely means that the maker of mankind was first aiming at a larger and larger herd.

We cannot choose the basic desires, but we can choose among them.

To epitomize this writing so far:

Nothing can be proven with words.

Hence this is merely a compilation of what seems more probable to me.

Thinking is largely held back by a feeling of fatalism, due to heredity, environment and basic desires, and even possible total control by a superior being.

We are either robots, or slaves with slight hope, but in either case we can lose nothing by speculation.

Thought is the reaction of sense perception to recorded data (memory).

Reason is a specialized compilation (sorting and evaluation) of that data, with desire as the yardstick. It differs from thought in that it terminates in action, or plan (which is a form of action), whereas thought is merely a chain reaction among memories, caused by the stimulus of a new perception, without any definite sequence expected of it or any planned action resulting.

Desire, in turn, is threefold basically. To learn, to enjoy and to perpetuate.

In choosing between these three desires lies our chance for free will, if we can be said to have a chance at all.

The seeming intent of creation was reproduction, while curiosity and the desire for immortality were balancers against anything that might hinder procreation.



Toward the end of '55 I was back in AA again. My boss and my wife recommended this course highly. I became rather well acquainted with a member of our AA club who had been a fighter pilot in the Air Force. He had had both a heroin and an alcohol problem. One night he and I were the last to leave the club, and so were alone there. To my surprise and consternation he sexually propositioned me. I had to turn him down, but I tried to do it without any acrimony. He broke down and cried and confessed to me all about his sex problem. He had only been able to make out with women, including his wife, when he was full of booze. Now that he was dried out he was impotent at home.

During this conversation he swore to me that he would do anything to get normal. Sometime, a few days later, I was visiting Pena, and I told him all about this matter.

"I have a friend that might be able to fix him up," said Frank. "He's what you would probably call a warlock. In this case, an Aztec warlock. I've known him since I was a boy. He's about 10 years older than I. His occupation all his life has been helping people in a Psychic or Psychological way. Curing ailments, finding things, eliminating enemies, etc. Financially he's done right well at this too, so he must have a reputation for producing."

Pena had in no way exaggerated the business of his friend, Dan Cortez. We drove about 25 miles to the south of San Antonio on the road to Floresville, and there found Dan's little farm. Here in a bare concrete block structure, with one tiny consulting office, and a large waiting room devoid of chairs, was Dan's psychic workshop. At least 25 people stood or squatted patiently on the concrete floor of the waiting room. And this was, I believe, a Monday night, upon which Pena said Cortez's business was usually slow.

We got ahead of the others because Dan recognized Pena and welcomed him warmly. Without any arrangement for payment ahead of time, Cortez said absolutely that he could cure my friend. This, without even seeing him. I pointed out to Dan that the airman was a modern who believed in nothing for sure, and least of all in anything of a psychic nature. Cortez would not have the help of belief.

The Indian simply shrugged, and said dryly, "It makes no difference. I'll cure him in three visits. Whenever he is satisfied that he is cured he can pay me whatever his conscience suggests. Until then, nothing."

The talk then turned to conjuring up non-human entities. Cortez expressed a willingness to do so with Frank and I at some future time. In fact, he suggested that the first time I brought my friend to him we might do this. Just a sort of test, you know, for me as a scientist to witness.

Again I cautioned about the airman's disbelief, which I said, might discourage any manifestations.

"Don't worry," said Cortez. "When he leaves here he'll believe alright. He'll believe!"

This Indian sounded like potent stuff. And certainly, from the size of his clientele and his many years of continuous practice it looked like he could not be bluffing. It would have had no point. He was not to collect any money without effecting a cure. How could a phony live this way? And why would he stick his neck way out in unmasked assertions, if he had doubt of his own performance? And besides, there was Frank's account of strange adventures he'd had with Dan.

This matter has a disappointing anticlimax, however. When I told my AA friend about the prospect for cure I'd dug up, he balked.

He just couldn't bring himself to partake of any such rank superstition, and he was amazed that a scientist, such as myself, should give any credence to it. I've always thought that deep down inside there was a slight fear that he just might be cured, and a part of him in no way wanted this.

One night, about this time, a distinguished scientist from where I worked, O. Desmond Pengelley, in fact the man who had hired me, gave a talk before the men's club of a local Congregational Church, on the perennial topic, Science and Religion. There was a lot of interest in this group in psychic phenomenon, but the most valuable acquaintance I made here (I was naturally on hand to hear Pengelley's talk) was the old congregational minister. It so happened that years ago he had written his master's thesis on the *Significance of Mysticism and Psychic Phenomena in the Christian Religion*. He had done a lot of field work for his thesis, all over the state of Ohio, for it was from Oberlin College, Ohio, that he got his degree. He was full of accounts of floating trumpets, violins played near the ceiling, ghostly touches, automatic writing, and speaking in tongues.

I wrote to Rose about the Aztec warlock and the congregational minister, and RS decided to pay me another visit, which he did in December ('55). With regard to meeting the old Aztec, Rose's visit struck out. I thought it would be easy to arrange a meeting after RS arrived. But we found Dan ill with a brain tumor, and unable to meet visitors. Indeed, he died not too long afterward from this cause. Rose felt that I should have made clear arrangements before he undertook such a long trip, and he pungently let me know this. However, his meeting with the reverend was satisfactory, and indeed led Rose to some useful contacts in the Wheeling area. Sheldon Scott, a chemist in Steubenville, Ohio, not far from Wheeling, had for years headed a psychic studies group. While working on his thesis, the minister met Scott. Thus, through the clergyman, Rose was able to meet Scott and his people. Shortly after RS returned to West Virginia, I got the following brief communication.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
1/16/56

Friend Bob;

If the spirit moves you look further into the healer with the headache.

If fate is kind to you, find out what you can about Peyote. It grows down your way. This weed may be an artificial way of entering another dimension.

My friend...my family, when I was young, had a hen that laid no eggs, but she cackled regularly each day. To her the egg was real, the experience was just as delightful as that of the other hens, even more so perhaps, because there was no wear and tear on her pflpff. Of course you know that in the scheme of things there was no place for that hen but in the pot.

How long, Oh Israel, are you gonna pretend that the schnozz is a mighty scimitar, when in truth it is but a perverted proboscis curving only in an effort to pierce thine own anus. To be or to pretend to be, that is the question.

Oh well, who am I to guess your destiny? Its just that I would like to know for whom I act as pallbearer. I never knew the guy.

Extend my affections to all.

Richard Rose



Very shortly after the above, Rose sent a gentler and much longer missive.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
1/23/56

Friend Bob;

From the text of my letter dated 1/16 you will probably think I'm dissatisfied. In truth I was fast despairing of you. I had just about made up my mind to forget about you for another year.

Inside me I feel that there can be no half way measures. When one starts indulging in procrastination or false predestination he is apt to put things off forever. The time is now. And if we are going to wait for the spirit to move us then we are only rationalizing. If we utterly believe in fatalism, then we should surrender and leave the field.

We are growing old. The tapers of the ten foolish virgins are nearing the expiration point. We cannot rationalize death away. And to me the dissolution of death, or of the mystery surrounding it, is more important than any of the phases of life.

The task is monumental. It is a quest appropriate to the vigor of youth. If you think that you can piss your youth away in the gloomy pleasures of sex, and then when you are old turn your palsied head to God-within-the-self, you will not have time left, nor health of mind, to interrupt your own bleatings.

Even as I write this, as I have written a hundred other times, I know that the demons within you will assure you that you are too clever to hear anything from Rose, that we must read through this offense to see if he has anything really interesting to say.

The fact is that I would have very little to say if it were not for a matter mentioned in your last letter, in which you spoke of a discussion with Pengelley about conducting some conclusive scientific tests. That is a prayer I've had for you for a dozen years. Therein lies your present value. You are not intuitive. I am not scientific.

You should spend some time each year comparing our notes. Our meetings have degenerated into social wing-dings. You are the one who should be consulting my stack of quarterly reports from the American Society of Psychic Research. They show the current status of scientific investigations of telepathy and other ESP. Their procedures might inspire you to similar efforts. They are filled with scientific equations evolved from tiresome laboratory experiments. To me they mean very little. They might be a light for you. You are working at such, and have patience with mathematics.

Let us each recognize our own and the other's value. No more no less. You are not ready to live within. So why not work in the materialistic dimension or manner. I am a hedgehopper of Science. My field lies within the heart more than in the head. Don't think that either of us can dispense with his lesser organ. I still must constantly apply logic to the conclusions to which I jump. You must purify your mind of its rationalizations by allowing your heart to be heard. I do not believe that you have a heart. You are emotional, but you have no selfless love. Could you love yourself less than you love your wife? Can you dig up some laboratory technique to prove to yourself that you are neither narcissistic or masochistic when you try to manifest sincere selflessness?

Oh, well, what the hell's the use of harping? I think that you have an ideal set up down there. You can stay out in that little cabin behind your main house when you want to work. One cannot think around children without being mean to them. A person is only kidding himself if he thinks otherwise. My two had to be put to bed so that I could write this. It seems like hell's very fury turns loose to interrupt your thoughts. Even a mighty figure like Christ went into the mountains to meditate. We can rationalize and say that we are imperturbable but our thought in such condition will be as thin as water and as clear as mud.

Arriving with your last letter was an answer from Fate magazine.

It lists their advertising rates. I'll place our ad as soon as possible.

To organize this thing is going to be very difficult, because we have very little to offer and much to gain. I don't wish to expose your hearth to danger or economic jeopardy. I will give your name only to those whom I have personally screened. Incidentally, you forgot to give me the address of your Hungarian friend music lover in Cleveland. He called here while I was down to see you.

We must work at this, man, not talk about it!

Are you willing to work with me on this? Let me know definitely in your next letter. Do you know what I'm trying to do and what it will entail? There may be a need for holding at least an annual meeting. There may be a need for traveling, within a certain radius of your base, to interview prospects.

I don't know what the hell you do with all of your time, but I think you could have engineered the meeting with Cortez a little better. It looks like I am the only one who is interested in pursuing these things. Here's a guy who lives in your backyard, and I have to come clear down there just to hit him when he can't see me. Sera sera.

Here is our set up.

The object of placing an ad is to conjoin those seeking with those knowing. No postal lessons. No fees. No payments.

Once I have made contact they must be studied, either by mail or personal visit. The information then should be filed.

A program for experimentation must be inaugurated and records of such kept.

A central information and meeting place shall be set up, or, a central information place for records and diverse meeting places according to their ability to sustain a crowd.

A way of life must be studied, cooperatively. If possible, founding of a so called Sangha. (This is still highly conditional.)

Here are some things you can do.

Look into contacts already made. Cortez. Stay with it. Find out if Pena is giving us the business. You know, science might give the acid test. Why are you so quick to walk away from Cortez with such dodges as... 'these things, I'm sure, do not include what I am after... I must first work on myself.' Man, we'll be for the next forty years working on ourselves. We can still do a few things beside that. If Cortez can put his mitts into another dimension, then let us turn hell upside down to find out how he does it. It is not sufficient to say, 'I have no doubt of another dimension.' We must take a step and enter that dimension by some means answerable to logic, i.e. free of self-delusion. We are here to discover and record formula, as well as to squat at talk to ourselves. If you are unwilling to follow this Cortez angle, let me know.

There is the matter of Peyote. You are closer to its habitat than am I. Perhaps you can make a contact through the Research Lab that will enable you to obtain it. It may mean little to you. However, I've checked it in the Materia Medica. Doctors have experimented with it. It produces strange sight. These visions are identical in either eyeball; hence, say the doctors, their origins must be in the central nervous system. This has great importance. Although we know that absolute proof can never be hoped for, still we

may uncover, perhaps, some things whose evidence for certain theories will have mountainous weight, which is the same as saying, more proof than ever before. This takes us back to the concept of the Universal Mind, in conjunction with the inner mind, and the concept that the mind is not limited by the body, and that the use of the senses can be trained or helped to see with that mind. If Peyote can short circuit long years of Yoga training, then it is of great value.

Can you travel, and exactly how far and how often? Give me the radius, so that if I get someone in your vicinity I can have you look in. However, to me, Cortez is the most important contact to date, so that if you are unwilling to run down every clue about him, then I think there is little use in asking you to contact anyone else.

Can you evolve some laboratory techniques? I'm not saying about what. That is your department.

Another thing; I see no reason why you should not try to become economically self-sufficient. Lord knows you make enough money. You have funny ideas about money. You blow it and then rationalize that money is unimportant. It is not as important as some things, but it is more important than most things.

Had I not worked for money I could not have paid you these last two visits. Had I not picked my occupation I would not be free to travel. I know damn well that you make enough money to be saving some. I know your answer. Saving money is beneath your dignity. But not drinking a barrel of wine a year! OK. I'm not writing this to argue. I just want to point out what sacrifices I'll make for this purpose. The decision is yours. I will not chide you too much in the future. I want you to decide what part you wish to play, and then I'll accept you as that. Then if you decide on nothing, you'll understand if I do not try to burden you with my endeavors.

Finally I have one suggestion. Should we, in the future, meet or write to any persons interested in the Search, I ask that you agree to refrain from personal injections, as I do also promise. In the past we have had the bad habit, when with others, of spending the group's time riding one another, and summoning all sorts of logic and temper to give the other guy hell. We will fail if we forget and inject personalities.

Let us strive together this last time my friend. There is no turning back. As brothers, let us criticize quietly, if criticize we must, and I guess we must. However, it does not become us maggots to crap in each others faces. Unless we pull mightily and humbly we will sink in the mire of our own egos.

I meant to mention. I dreamed of you. You were drunk. It was right before I got your last letter. You were very plaintive.

See you later,

Dick

P.S. How about sending me a synopsis of Greene's thesis?



The Greene he refers to is the Congregational minister.

Following Rose's receipt of my resume of Greene's thesis, he replied immediately.

Benwood, W. Va.

1/27/56

Friend Bob;

Have just finished reading your resume of the Reverend's thesis. I am very happy to say that it is a good piece of reading. Thanks a million. I have been very busy going over our file of clippings, our correspondence, and getting this ball rolling.

Our ad should appear in the May issue of Fate. May issue comes out as early as the first of April sometimes. I didn't have much time to deliberate, and I wish I had time to forward the info to you and have you check it, but the deadline was Feb. 6.

I will go up to see Sheldon Scott in Steubenville in about a month.

This work of Greene's is very stimulating. It points to the need for further work, and casts out a lot of chance for skepticism because of the respectability and professional attitude of the author.

I sent you letters Jan. 16 and 23. Both were a bit impatient, I admit. But you are a very frustrating character. Unfortunately, I have never found anybody else as interested in things as you, or I would have quit heckling you a long time ago.

I spent this evening composing a paper for issue to any answerers we may get. It is a declaration of intentions. Most of these are known to you. I will send you a copy. It points out our motives and fields of endeavor.

I broke our endeavors into two classes. One, study and experimentation for the purpose of learning more about survival. Secondly, the work on the self.

I will appreciate your checking me if you think I lean, or am insufficient. I used the word we in writing it up.

I think Pena is eager to start a circle there in San Antonio. It would be a good idea to go along with him. He broached the point to Greene, as you may recall, and Greene said he would sit in. In case you tried some experiments Greene would make a good moderator.

Dick



For the next couple of months, Rose was active in the Steubenville Society for Psychic Research, which had faded away some time before, but which Rose now helped Sheldon Scott to rejuvenate. It

was undoubtedly people's interest in RS, and also his refreshing enthusiasm, that helped to bring them back.

Years ago, so they said, there had been a dentist in the group whom they simply referred to as Dr. X. He had been a good materializing medium. But some of the entities had apparently followed him home and set up disturbing and even dangerous poltergeist phenomena, which caused great distress for the doctor's wife, and led him to sever his connection with the group.

Since that time their main contact with "the other side" was the group ramrod, Sheldon Scott, by profession, a chemist. His forté was automatic writing, the records of which could fill a trunk. As well as automatic writing, the supposed departed would speak through Sheldon when he was in a trance.

At first this contact of ours looked like real pay dirt, as is evident in the first letter I got from Rose after he saw these people. But it wasn't long before some disillusion set in. The contacted entities were evasive in such a way that RS could not tie down any objective proofs. One other side contact, A Father McCarty, a demised Catholic priest, was unable to give Rose a simple response in the Latin mass. Remember, Rose had gone to a Catholic Seminary for three years. A former incarnation of Sheldon, a Captain Shelton, was supposed to have gone down with all hands when entering New York harbor on a brig out of Southhampton, in 1794. But if Sheldon Scott, being the reincarnation of Captain Shelton, were thus one and the same being, how could Captain Shelton be talking to the group through Sheldon as a separate being, when Scott was also with them in the room?

Another letdown was the damaging comment that Mrs. Scott made to Rose. She was convinced that all of this contact with the other side was just stuff out of Scott's subconscious mind. All of the philosophic wisdom that came through, she thought, was just a rehash of the many things that Scott had read. Anyway, RS' first letter about the group follows:

Benwood, W. Va.

2/17/56

Friend Bob;

Am in receipt of yours of 2/12/56. It is not advisable to even hint of Metaphysical work at the Institute. To an individual who is interested as Pengelley, yes. The Institute will serve you better in the physical line, such as the investigation of physical aspects leading to metaphysical knowledge. Do not destroy your contact until you have a better one.

I have been up to Steubenville to see J. Sheldon Scott. I can safely say now that the trip to Texas was worthwhile. If only to meet Greene in order to meet Scott. Scott, about 59 years of age, has been the motive force behind this Steubenville Psychic Research group, which at one time numbered about 40 people. Scott didn't start it, Greene started it. He came to Scott and Scott refused, but he agreed to certain telepathic tests as told about in Greene's thesis. Scott's interest was thus aroused and a circle was formed. It lasted for 20 years.

The group dwindled away this time last year. Scott wants to stir it up again and I have promised to him all I can. He really missed the boat once. A millionaire in Bridgeport, Ohio, right across the river from Wheeling, offered to put up money, starting with

\$15,000, to build a laboratory, including infra-red cameras. The millionaire said it had to be in Bridgeport, where he lived. Scott refused to go that far. So the matter hung fire for a few years, giving the old millionaire time to die. Thus that tale was told.

You are acquainted with some of the things resulting from Greene's work with Scott. That which Greene didn't tell us was that when he moved from Steubenville, Scott carried on with the work. Scott has a mountain of notes and tape recordings. He laughs at the American Society of Psychic Research.

I only wish you could have been there. He brought down books of typewritten dictation, the results of some of the discourses with the other side. Incidentally, he wants me to hypnotize him and try regression, as in the Bridey Murphy case.

As you have said, nothing has been proved about Spiritualism except that there are phenomena seemingly unexplained by natural law. I don't recall all that Greene had in his thesis, but after he left Steubenville there occurred some very remarkable phenomena. Dr. X, who was a materializing medium, got some of the bugs attached to him, and they followed him home. Vases were broken, pictures unhooked from the walls, and a portrait was removed without loosening the glass or the back of the picture frame. Influential night guests were routed, and his profession began to suffer. His wife made him quit.

Mr. Scott and the rest of the group continued as best as they could. Scott resorted to automatic writing, of which he has a large amount. Also, the use of trumpets. This trumpet work turned out to be most interesting. Some personalities came through professing to be deceased persons. Their descriptions of the earth lives was fluent, easy and detailed. One, a noted lecturer of his time, according to Scott, with a long write up in Whos Who, claimed to be sent to instruct the group. The resulting compendium, a remarkable dictation, was material similar to Blavatsky. A veritable cosmogony resulted. Incidentally, Scott has heard of Blavatsky, but claims he never read her. He has read some of Leadbeater.

From these lectures we find that after death we are brought before the Hall of the Masters, where we are shown the Akashic records of our life, and our errors are indicated to us. Then the paths of atonement are indicated, and the soul sets about its work. Such as being a guardian angel for one you have wronged. These Masters are twelve, and include Christ. Incidentally, several Steubenville ministers have heard Christ's voice through a trumpet and been converted. He has visited the group several times, but only when one young girl has been the medium. Christ denied divinity, saying he worked for mankind.

Another valuable document in Scott's collection is a message given in technical form by an eminent Austrian Doctor (deceased of course), on the cure for cancer. Scott and Greene both approached several Doctors about this, but were rebuffed very bluntly. The Doctors refused to even read this material. I shall read it on my next visit to Scott, and if I think it possible to be put to a test I'll do something about it. Scott's group is very commendable in many ways. He is a Chemist, and both he and his wife are musicians. She plays the piano (classical), and Scott gives organ lessons on the side. He also plays the violin and writes poetry. And owns a farm. They have two children. There has never been any profit from the circle.

Incidentally, Scott mentioned that cancer is caused by a eusome or eusobe. I have since looked in several medical books but cannot find this term. I didn't get too much from him. I was leaving and it was front porch talk. He differentiated it from a virus, but maintained that it was a living organism of a still more primitive type. Something like an Ion of simple formula.

You made some reference to Pena's borrowing. We should help one another, but I believe your energy is very valuable, especially when we consider how little time and money we have to carry on this work. At least, each should consider the other's time and money as valuable as his own. Each should feel honor bound to pay back money debts. I do not view Pena's borrowing kindly, nor DeLong's'. To at least a few other lowly mortals, you and I must be something of a light, as DeLong once was to you. Yet we don't have the almighty nerve to glower for a tithe. If a leader is going to play God, then let him find some divine manna, or turn some water into wine and drink that.

There is absolutely no excuse for one member milking another. This results in members dodging one another.

I'm beginning to feel that Cortez is a rabbit that came mainly out of Pena's hat, and it is Pena's duty to prove him.

I sincerely hope that the next time we meet I can spend a few quiet hours reading Dingle's Mentalphysics material.

Incidentally, Bob, it would be nice if you could plan to visit up this way this summer.

One more thing. I shall be very busy from now on. The painting season opens. My life shall be hectic for six months. Also, in view of the coming experiments with Scott. So please, let us have no restraint from your end, as a result of tardiness of correspondence on my part. I will be working away at this thing, but I'll write chiefly when there is something to report.

I think we have outgrown the pettiness of mutual bickering and heckling. Ironically, it happens that only upon our complete determination to continue together in the work regardless of who might be smarter or stupider, or who might or might not be wrong in matters that pertain to human relationships, but not the business at hand...only now do we seem to be making progress.

We must try to invent and pursue testing for these séances...and try to get the circles to work with something beside Spiritualistic phenomena.

Sincerely,

R S Rose



The next letter that I present here shows that some suspicion concerning Scott is beginning to bother Rose.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
4/21/56

Friend Bob;

It is very possible that we have been toying with a project that can be dropped. Spiritualism. It strikes me funny that I went through a study and investigation of it when I was 20, only to be drawn back to reappraise it now. If we are to take the word of authors who seem to be accepted as something of an authority (The Bible, Blavatsky, Sir William Crookes, and master writing on higher Yoga) then we must take into consideration that the phenomenon that occur in materializations are the (possibly) shells, or dead astral bodies, of persons who are not conscious of the utilization of these, their shells, and who have no desire to communicate with the earth.

However, it is written that there are two sets of higher intelligences that may be contacted by mediums, or in trance, that can direct and aid. I am hoping that these are the higher guides of Scott's group. Scott actually seems to believe that these phantasms and voices are those of departed people. He mentions that at Nancy, France, fingerprints were taken of spirits. This still does not rule out the shell concept.

The only real work is upon the self with an aim toward initiation!

Have you abandoned Peyote? Did you get any reaction from DeLong about our effort to enlarge by the ad in Fate?

To get back to Scott. I attended their second séance since the reorganization. Father McCarty came through almost the first one, and I really hopped on him. I told him I doubted if he were a priest. I gave him a Latin invocation used in the Mass, and asked him to give me the response. He was unable to do so. He had previously spent about ten minutes in heavy humor, and when he said that he didn't have time to go into the element of proving these things, I reminded him that if he could afford to waste our time with pointless humor, then he could waste another second or two giving me a Latin response that should be on the lips of any priest. I would definitely rule the Father McCarty entity as false.

I discovered something else that I hadn't previously known. Greene seemingly doesn't know about this either. Scott is the agent for bringing certain esoteric philosophy to light. I cannot enlarge further at this time. He is a very peculiar person.

They have writings that I have not seen on advanced stages of work.

Concerning the ad, I've received over a hundred answers! You would be utterly flabbergasted at the people who have written in and the subjects of which they speak. There's a couple in your neighborhood. As soon as I get more dope on them I'll give them your address. I have one very ardent correspondent who has taken Dingle's course. To quote him 'I've sat in Dingle's seven fold position for years without any results.'

I've made one outstanding contact that I can't write about. I will show you my correspondence with him at a future date. He knows much more than you or I.

Incidentally, I can see now that which prompted me to place the ad.

I can also see that my efforts to get you to merge efforts with me would have brought enlightenment more quickly...had we actually formed a group. Alas.

My work here multiplies. I am cutting back on some things in order to accomplish more. I am only going to Steubenville once a month in the future. I will only be able to write to you once a month.

Rudolph Steiner is a top authority on the process of developing the self, on steps toward initiation, and on Clairvoyance in its true sense. Venture Bookshop has his works. I have his 'Outline of Occult Science' and his 'Knowledge of Higher Worlds and Their Attainment.'

I sincerely hope that you can plan a visit up this way.

Sincerely,

Dick



Less than a month later one of Rose's letters shows further suspicion of Scott. Oh well, it doesn't regard me so highly either.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
5/9/56

Friend Bob;

Spiritualism. It is true that the facts of the phenomenon have been established, but the suitable proof of what it means is yet to be. Greene believes in the phenomena as if they were actually the dead returned. You chide me about not answering some of you queries. It was very vital for you to go to Greene and see what he thought of my investigation of Scott. You have never done this. There was a schism between Scott and Greene. Greene has stated to members of the Steubenville group that Scott was spoofing them. I have suspicioned Scott and your checking with Greene would have aided me.

My dear friend, you are apt to lapse into a form of gossiping philosopher. If these things are important then we must help one another. It is of no value whatsoever to continue to the brink of the grave to chat with people and to seek out people...alone.

The only good purpose for contacting a medium would be to witness a materialization and to devise methods of testing the apparition, for identity and positive indications as

to the type of entity it is. Just to watch the phenomena is a waste of time...the thing is to get at the source by prearranged systems of experimentation or checks.

Our vocation is to perfect the self. The avocation is this scientific sideline work. Spiritualism or work with it will prove very little. We must be able to step behind the curtain and then observe the spiritualistic phenomenon from backstage.

Scott. Concerning his material about the higher work. I have seen some of the reports, but he would not get them out when I had anyone with me. He is playing the mystifying game I feel. In fact, I've not been getting along too well with Scott. I neglected to write to you much about him because I've uncovered evidence that shows Scott's guides and so-called previous incarnations are the products of his inner mind. The group, as you know, was reorganized by using me as a drawing card. Now I've notified Scott that I think more stringent checks are in order and he is balking. So I let the group know I'd lose interest if things were not checked scientifically. Some of the others want me to organize a group without Scott. They are nearly all out of faith with him. I still am not sure that Scott has been engaging in duplicity, so I feel hesitant to say anymore until I am sure myself.

Scott has not refused to let me read the mss. on higher learning, but his verbal synopsis is not impressive. He refuses to let me take a copy home, and I can't travel up there to do an hour's reading.

Scott's wife told me candidly that she thought the guides were from Scott's inner mind. The lectures, she thinks, are material rehashed from philosophy he has read.

About My Contact with the man whom I said knew more than you or I. You accuse me of being coy for not saying more. That in itself shows what difficulty there is in conveying meaning through correspondence, even between old friends, and with a careful choice of words. These things are difficult to talk about, even if I were at liberty to tell you all that I know to date. And if I were able to tell you all that I could, are you in a position to do anything about it?

To be frank with you, I feel that this (guru) may be playing coy with me. On the other hand, in feeling this I may be manifesting immaturity on my part, and spiritual pride, as DeLong calls it, or unreadiness to take the steps the teacher would ask.

If I should get a foothold in heaven, rest assured I shall apprise you of it. I just am not sure of what I have here yet, and for another thing, I don't want you exposed to this man until I've determined his motives. When you travel up this way I'll let you read his correspondence, but I don't feel privileged to mail it to you, since he has not given me that permission.

Other Lesser Contacts. I have a whole batch of correspondence from women who want to become mediums. I've already filed these in the rear, after sending them polite notes showing our lack of interest in that kind of development. If they lived closer I would be inclined to maintain contact, because a person might engage in work with them and use them for scientific testing. Scott made a crack in this regard. I remarked that it was possible that the entities were wasting his time that might be better used. He said that if they were from evil sources even, he didn't care, especially if he could turn it to a good use. Oh these spiritual tight ropes.

The Dingle contact that I mentioned is a lady in Pittsburgh. She is close enough that I shall visit here in the near future and get a face to face appraisal of Dingle's work.

For these people we have no face yet. In many of these esoteric movements there are promises given not to divulge matters to outsiders. Scott's group is called the White Brotherhood of Light, and he starts each session off with an oath of silence about the proceedings. I sit there quiet, refusing to join in the oath, but still I think I should not print without their permission. After all, phony or not, Scott has been working at this for over 20 years...He has only lately met me, and doesn't know you at all. I don't know about Dingle's methods, but I'm hesitant about asking any of these people to tell all...in view of the fact that it might alarm them, as it did with the Masonic Order people at B&W Research.

Another thing. I want to establish and cement contact with as many as possible, before they get involved in a distracting cross fire of correspondence, that might convince them that you and I are not only not of accord, but also must be as buggy as March hares. I find it best to approach these people very cautiously. It is better if they volunteer information. Many of them are deeply convinced that they alone have found IT. When you write to them a couple of times you find that IT may be mediumship, while with another IT may be the happy discovery that mediumship is useless and that this person has happily transcended it. And so on up the ladder.

You are apt to rush upon people rather brashly. And unless you have developed your intuition to a more perfect degree, you will gain nothing from the pursuit of these hair-line, interverbal, inter-thought hints that they might give you, without even knowing that they are giving them.

Celibacy, etc. My concepts have not changed. DeLong mentions that we must not have spiritual pride, yet he is teed off that anyone should suggest a particular form of spiritual training. Did you note this during your recent visit with him? Applying a little psychiatric knowledge we might come to the conclusion that his business of hanging on to 'bad karma' is another way of hanging on to the masochism of being dominated by his female parent, (in this case his wife). Are we to discount the life of Christ, the lives of the Saints, and men like Pythagoras, Percival, and Blavatsky's accounts of Hindu Yogis? Here is another case of bowing before a mass of evidence, instead of trying to find everything out individually...and in this case it necessitates defiling oneself to find out if celibacy is unnecessary.

It is true that how you use it is important. It is better to marry than to invert or pervert. It is better to marry if the body requires an outlet without which sickness would result...but in this we are tempted to make the body sick to run to the womb. I see nothing wrong with marriage if sexual intercourse is approached objectively, with cooperation from both toward regularity and diminishing frequency. But for he who can remain celibate...his rewards remain forever unknown to those who do not retain.

Even as Buddha noted, right thinking is one of the marks of the True Seeker. If we have right thinking, inspired by pure intuition, then we'll not be unsuccessful businessmen, nor unhappy husbands, nor tortured in our yearnings for celibacy.

This business of a western way for westerners is mere rationalization. We are not too different from the Hindu. Except that we have a lower percentage of intuitional thinkers. The westerner is a mighty puffed up toad. So give him surface teaching, but puff it up so that he will feel as if he has swallowed something big.

How I wish I were able to convey my feelings. How often I've attempted it and failed. So that I am often filled with the feeling that you are a ball and chain about my neck, holding me back...because I'm always waiting for you to come up in harness. As I said. If I told you I had something...would you even hear me?

You. My friend, I feel that you are not serious about doing anything of importance. To much of your rationalizations do not effect me efficaciously. You know I visited you for contacts (Pena, Cortez) who do not have the stature of those recently encountered. In fact, I'm inclined to think that you caused me to think that they were more important than you knew them to be. Your aim was to have a bull session with me at my time and expense.

You do not need a new station wagon to travel. All you need is a bus ticket. If you cannot live without your wife for the duration of a visit, what the blazes are you going to do throughout eternity?

The fact is, I do not advise you to travel up here merely to talk. If your vegetating is to continue, do it in San Antonio. I'm very busy. You avidly seize on any pseudo wise man's words to justify your carnality. How many light years will it be before you are in the mood to avidly seek out with your very soul and being, for any little shred of light.

We cannot hold on to too much of our egotistical desires. You think that you must not labor for a living. You think that you are entitled to the nth degree of everything because of your great Scientific contributions to the State entity. You must not give up this or that.

If you cannot see me right, then I'm talking to a stranger. How long must this foolishness continue? All I can say is, if you ever get the urge, come up. If you ever get the urge, live the life. If you get the urge, take the time to look inside of yourself and find out what is there outwitting you.

Give my love to Mary and the children.

Dick



There followed a period of about two years in which Dick and I stopped writing. As I recall, this was primarily because I had another big bout with Alcohol. My philosophic interests and contacts were put on the back burner, excepting for Frank Pena, who was a great help and encouragement to me at this time, just like a kind father would have been. Throughout this time I held on to my job, though with difficulty. In the summer '58, I was able to stop this downward slide and start the slow painful climb again toward respectable living. Antabuse was my salvation this time. With it I stayed completely dry for nine months, and for years afterward I used it to check incipient cycles of Alcohol abuse.

In the Summer of '58, I became acquainted with Tom Slick, the oil multimillionaire who had been the original founder of the institute where I worked. As I recall he had started off Southwest Research Institute with a gift of \$6,000,000 and 4,000 acres some seven years before I started there in '53. Today it is one of the leading nonprofit research foundations in the country, with over 2,000 scientists and technicians employed.

Slick had given up all control of the institute when he had founded it, and in '58 was not even on the Board of Directors. He was about 36 years of age in '58. At this time, he became much interested in psychic phenomenon and its possible implications with regard to immortality. He had recently financed an expedition to India with two purposes. One was to try to determine the veracity of an old occult legend which had Christ spending some time in the Himalayas, getting instruction and wisdom from developed Yogis. Tom wanted to establish serious scientific studies of psychic phenomenon at the institute. This could not be done, as Martin Goland, the executive director, was absolutely opposed to what he thought was superstitious nonsense that would react detrimentally on the reputation of the institute.

So Slick decided to start a Mind Science Foundation. Dr. Andrei Puharich, who then resided in California, had been approached to be the director of this effort. Puharich had already spent ten years in psychic research, and had authored a well known book in the field. I was picked to be the number two honcho when the effort got underway. There was one immediate problem, however, and that was money.

Multimillionaires can become overextended like anyone else, and Slick had done so. In four years, when he turned 40, a big sum would become his, according to the arrangements which had been made for his father's estate, but in the meantime he had a problem. Tom hoped to tap some grants from foundations to get his Mind Science Foundation going.

Now, before I had met Slick, the manager of my department and I agreed that I would look around for another job in the autumn—a natural result of my two years of boozing. So in late summer, I set up interviews with three concerns in Ohio. NASA at Cleveland would pay for my trip.

In early October, I wrote Rose all about the Mind Science Foundation and my meetings with Slick and with Puharich. I also told him that I would see him in November, when I came north for my interviews. I received the following lighthearted note:

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
10/22/58

Hello Bob; (*Note—no Friend Bob this time!*)

Received your picture. As you get older you begin to resemble your mother more.
(*From him, this was no compliment*)

I look forward to a resumption of the lighthearted correspondence that we once enjoyed. I am reluctant to be less than formal because of your sensitivity. A mind is healthier that can laugh off, or even ignore, the jibes of friends or even adversaries.

Give my love to the family and to Frank Pena.

Will be pleased to have you visit with me for a change.
Read J.J. Van der Leeuw, "Conquest of Illusion".

Dick



On my trip north, I took the train as I *never* fly, and I was able to spend a couple days with RS. Now Tom Slick had empowered me to raise money for the Mind Science Foundation if I had the opportunity. Pursuant to this I had an interview with my boyhood friend, Jack Duff, who was now Director of Research for the Hoover Corp., in North Canton, Ohio. Through him, I thought, I could find out if there was any possibility of tapping Hoover Foundation money. He assured me that Herbert Hoover (not the president) would be adamantly opposed to granting money for such a purpose.

I had read about a physics professor at the University of Pittsburgh who had been doing some experiments with psychic phenomenon. I believe his name was McConnell. Pittsburgh is not far from Wheeling, so Rose and I went over to interview him. We had a good discussion with him. He was very averse to publicity about what he was doing. He seemed to feel it would jeopardize his career as a physicist. He was patiently repeating a lot of the exhaustive work that Dr. Rhine of Duke University had already done. He, too, was getting statistically positive indications for clairvoyance and telekinesis, as had Rhine. We left, feeling it was a very pedestrian operation that was merely verifying that which was already solidly known.

We got back to Benwood and to a house in turmoil. While we were gone, Rose's 80-year-old father had been struck and killed by a car while he was crossing the street in front of the little store that Dick owned. The guy had stopped, but witnesses, and the condition of the body, showed that the driver was speeding. The driver was a young fellow.

Probably it was fortunate that Dick was not home at the time. He might have killed the driver. When he found out what had happened, he still wanted to do so, and I added my powers of restraint. Philosophers still may manifest normal human emotion. At the death of Lazarus, Jesus wept. At his father's death, so did RS.

This was Rose's second loss of parents. A few years previous his mother had died, following a rather long illness. Dick and his wife Phyllis had taken care of, and made a home for, the old lady, until she died.

I really didn't want to move up north yet, as I had hopes of a fascinating career with the Mind Sciences Foundation. Thus, when I returned to San Antonio, I was fortunate in locating a position in a different department in the institute where I had been working. I became the senior ballistician for the Department of Chemical Engineering, and so my former fed-up boss was relieved.

Through my Alcoholic buddy, Ed Grove, I met a couple of people who were quiet interested in spiritual philosophy. In my little house out behind our main house, I started to have regular meetings, at which I presided as "guru." My group totaled four. Sometimes five, if Frank sat in. Mary was unimpressed at my stature as "guru." In her view, I was more of an Alcoholic and whoremonger. Of course, I informed Rose about my having a circle, which I thought would really delight him. And so I received the following letter:

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
4/12/59

Friend Bob; (*I am again friend!*)

Am happy to receive your letter. Believe me I am gratified. It brings a certain warmth to my heart to hear you are getting a glimpse of the world of reality, and have found it possible to pass a little to others.

I agree with you that Slick's feet are dragging, or else he is burdened as much as we with things terrestrial. I feel urgent about a few things, and I feel there are only a half a dozen men in this country in a position to do anything about them.

With the Chinese Communists moving into Tibet, the world may be having its last glimpse of the knowledge of the Lamas. Not that this movement could have been prevented. No institution can hope for longevity if it does not provide protection from savage society, while carrying on an endless project to educate that society more and more to its ideals. Tibet never bothered. She tried to make herself inaccessible. She posed as the symbol of the omnipotence of a Theocracy, of the invincibility of mind-science over illusion grubbers. Even as Van der Leeuw sates, 'The world may well be an illusion, but he who neglects to treat hunger pains as real will certainly starve to death.' The situation is fluid and paradoxical...between the Real world and that of illusion. Not even Tibet could ignore a world gone mad with disgust for convention.

Let this register on your tympanum, my friend. While working at our noble seeking projects, let us never forget that the H-bomb hangs over our heads every minute. It is good to live near a deep cellar. I am not joking. It seems very foolish for men who have no interest in war, and great interest preserving ancient wisdom, to have their and their children's brains melted needlessly. The government has been preventing public panic by neglecting public education on what will be the probable result of such a war.

I firmly believe that there is not too much leeway for a secular man to pursue the Truth. The individual must not make the same mistakes that Tibet made. And mistakes can be made that are not correctable.

I would like to line up my axioms or affirmations something like this.

- I. There is a possibility for human immortality, if only by the same token that any human desire, by faith, might be made possible. The evidence of 'other dimensional entities' encourages the possibility that life might exist on a different plane or dimension thus allowing for immortality without a physical body.
- II. That the point to be ascertained first is evidence of human immortality, then to ascertain if it is available for all, or just for an elect, and whether it happens automatically, or is dependent on individual conditions and efforts. Then if it is available only to those who put out special effort, next we must find the formula.

- III. That Nature is the enemy of spiritual development. First we must eat before we can think. Our appetites must be relegated to second place. Our unstable will must be taught to focus. Our senses must be watched lest they read illusion into our vision. The mind must be studied to know its powers and weaknesses. And the intuition must be developed to help a finite being deal with the science of the infinite.
- IV. That there are different manners of approaching the work outlined in items II and III, but that these systems, schools, or paths, can be either solitary or by human cooperation. For those who are married or obligated to others, there is no solitary way. And success for those attempting to succeed by brotherhood depends upon the degree to which the plan or brotherhood encompasses the needs of the individuals therein.
- V. That the mechanism of a brotherhood must be very complex in order to achieve its end without degenerating into occultism or mere social wrangling. Its methods might even seem paradoxical, and this paradox must be understood by all in the light of common sense. If the movement is monastic, or in a fixed place, insulating layers must be placed between the nucleus and the extreme laity. This is very well accomplished in the Catholic Church. There are layers between the Pope and the clergy even, and then between the clergy and the laity outside the monastery walls is a very intricate and self supporting series of layers, such as lay brothers, Knights of Columbus, altar societies, etc., that serve to act as buffers between Church and jungle. The other system is to have the entire brotherhood hidden. The risk is great for the second group...they cannot claim recognition as an element of society and so may become oppressed. They will have difficulty in maintaining a central library or laboratory, and may even tend to meet less together and function less together unless motivated by sensational information or achievements.
- VI. That all efforts must be cumulative or else tend to disappear. Even after an entity is organized its factors must continue to scrutinize it for defects in growth. Paradoxes will grow in complexity until the very movement seems to have drifted away from the initial aim, and it will have drifted unless we are aware of the paradox and able to place mechanisms to prevent the seeming drift from being real.

I've about become convinced not to try to plan anything with the Mind Science Foundation or with Tom Slick. I would have left here and come down to San Antonio and got a job of any sort to collaborate with the group if they were trying to get anything done. Money does not mean anything. But I'll not participate in something that is aimless. Some dame running around with a notebook is not my idea of an organization. (*RS refers here to Jeri Walsh, Tom's secretary, about whom I had made some disparaging remarks.*)

In your letter you mention the great goal, 'God Realization.' But how to implement this?

This God Realization is OK if it brings with it knowledge of immortality, or the truth that there is no immortality. Several years before I met you I had some valuable experiences in meditation, brought on by Yoga practice, and then again in Seattle. I am convinced that my enlightenment in Seattle is as close to God Realization as any man may come. This conclusion comes from comparing it with accounts in Van der Leeuw's 'Conquest of Illusion.' Before reading him I thought no man had experienced this the same as myself. Then Gurdjieff surprised me with his references to the Allness, and his differentiation between the relative and the absolute. Also, I sent a copy of my 'Three Books of the Absolute' to a member of an esoteric brotherhood, and he grudgingly affirmed that the experience was real.

The thing you must remember is that the path must always be twofold. We must attempt to understand as well as to feel. The lament of mankind is for suitable words to explain these things. When we grow weary of our inability to verbalize our spiritual experiences, we revert to intuition, to mystic experiences, thereby attempting to feel or to find an approach more feasible than the heavier road graders of logic and reasoning. Do not be foolish enough as to think you can ride all of the way to the cloud on intuition and mystic experiences alone. The dark night of the soul is when circumstances throw us out of the trance, or the condition of amity, and we begin to doubt, with equal intuition that we have been doing anything but dreaming.

Then comes the time we realize the value of our fellow man, if only to read him in a book. You may transcend this world, but you will not have complete dominion of it at the same time.

It is doubtful to me that a person could enter Samadhi (nirvana) at will while entangled domestically. A Hindu might in India, where there is much public respect for sadhus, and where a woman is raised to believe that her destiny is second to that of a man's. You will know what I mean. At one time, when very young, I was so secure in my ordo-horadum that I thought that nothing could take me from the path. Then my brother was killed. Of course you could say that I allowed an external non relative incident to upset me. Which is not true. Nobody is non relative. We cannot pretend too much, else we will starve to death while entranced. As Van der Leeuw hints.

You speak about utilizing the 'Law of Recompense' by taking on some students. But unless we have organized our various drives efficiently, and then organized our school as well, we will find that a variety of things will happen that neither help the Chelas or the guru.

There are many things I would love to discuss with you, but I must cut this short. The paint season is approaching. Some things are impossible to avoid. You indicate that 'by doing something I will become visible.' I'm glad to hear you say this. It is part of the reason for starting our movement and the ad in Fate. All work is two-fold at least. However, in your next paragraph you say that you have no longer any interest in external phenomena; that to 'become' yourself is the prime importance. Do not be carried away. You can hold on with two hands as well as one.

I would like for you to get me some more information about Yogananda's Self Realization Fellowship, in California, and the Yogada Sat Sangha, in India.

I deeply regret you were not able to meet the people up here. To think that after all your years of absence your visit should be cut short by my father's death. As I told you on

the phone, I too am thinking of making some changes. What, I do not know, but things are beginning to shape up. I have been advised to get a ministerial license to blunt the teeth of the law. I despise using titles, but if there is ever to be an external organization it will need to take on a form that society will tolerate, and even a title to allow the outer insulating layers to look at, if they have not developed the insight to read other than print.

If you see Tom Slick, tell him that if he wants to do something worthwhile and also make a million, to form an expedition to rescue the Tibetan libraries of esoteric books from the Communists.

Best wishes for your success in your work (spiritual). Give my love to the family.

Dick



During this summer of '59, I met, at a Theosophy lecture in San Antonio, a very (sexually) attractive 45 year old matron, whom, being of Russian decent, we shall simply call Olga. Her husband was quite well to do, totally uninterested in spiritual philosophy, big, and quite jealous of his lovely wife. The important point here is that through Olga I met Professor Ernest Wood, a well-known writer about Yoga and Hindu Philosophy. He was now 70, and retired, and lived in Houston. Olga had him as her houseguest for several days in San Antonio, and the three evenings he was here Olga had friends in to hear Wood tell of the Vedanta and Yoga. His presence made a powerful impression on me, and so I was there for all three sessions.

He was the other of 17 books in his field, some of which I had run into in my past readings. After getting a physics degree in England when he was young, he went to India and taught physics in an Indian College. Eventually, before he retired, he became president of the small college. During all of this life in India he studied Indian Philosophy and Yoga. He learned Sanscrit so he could directly read original documents. He was well acquainted with the Paul Brunton, whose *Wisdom of the Overself* had made such an impression on me in years past.

Wood testified to having witnessed many cases of perfected telepathy and clairvoyance among Indian holy men. And on one occasion he told of seeing levitation.

There was a young neurosurgeon in our group of listeners. At the foregoing, he snorted. "Ridiculous! Ridiculous! Science has long ago proven that man's consciousness is a product of his brain, and everything that he knows has to come to him by way of the five recognized senses." After pronouncing his little dogma he relaxed, as though he had just saved the sanity of another patient. I soon shook him up, however, by gleefully reaming him out for a time. I pointedly reminded him that, I too, was a scientist, of a more exacting discipline than his own, and having looked into these matters far more extensively than he, I was in total disagreement with him.

I mention this much about Wood, as some of my subsequent letters written to Rose dealt with him. Also, my letters about this time were full of enthusiasm for Yogananda and his Self Realization Fellowship. Yogananda's own life, told in his *Autobiography of a Yogi*, had really fascinated me. Late in the Summer I got this following letter from RS:

Benwood, W. Va.

8/24/59

Friend Martin;

It is good to hear from you again. I am somewhat surprised at the difficulty you experienced in finding Yogananda. He is on the back of every Fate magazine...there you will find his picture and an ad that costs over a hundred dollars.

I fear too many Americans are mystified excessively by Hindu terms. Cultists are tossing Hindu words around with the result that I am beginning to wonder if we are not like little children exulting in our first try at pig Latin or of carnival lingo. It sets us apart, and gives us a certain sandalwood to sense, to be able to tell of unintelligible abstractions with mysterious Oriental mouthings. It can all be said in English.

Likewise, with the Oriental with the turban. We will accept a message from a friend before we will take wisdom from our brothers. We will accept a message from a stranger before we will allow ourselves to be swayed by a friend. And the more remote and impossible the stranger is (especially if we drag him from a remote corner of the earth that cannot possibly be familiarized), the more we are inclined to put wisdom in his mouth.

Some of the Saints of India are of no greater stature than those of the early Christian days. Incidentally, I don't put much stock in Teresa Neumann, mainly because the Catholic Church itself hasn't endorsed her. She is supposed to live on the Communion wafer alone, and has grown quite chubby. But she refuses to allow herself to be isolated and watched to verify her ability to go without food.

Concerning immortality: I will try to enlarge on what I mean. Nothing is proven, and the only approach to Truth is by becoming. That is as close as we can come to Truth. Faith alone is not enough...we must become. Faith will be replaced by inertia, but the memory of that which we have become will last for all days. You are swathed in mysticism, and I cannot warn you enough not to let loose with the other hand. All mystical experiences (and Samadhi, Cosmic consciousness, Moksha, or whatever you want to call it) must give way when we returned to the illusion of life, so that once returned to the illusion we will wonder concerning the substance of that experience which must remain evasive until we have verbalized it, or given it the 'the Word.'

We must pass the threshold and return. I didn't do that in Seattle, unless it may be interpreted that I went all the way to Brahman. We hunger so long for a discovery that the hunger may beget one. We are like virgins marooned on an island with cattle. We will pick the fairest heifer. We will deify her oxen phlegmatic gaze, and extol her for her silence.

I am not opposed to these cults merely because they collect money. If I founded an ashram it would take money to run it. With all apologies for this bluntness, I take some issue with your intuition and logic. I reminded you some time ago that I had contacted a lady in Pittsburgh who had taken 17 years of Dingle's Mentalphysics lessons, and I think she would have let you read the material.

Bob, it isn't done that way. You came close to understanding me one day years ago in Columbus when you were half loaded. What happens is that some people are just translators for money, and know very little of the spirit of the cult lessons that they sell. Another class have at some time been headed by a holy or a wise man, but at his death all that remains is an institution filled with clods, neurotics and bums, who take over the task of mailing out lessons until the public gratuity dries up.

Many of these men you seem to corroborate by referring to some Hindu friend's assurance that they are indeed considered a great saint in India. By the same token, if I were in India, and were asked if I thought Jesus, Socrates, Thomas Aquinas and Cardinal Spellman were holy men, I might reply in the affirmative. India is a place where religion is respected much more than here, so there is more eagerness to admit to having saints.

When I say that I take issue with your intuition, I of course compare you, which is inescapable. Had I decided to spend any time with Dingle I would have gone and looked into his face. If I were to decide on SRF, I would go look at their institution and its products. In my digging I went to the headquarters of many of these movements. Years ago I went to the Rosicrucians. A couple of years ago I went to see the Vedantists and talk to their Swami Prabhavananda. I do not doubt him to be a holy man, but no more holy than Catholic monks I met in the seminary.

One advantage that men like Yogananda and Gurdjieff had, was that they developed an institution about them efficient enough and mechanized enough that they themselves didn't have to work, or consume their thoughts in mental or financial work. This left them free to develop a certain hypnotic pose, to squat upon an altar, so to speak, and smile affably down at the sweaters and the thinkers.

"Touch not the feet of those who call themselves gurus or Pirs, and who go a-begging. Only he who works for his bread, and out of his earnings spares something for charity, knows the path" (Guru Nanak).

As to the Path...

"Thou art such that besides this physical body thou hast an astral body. Therefore, do not be afraid of getting out of this mortal frame." (Maulana Rum).

"Die before thy death." (Alquaran)

"Go while alive to the place where thou art to go after death." (Guru Nanak)

I notice that you wish ecstasy more than proof. You question my vision as not being beatific enough. There is no pleasure in the absolute. There duality ceases. Let us say poetically that the soul may experience a boundless exaltation on knowing that the years of struggle and sorrow have brought us to the more REAL. But this lasts only a flash, for immediately we have become one with the experience.

We still do not know of the experience of death. We must return and grub and eat, or go about selling (preaching) the experience, and resting our quest for a while.

Ouspensky brings out very intelligently that the way of the monk, (ecstasy incidentally), is second on the ladder. Next higher is the way of the Yogi (union with God, or Cosmic Consciousness), but that the greatest path is that which teaches us to retain our awareness while stepping across the threshold. To die consciously.

Sometimes it pays to apply a little psychology to these movements. Nature Boy, the Yogi song writer, made the remark he had no need for alcohol...he could intoxicate himself with breathing exercises. Auto-suggestion, auto-hypnosis, and foetal desire for inversion, hurry us along bypaths. We must not follow any cult until we have examined the leader and allowed him to convince us that he is neither hypnotizing us or teaching us auto-suggestion.

I have made contact with a master in India. The things he infers are revolutionary, even to the wide range of experience that I have touched upon. There is no charge, not even a dollar. I may get a surprise when I get a little farther along, so I will not say too much at this time. It is just that I feel obligated to let you know of any discoveries, in accord with our promises to one another. When I learn more I'll let you know. He is Sirdar Charan Singh Maharaji. Via Beas, District Amritsar, East Punjab, India. You might inquire of your Hindu friends if they know of this Beas, or settlement. He is supposed to be one of the few living masters. He offers initiation in return for vegetarianism and abstinence from alcohol. To rise to mastership we must also be free of sex.

I took the family down to Virginia Beach a couple of weeks ago. I felt the urge to look in on the Edgar Cayce clique there, especially after I had learned that Edgar, in one of his readings, had attested that Ouspensky was worth reading. They were offering summer courses on Ouspensky, and I, thinking they might have a direct disciple of Ouspensky, went down. I was dismayed. A young sprout interviewed me, blandly chattering about his previous incarnations, while blowing his vulvaphagenous breath in my face. I felt like all of his wisdom came from his beautiful wife that stood nearby. He had never known Ouspensky and knew little of the Way. He excused himself from me, saying he was participating in a project, and he went bounding out onto a pavilion where a group of people were doing calisthenics with stretched towels, directed by another 'spiritual' leader of about 23 years.

Incidentally, the Master whom I mentioned above, places no importance on breathing exercises. He merely states that there is one important thing, the living master. He says that there is an audible life stream, that is God, or the Word. He states that many of the older gurus of India died without having a successor, and their disciples wrote down instructions for attaining this, but that this proved insufficient.

I would like to correspond with Professor Wood. Do you have his address?

I am sorry to hear in your last letter that your group broke up. The mistake we make in leading a group is in giving them too high a least common denominator. Metaphysical groups are made up of all sorts, and if we are not saints ourselves, we cannot demand holiness from the members, or particular respect for our ideas. All are blind, seeking blindly. Yet they must have something in common. It can simply be the desire for the Truth. Then the group must be forever and constantly reminded not to build up offense at the awkward diddlings of the component members.

Of course, it is bad taste for the leader to be other than aloof. This aloofness will weave the nebulous of mystery out of which shall be created order. Persons of intelligence will be allocated to help on intellectual projects, while those of a more intuitive nature will serve as checkers for those aspiring to spirituality.

I had trouble with the group up here, but of a slightly different kind. I allowed the group to come to my house, where I could no longer be aloof and also hospitable. My

wife, who is much like your first wife in many ways, took many occasions to discuss things that would put me in umbrage. Then various members who had ideas of using the group for social purposes, helped to bring the meeting to a cessation.

Incidentally, concerning masters who would lead us across the brink and back, and who are now dead...it is worthwhile to examine their method and manner of dying. Caruso's daughter claimed that Gurdjieff really squirmed. Jesus himself looked a little frantic when he called upon his Father, whom he thought had forsaken him.

As to my future travels I see nothing clearly right now. I will have to adjust many things here. I am thinking of getting into another type of work. Will keep you informed. Let me know if I have not touched on all.

Give my love to your family,

Sincerely,

Dick.



My reply to the foregoing letter was immediate and voluminous. As this is not my story, it, as before, shall be omitted here. An extensive rejoinder from RS was prompt.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
9/2/59

Friend Bob,

Your letter still has a strong trace of the argumentative, rather than the simple desire to convey some new found wonder to an old friend. If we enter into things from the latter ambition I feel that we will mutually profit. However, I must make a few corrections. (The evil cannot be halted except mutually).

Your first page informs me largely that you have read very much, and that your mind is able to remember names, numbers and facts, that I very seldom bother to note. Can it be that, although it is alright in a way that you tend to overrate any authority, any writing, no matter how verbose? Not that some of them might be very worthwhile.

As for Rudolph Steiner and his Anthroposophy. You're right if you assume that I needlessly recommend his two books. He promises much and delivers nothing. He

tells you that all of his symbolic chatter leads to being initiated. Then he tells you that the secrets of being initiated cannot even be whispered in the books, which leave them worthless. He parallels the Theosophists in dangling the participant.

I will take your advice and try to get Goddard's book (*A Buddhist Bible*). Don't get me wrong. I am not criticizing you. I speak with great weariness, and little of my prodding of former years. One of my greatest aims is simply to eliminate for others some of the unnecessary folderol. We are striving for the flight of the swallow, not the meanderings of the ant.

I will grant you that, perhaps I know little of the great Buddhist Sutras and Shastras. Believe me, however, that I know something of these oriental formulas, and they do not function the same for all people. The awareness to which I am supposed to have reached in Seattle is known as Brahm Lok. According to the Hindus it is the second transcendental level. They further state that there are three more above it. We become lost in their various calibrations and technology.

Two things brought me that far.....intuition, and a deep hunger for a way superior to Jeanne Hammil. No other formulas. In fact, it came as surprise. If we develop the intuition, it may be more of a master than we will ever meet in the flesh.

Now let us do a little comparing, if I can.....If my comparing does not use accurate symbols, then look at the reason for my attempt. Brahm Lok is much like Samyama, if we are to read Patanjali the same.

But Samyama is a shade higher than Samadhi, and Samadhi is eight in the line of development. Before it comes Yama, Nyama, Asana, Pranayama, Dharana, Pratyahara and Dhyana. And of these I never got more than half way through Pranayama.

Following Samadhi and Samyama, comes Nirvakalpa Samadhi, Titiksha, Nityanitya baibek, Pratyaksham, Prathiba, Ahimsa, Abhava, Mahayoga. And after all of that ladder, Mahayoga is just a more permanent realization of Brahm Lok, or the Ever-Allness.

And all along the way the different authorities argue over the terminology. In fact, Sirdar Charan Singh claims that Abhava is not a desirable state, in that it is negative.

Now we go back to Dhyana and we find an excuse for Rudolph Steiner and his practice of concentration on rose petals. Also you see, perhaps more clearly, my reason for holding my focus of attention on my own ideas. Some years ago I decided to strike out for Truth. I decided I would hold my attention on that as paramount until I found something more important. So, as I meet others, I presume that if they are to profit by fellowship on the quest for sages, they must also hold a focus of attention. Soon the movement gains life, the group meetings grow flesh, and the Ashram becomes eternal in the hearts of the weary, if nowhere else.

However, if everyone is less dynamic than myself, they will reach out in a desultory way, and eventually quit reaching. Unless, of course, you and I are intelligent enough as organizers, to point out the functional weakness of physical work with abstractions.

There are many things that must be observed if the group is going to thrive. (And if the group thrives, he who organized it will be thrust higher up the ladder). These things are helpful...we must maintain harmony, eternally pacifying revolting ignorances that tend to set the members apart. We must never encourage any members to give others

hell behind their backs. We must remain aloof physically. We must continue to exhort and encourage, and keep finding inspiration to encourage the members to climb.

Now you know me...or knew me when I had little use for the rest of humanity...but somehow I have come to intuit that we must give in order to receive. We must get disciples before we get our Guru. Hence I was very pleased when I heard you had gotten a group together. Try to renew the meetings, but do not illusion them with any promise of miracles. They should be able to see that they are stronger in a bundle, and they will go further with concerted effort. If they are meeting, and I get down that way, I can give a talk, or a doubletalk, that you would be unable to give in your own behalf without seeming pompous.

We have always been too competitive. As you might say, we have gleefully reamed each other out in the presence of those who respected one or the other.

I am thinking of one incident in Cleveland, where the small group there had me up on a pedestal until they saw me lose my temper with you. I can only blame myself for losing my temper, but by the combined jousting between us we both lost valuable contacts, and the respect of brothers on the path. You may say that being up on a pedestal was wrong in the first place, but I did not know I was up there until I was pulled down. The illusion was in their minds. I was just sweating out the aftermath of my experience in Seattle at that time, and was half nuts. They mistook it for 'sat guru.' In fact, until you came up, I thought I had lost my temper for all time.

Enough of reminiscing. Just proposing a more sober relationship between us...If we build each other up, then we build respect and love in the groups connected with each, and facilitate the other's climb. If these things do not seem logical we should employ them until they prove negative, as long as they work for the good of each.

I am going to propose things from time to time to expedite the work, and to accelerate growth in concentration. Also, to expand the awareness of seekers to penetrate the perimeter of our own gravitational field. We will not grow too rapidly alone, no matter how many hours we meditate, if we do not follow some of the formulae necessary in this occidental world.

Here is a good example of too many words. Words beget confusion when there is no entering into the spirit of the matter. We will always be at war with definition. So that if we place too much value on the words themselves, confusion will be the master.

I trust you have read 'The Fourth Way' by Ouspensky and the 'Conquest of Illusion' by Van der Leeuw. This is most important. There is absolutely no use trying to take off your skin and leap into the higher planes of development while your feet are mired in illusion.

All men are dualistic, to put it mildly, and Ouspensky and Van der Leeuw express this well. In fact, before we can really think we must get rid of our various egos. And you refuse, decade after decade, to get down off that horse of rationalization that you are riding. Even as you filled your most recent letter with statistics and references, you have filled many letters with references to prove that celibacy is not necessary, and because a few solitary groups said, have fun, you chose to follow paths that allowed your pleasure. Now if this situation has existed over the years, try to ward it off in the future.

I am not trying to be sarcastic, Bob. Nor to sell. When I say nothing is proven, I mean just that. You and I are not yet possessors of any real knowledge. To read about real knowledge is pretentious, because we will not know about real truths until long after we have read and proven or substantiated or amassed intuition or evidence in their behalf. We can only discuss the level upon which we are, and help to bring others up to that level, by showing them the implementation, which to us is relatively Real knowledge, and which to them cannot be real until they have tried it blindly, drawn by the inspiration that we exhale.

In this we are Masters. Now if we want to go higher on ourselves, we must be willing to follow some system or person blindly, inspired by our intuition and their exhalation. We will have some inkling of the manner in which we think this climbing should come about, and the guru will then assist us. But our intuition must be developed, or we will be the victim of our own rationalizations and the wiles of pulp merchants.

All of this was explained to me by a brotherhood that employed some very good chatter.

You cannot afford to make mistakes. The time is growing short. If you join an outfit that is commercial, then in eternal terms, after death, if you die while swimming in their brand of illusion, you will be a factual part of a lie, or error. If, on the other hand, you associate yourself with genuinely holy men, regardless of the complexity of their natures, or the sublimity of their consciousness, then your fact will be associated with them in Fact for all time. If you get nothing else, and I do think we get else...

As I presume that nothing is proven (I still seek to prove, however), so I also deny that there is any system that will take me to the top. (This because I am not up high enough to be an authority. Until I have transcended I will know nothing of it). Therefore our prime work can only be on the plane directly above us, or in that direction. My intuition tells me that there are steps which I must take to approach that plane. And one of those steps requires being pushed up by a pyramid from below. Now the day may come when we will not need these things, but I know that no man gets very far alone. And he gets only by giving. God is in need of reflection in the minds of man for his very existence. And the masters all show evidence of needing a chela before they can pass on.

Therefore, if you want a high grade chela, lift up thyself. Join thyself, not cults. Create a light to warm the hearts of others and draw them near, and then a greater light will beam down on you. But all of this must be true...not play acted.

And toward this end let us help one another.

I was pleased with our early response for a change. I cannot promise any visit at this date. Am not being coy. My domestic and financial situations are not good. For a while I sit in umbrage. Will let you know when things change.

Dick.



Shortly after the preceding long communication, I received the following brief note from RS; it is given here as a bit of human touch. A sense of apprehension may even be detected therein. But as may be surmised from his continuing presence with us, even to this day, everything came out OK.

1674 High Street
Benwood, W. Va.
9/22/59

Friend Bob,

This is one of those 'just in case notes'. I am entering the hospital tomorrow at 2 pm. Having a tumor removed from next to the jugular vein.

In the event that I do not make it,

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Robert J. Martin of San Antonio, Texas, shall be the sole heir to my writings, and to all of my papers except those of a legal nature.

[handwritten signature of Richard Rose]

As soon as I recover I will write you. Phyllis will honor this paper. She cannot keep you informed of the situation, as she is visiting in California. My kids are with a baby sitter. Should the eventual become the immediate.....I trust that someday you will see that my son gets copies of the more important writings.

Don't think that you are getting rid of me easily. Regardless of what happens, I will BE!
Would have given you more notice if I could. Did not know until today.

Be seeing you.

RS



About this time I met Leon Wood. (Not to be confused with Professor Ernest Wood, whom I have referred to above). For some time, Frank Pena had been telling me of this strange man whom he thought to be unusually advanced spiritually. For some reason, I was not anxious to meet him. Perhaps it was just because I was in one of my cycles of heavy boozing, and every special act became a burden.

One day, I finally agreed to go with Frank and meet Wood. Wood was a big portly man, about six two and very well fed looking. Not my idea at all of an illuminated person. He looked like a bank president, whom we all know can never become enlightened. He was of white Anglo Saxon protestant background. English in fact. He had a rather reedy high-pitched voice, out of place in such a large frame. Going with this, however, he had a very mild growth of facial hair. I mean shaving would be no problem for him, and he kept clean shaven. His eyes were a luminous grey. His permanent expression, no matter what was said or done, was a pleasant half smile. His hair was becoming a bit sparse, and was blond with a scatter of grey. At this time he was about 44.

There was nothing striking about my first meeting with Wood. In addition to Frank and myself, there were three other people visiting Wood that night. Wood did some elementary and unsuccessful hypnotic experiments with an attractive lady in her thirties. There was some discussion that I no longer remember. Nothing significant occurred. When Frank and I were leaving, Leon said to me, "I'll see you again, Bob." Of this I was in considerable doubt.

But thoughts about Leon kept intruding in my mind during the next few days, so I did go back to see him. Again, nothing particular occurred, but when I left that evening it was with a profound certitude that Wood *was real!* I was absolutely sold on his account of a Cosmic Consciousness experience, which he had undergone several years previous, and knew that he remained in a strange transcendental state of awareness even now.

Now, a dozen others and I went to see Wood at every opportunity. He didn't say anything profound. In fact, I had much more knowledge of spiritual philosophy than Wood. He apparently was unacquainted with mysticism until he had his experience. Since then, he had picked up a smidgen of knowledge from some of the people—like myself—who hung about him like bees about honey. But we knew he was much more than we.

Wood, like RS, had seemingly reached his experience from a launching pad of trauma and despair. He had been having unbearable quarrels with a shrewish wife. Working as a used car salesman, he was a total failure at selling cars. Personal bankruptcy loomed to greet him as "life begins at 40." He had never paid any attention to religion, but now, in desperation, he began to read the *New Testament*. He came upon the place where Jesus gave the Lord's Prayer to his disciples. Leon was inspired to try this. What could he lose? So in the evening, when he retired to the couch where his wife had relegated him, he practiced the Lord's Prayer. He didn't rattle it off quickly, which seemed useless to him, but turned it into a deep prolonged concentration so that it took him many evenings to get through it once. In fact, many evenings were needed to get through the phrase, "...forgive us our trespasses." Here, he went back and surveyed his entire life to become keenly aware of the nature of his trespasses and their causes.

After a couple weeks of this nightly effort, he was sitting at his old beat-up desk in the little sales office at the used car lot, when he was plunged into an abysmal pit of melancholia. He put his head down on the desk. He felt like his life was oozing out from his body and running over the floor. And then...with explosive suddenness he was no longer aware of office or of body. The incredible 'I WHO AM!' pervaded his awareness, and a voice, as in the Bible, said. "Be still, my son, and know that I am God!" And it was Christ speaking.

From that day on, he never found his way back from this vision of the universal form. He never went to work again. For a couple of weeks following the initial experience, he stayed in bed, using the flu as an excuse. Eventually, he was able to function some in this world. Everything about him in this new world was viewed with one eye looking through a telescope in reverse to the usual way, so that what was seen was diminished, and occupied only a small portion of one's field of vision. Pursuing

this analogy, it is as though his other eye remained ever fixed on the indescribable vision of God manifest.

In this condition he needed care. A circle of people seemed to spontaneously grow up about him. Ladies saw that there was always something easy to eat and drink in his refrigerator, or he might have starved. Men, on leaving of an evening, stuffed money in a jar to care for his other needs.

One rare evening I was the only visitor. Wood and I had just had some green tea that I had prepared for us. We had been having some rather light conversation. I was talking, as usual, and looking at Wood, who sat in his favorite arm chair. My words gradually slowed down and became progressively elongated. Before I finished my final sentence, my words seemed to spin off into nothing. A deep stillness, so thick and rich you could cut it with a knife, filled the room. Wood's eyes were intent on me, and his perpetual enigmatic smile. Effulgence suffused his countenance. A luminescence from within him spread outward and transfigured the entire room. Peace and glory held me. And then Wood lifted up his hand to shoulder height and said quietly. "Sometimes the power gets this deep in here." And indeed, it was as though a billowing essence half filled the room. I saw his transfiguration as clearly and as visually as one sees a lamp, but I knew it was a different kind of light. Ever after this, I have known that portrayal of saints with haloes is not just a symbol to indicate their holiness, but is because they have often been seen this way.

With Leon Wood, it was always Jesus, but, he assured me, that if he had been born in the orient, it might have been Krishna or Buddha that he communed with, and it didn't make any real difference, as these were but personal masks of a fantastic impersonal Reality. If I felt more comfortable with Buddha, he said, by all means hang on to him.

One other item about Leon before we move on. A friend of mine, Dr. Theine Wah, who worked at the research institute was a Hindu from Burma and a good physicist. He was also a Marxist-oriented agnostic. He had a rather dim view of what I called spiritual philosophy. I got him to go with me once to see Leon Wood.

Dr. Wah was astounded. He said he felt a force about Wood, like a magnetic force acting on a nail, that seemed to vary with the distance. The nearer he got to Leon the more powerful he felt this force. He had never experienced anything like it. Wah would never go back to see Leon again.

I've spent so much time on Wood, because later, RS has two long sessions with Wood, and following these, he told me Wood was likely the most advanced person he had ever met.



Unfortunately, I only had a couple of months of close association with Leon Wood. My Alcoholic escapades had finally worn out my welcome at Southwest Research Institute, together with the fact that I didn't get along too well with my new Jewish boss, Dr. H. N. Abramson.

I got a nice raise and employment as a research mathematician at the B. F. Goodrich Center in Brecksville, Ohio. Mary and I and three children had to come to San Antonio six years previous. Now, Mary and I and seven kids headed north, where we would live in the Akron area.

Chapter VI

The Akron Years

Now that Dick and I were able to visit rather often, our exchange of correspondence diminished. I found one card from him about a month after we moved to Akron.

R.S. Rose
1674 High St.,
Benwood, W. Va.
12/28/59

Friend Bob,

This goes out with a handful of letters to invite various and sundry characters. Am making the meeting date for them Saturday night and afternoon, so that we will only be pestered one day.

Hereby request that you do not gum up the worthy works by any change of plans or other delinquency.

Take one of those Antabuse pills Wednesday, and one on Thursday. Then you'll arrive.

Give my love to the kids, and fondest affections to the weary door through whence they came.

RS



Over the next five years I probably went down to Dick's at least 25 times. During this time he was struggling to make real his vision of a brotherhood, with its Ashram out on his farm in the mountains. I was of little help in this endeavor. I went to see Dick largely for the entertainment value of the companionship and the bullshit sessions, and I see this better in retrospect. At the time, I was vigorous in my protestations of search for Truth.

Actually, I had nothing left for Dick's effort. Squabbling with the wife for more and better sex, coping with the madhouse of seven—and finally ten—children, juggling occasional sordid extramarital sex ventures, performing and advancing in the difficult field of theoretical studies of engineering problems, studying some philosophy and mysticism to keep up the pretence of the search for Truth, standing on my head, practicing pranayama, socializing with beer buddies, getting drunk and sick, and struggling to recuperate, pretty well exhausted my energies.

In the Summer of '63, Bob Hathaway, whom I had known for some time through my use of the large computer facilities at the main plant in Akron, invited me to join his Management and Computer Sciences Department. I would be the head of a new section to be called Engineering Science, and would be allowed to recruit people to work in my section. A raise also went with this offer, which was too good to refuse.

As I worked closely with Bob Hathaway, we became well acquainted. Although he was a devotee of Freudian psychoanalysis, he was fascinated with my philosophic talk, and of my tales of Dick Rose. I gave a few talks for him at a discussion group that met at the Unitarian Church that Hathaway attended. These talks were on the Vedanta, on Mahayana Buddhism, and also in connection with some unusual people I met during one of my numerous ventures in AA.

A small group started meeting at my house in the summer of '66. The people who came to these meetings were...

Bob Hathaway, mathematician and executive, and about 44 years old. He was constantly urging the techniques of psychoanalysis upon us.

Chet Moore, known as "Mr. Clean" throughout AA circles. He worked in the shop for Goodyear Tire and Rubber. A very unusual person, whom I have reason to think had some special psychic ability. He could chatter by the hour in a disjointed but hilarious manner that he called "talking off the wall." He was formerly a college football player, now about 40 years old.

John Peré, whom I had known since Dick and I worked for Babcock and Wilcox Research Center in Alliance. John, a lawyer and mechanical engineer, was now head of the patent department for Goodyear Aerospace Corporation. John was about 51.

Hazel Jones, about 55, I met through AA. With a beautiful nature, she was a devotee of Mystic Christianity. She was a prosperous housewife, married to the vice president of a small corporation. He had absolutely no interest in our discussions.

Frank (his last name I've forgotten). Another AA connection who was currently unemployed, as he was in and out of Hawthornden Mental Hospital. RS always referred to him as "the Lord of the Flies." Sometimes, before giving an opinion, he would step in another room for a moment, and get the word from a fly. Frank was about 45.

Jim Gorham, a long time successful AA, was very active in Unity. He was a sales engineer about 40 years old.

Himself, Bob Martin, mystic, philosopher, scientist etc., of 48 years young.

Richard Rose, though Benwood was about 85 miles from Akron, often came up to our meeting.

When he was there, he in truth was the center of the action. RS, farmer, roofer, painter, philosopher and mystic, was then 49.

And one time RS brought Jesus Christ (Julian Barclay) with him. At this time, long hair had not become common with men. Julian wore his in a pigtail that extended half way down his back. He, like Mr. Clean, had a weird disjointed jargon. They got together and started battling permutations and combinations of the language back and forth. It was one of the funniest things that RS and I had ever seen.



I must backtrack a bit here to note two unusual get-togethers that occurred about three years previous to the above meetings. In the summer of '63, Leon Wood got up to Akron twice to visit me. Each time, I had a number of people there who might be interested in this story. RS was there each time, and on both visits we made a long night of it.

It was after these sessions that Rose told me that Leon Wood was likely the most advanced person he had ever met. Wood rang true for Rose's intuition.

Wood, however, was having problems. He thought other people might make use of the Lord's Prayer in the manner that he had, and also come through, as he called it. He worked this plan out in detail, and called it the Lord's Prayer Therapy. But no one was coming through thereby. As I recall, going through the scheme once took about two weeks. During his visits Wood prevailed on me to try this. I did so, with no spectacular results. RS thought that the special anguish that Wood had before he came through, was as important a factor as his use of the Lord's Prayer, and the lack of such a shock was what prevented the system from working with others.



I mentioned above that "Mr. Clean" had a special psychic ability. I shall now elate the incident that convinced me of this.

Back in '62, shortly after I'd met Chet Moore, I was a bit apprehensive of him, because he was about six four tall and 240 pounds—and....weird. One night, about 11:00 p.m., Chet called me and said he wanted to come right over and see me. I tried to discourage him, as I had to work in the morning, but he wouldn't take no for an answer. He said it was important for me to see him immediately. He was so importunately urgent that I became somewhat alarmed. While waiting for him, I told Mary about my concern. Just in case, I said, I'll keep this kitchen knife in my belt, concealed by the skirt of my sweater. So saying, I slipped the knife into my belt.

"For God's sake," said Mary, exasperated. "Give me that knife before somebody gets hurt." Reluctantly I handed it over. "I'm going to bed before Chet gets here. I really need some sleep." She went upstairs.

A short while later, as I sat at the kitchen table waiting, I heard Chet's car pull into our drive. Then his heavy tread on the front porch. I went to the door and greeted him, and then we sat down on opposite sides of the kitchen table.

"Be not afraid," said Mr. Clean, for it is *I* who am here."

"What do you mean, afraid?" I asked, being shaken by his apt comment.

“For I was with you,” continued Chet, “when you testified of this to your wife.”

I was amazed.

“But no matter,” averred Chet. “I have come to help you.” He then reached one of his great hands out across the table and placed it gently on my head.

A joyful luminous peace flowed down through my being. A timeless interval followed. Then I attempted to speak of this experience. I babbled strange sounds. I marshaled my wits and tried again. More babbling.

Mr. Clean smiled. “Hush,” he said. “Be still, and know that I am He!”

Thus I had my only experience of glossalalia.

In passing, I might mention that Chet Moore got his nickname, Mr. Clean, because he bore a striking resemblance to the giant with the earring in one ear, who advertised the well-known cleaning fluid.



With regard to one of the later meetings held at my house, RS sent the following communication.

1676 Marshall St.,
Benwood, W. Va.
11/9/66

Friend Bob;

I hope you have a little increase in your meeting the day after tomorrow. I thought I'd drop you a line as it is doubtful if I'll be able to come.

Sitting down here away from Chet Moore's distracting observations concerning the compounding of pretentious meanings from the ultimate in inconsequentialities...I feel that I see the picture more clearly.

It is evident that we tried to start in the middle of the road instead of at the beginning. We cannot leap immediately into any path as a group, because of the differences in direction, which in turn is caused by the differences in intensity, and in degree of intuition, and exposure to ideas, of the various members of the group.

So we have to be mighty patient with one another...and pick as our work some field, that while not guaranteeing to all speedy deliverance, will enable us to have a platform of simple minded approach to many systems, while looking for the least erroneous. Thus a group will grow wherein may be found many parallel but differently functioning smaller groups or couples.

Why not have a round of meetings firstly, that will consist of the evaluation of a particular movement that we recommend, not as a conveyor of final Truth, but as one being less

odious and more promising than others. Let us look into Bob Hathaway's proposal concerning psychoanalysis. Let's induce him to give us a report, an explanation to the best of his ability. I know he is sold on it, but we should also have a chance to be sold on it. We do not have to accept it...but one of us may wish to, and so part of the group would then be off and running.

Give each person so expounding, at least a couple of hours, without any heckling or interruptions. It is the only fair way.

I am perturbed with the attitude John Peré has taken concerning not wanting women in the group, because his wife, Sarah, seems jealous of the presence of Hazel Jones with her Johnny. I have a warm regard for John, whom we have known for a long time, and can trust and understand. But his wish in this matter could shut the door in all our faces to that very thing which we are seeking to find...which is an ever expanding group of people, the very expansion of which will bring us new, different, and valuable contacts.

His arguments will not hold water. It could even destroy stag meetings. Suppose we didn't allow women in the group, and your wife announced that either she sat with us or we could get another place to meet. Or my wife announced that if she couldn't come along I'd have to stay home. Of course, then, if I didn't like you ogling my wife I could bring a screen along, or put you fellows out on the porch.

Two of my sources on Zen experiences were women. I have not made a pass at either. I cannot help attach the diagnosis of immaturity upon anyone who proclaims to have a great drive for self definition, while concentrating so strongly upon one physical appendage of his body.

We must be both teacher and student. Are not other people's little girls safe with such exalted teachers?

In the search for the least common denominators, we find that very few cults or esoteric groups separate the sexes. The Church has monasteries, which is true, but we are not monks. We are laymen with pseudo scientific approaches...not totally mystical (not with nine kids) meditational recluses.

There is no sense in pointing out that these lay groups have fallen short of our measurements. The monasteries fall short too, or we would be in one. I think all of us feel that we must chart a new path or find one not yet encountered.

In which case...we must profit by the mistakes of the others. We must throw out the inefficient equipment, but by all means kept the advantageous. We must not make the mistake of affecting piety. We are all grubby little human beings. We have body appetites and functions. This is part of the truth, and we cannot become the Truth while pretending otherwise.

It should not be the duty of the group to limit itself to protect a man from his own distractions.

General distraction in my opinion is worse...such as Mr. Clean's interminable chit chat. Or the lapsing into vulgarity that might offend your family upstairs. Or your children, throwing firecrackers in our midst.

I believe many good groups diminish and cease because of the attempt to be exclusive.

Exclusiveness then becomes a fetish. Anyone who is interested, and whom the members feel not to be deranged, or to have an ulterior motive for joining, such as social ambitions, should be welcome. Rather than straining to diminish ourselves, we should be studying ways to make our reason for existence known.

Now for the program.

Let us start where we should. At the beginning. Evaluation of prior attempts to cut the Gordian knot.

Let us start with a discussion group. Meanwhile, each member will be free to go off on his own tangents with whomever he pleases.

When these tangents form and grow to size, one of them may become the way of the group.

But let us find ourselves a nucleus that know what we are about, and is somewhat sympathetic in dynamic energy to see the thing started out rightly.

It is true that the inner nucleus shall become more and more exclusive, but the hiatus shall be bridged by the great base of the pyramid...and from that mass of humans less dynamic should come the fountain of phoenix that will enable the movement to endure.

RS



And then about a week after receiving the foregoing long letter, I got the following short note from Rose. The reference to J.C. being dead, referred to Julian Barclay, who had indeed recently demised.

R. Rose
Benwood, W. Va.
11/16/66

RJ

Please advise of next meeting. As I would like to bring Mary Magdalene up...J.C. being dead (even the beatniks know this now), she is the only contact. Each of prospective rock throwers should line up in front of a mirror with his own load of rocks. Mary Magdalene doesn't want any non paying rocks.

RS



And then I took up drinking again and the meetings sputtered out. Over New Year's vacation, I really hung one on, and consequently missed an important meeting at work. To get the company off my back, I went into St. Vincent's Hospital Alcoholic Ward in Cleveland. Goodrich paid all of the expenses for my 10 days stay.

However, they had paid for my stay in St. Thomas Alcoholic Ward in Akron back in '63. Then the company sent me lots of flowers and a beautiful get well card. This time there was no flowers or card. An ominous omen.

When I got back to work, I was fired but given a month's notice so I could look around. I'd thought I was indispensable! If anyone would have to leave, I thought it would be my boss (who was no longer Bob Hathaway). Illusions!

Upon learning of my predicament, Rose sent the following note.

Benwood,

1/3/67

Bob,

The night of joy that is followed by the day of sorrow has no value. When the burden is lifted for a second from the weary beast, it experiences that which is known as Joy. That which dwelleth or abideth forever is not joy. On the next page is described the true state of BEING. (*Ed. Note: The next page was a perfect blank!*)

Dick

Chapter VII

I Settle in Cleveland

On the 1st of April '67, I started work as an engineering systems analyst for Cooper-Bessemer Corporation in Mount Vernon Ohio, a very pretty town about 48 miles north of Columbus, Ohio. Being about 75 miles from Akron, I could not commute regularly, and so we would eventually have to move again. We owned a fine home in the Cuyahoga Falls suburb of Akron, the first home we had ever owned, so moving would be a special pain for Mary and the kids.

She was not about to! This was the last straw.

In mid April, I received papers concerning the legal separation with instructions to vacate my home by the end of the month. As a proven and admitted alcoholic, I had no possible defense. I walked away from the new job. Then I located another and still better paying job for a small research firm in Littleton, Massachusetts. I'd go way off, and then Mary would be sorry. But she wasn't. I worked there just three days, then drove back to Akron. Now, I had no home. This feeling of being homeless caused me more distress than the sudden lack of tail.

At this time I visited RS. He told me that I could come down and stay with his family in Benwood for as long as I needed to get on my feet again. But he suggested I forget about the big ego trip jobs now, and get something like a dishwashing job that would just support myself. "She threw you out, let her see what it's like to live without your help."

On this matter, I followed John Peré's advice instead. Seeing him a few days later, he told me "hey, you got to help your kids. None of this is their fault." Following his advice was not self-sacrificing nobility exactly. I find washing dishes very boring and, on the other hand, I got a lot of pleasure from my work over the years.

So I went to Cleveland. Close enough to visit my family easily, but far enough that I wouldn't be bugging Mary too often. Here I got a job as a stress analyst at TRW's Aircraft Accessories Division, making considerably more money than at Goodrich. This was fortunate, as I had signed a legal obligation to pay Mary for child support at least \$25,000, in 1983 dollars.

Just after starting this job, and letting Dick know of my good fortune, he sent the following letter.

1676 Marshall Street
Benwood, W. Va.
5/22/67

Yessir;

You are only an average man. The average man knows but two words. When and why. For the first 50 years of his life he runs about clutching his staff, shouting, when? After that nature slows him down, and all of this inglorious foolishness causes him to ask, why?

So now it is again. "When shall my comfort begin anew? When shall my paycheck arrive? When shall people love me in abundance?"

You must make a careful analysis of your problem. Take the things that are evident and accept them, so that you can go on and reason out the things that are not so evident. It is evident that your wife does not want you, and it is evident that your children are not moved by your passing. It is evident that you are not in love with your wife, nor that which she stands for, but rather that which she sits upon.

You will soon learn that no one loves you, and that which she sits upon was more massively in your head than it was a burden on your staff. So massively was it in your head, that when she managed to pull it out it was like removing a tumor...the fresh air was painful.

I was disappointed in that you neither reacted like a man or a philosopher. When Jeanne Hammil was instrumental in showing me the foolishness of the perennial when, I will admit that my reaction was not manly either...but I got the hell away from her and sat the thing out, and at least, by using a policy of no action, I arrived at something of an answer.

When somebody goes so far as to bring the law into marriage, it is time to withdraw. Marriage in itself is both a fiery furnace for the spirit and a criminal conspiracy of two parties working toward the continuation of pleasure illusions...a sort of crime campaign against reality by use of a massive rationalization. Ordinarily, when a member of a criminal conspiracy quits and wants to go straight, then he, or she, is subject to punishment by the forces of illusion. The proper pose of the man, once cuckolded or rejected, is to forswear the whole web of illusion created by the two of them in their little game of make believe. You can toss the whole sticky ball of twine away, or you can drive yourself nuts trying to pretend that some of it is real and separable.

The ball of web involves children and nest, which she either exuded or demanded for her role in the play act. It also involves your ego as a male, with the play acted role of wage earner, scientist, strutting rooster and wise father. What is happening is that she wants to flush your script in its entirety down the drain and charge you enough to afford another leading man...or replacement in the form of ism or menopause.

According to the laws of Hammurabi and King Comus, the thing reads that any foolishness in the conspiracy must be paid for by both parties, and that any rebound, or

backfire, from the life of rationalization must apply to both parties, one not blaming the other. And furthermore, when one party demands excessive illusions, not necessarily desired by the other party, such as children...and these illusions are brought into karmic position, then the party of the second part...because this is known as being a crypto-criminal, in that the criminal denies the crime after having expressly made evident her desire to commit the crime and to enjoy it. The law of rationalization will permit none of its victims to indulge in any attempt to rationalize away the thing rationalized. You gotta take the whole damn picture and live with it, or chuck the whole thing.

Bob, you and I are over the hump. Be grateful for deliverance. No one will build any monuments over our ashes commemorating our ability to play the game until we drop dead. First, you must realize that no one outside of your body means a damn thing as far as your ultimate destiny is concerned, even if you read that ultimate destiny to be the grave alone. Second, you must realize that your body and its voices do not mean a damn thing as far as your ultimate destiny is concerned...even if that be the grave.

I am going to ask you to flatter me a little. While you are away, and lonely, get out the "Three Books Of the Absolute" and read them, and read them over again. And do not place all of this at the feet of my vanity.

It was in such a time that those words came to me. Maybe their real meaning will come to you. If so, they will bring a knowledge and being that you have not previously witnessed. When you first read them you will wish to run back to the world of make believe but you must know that world is now dead forever, and Robert is Real. When these moods return to me and the knowledge of my eternal mind comes to the front, I weep for my children and those I loved, because they are phantoms in the world of foolishness.

And even at that...do not rush back with a new excuse and a new declaration of intent...it would only be rationalization. Once dead to this world you are dead forever. Do not read it except when alone. To read it to another is to share with an illusion, which is rationalization.

Relax, and enter the pool of unknowing. Your harness has been removed. Your burden is lifted. Only fear stands in the path of freedom. Will you still tremble when they close the lid, or when they shovel in the dirt? Our lives are spent. Our bodies useless. Why do you fear for the body? Do not worry about the mind for it will come out safe.

Drop me a line when you get a chance.

Dick



About three weeks after I got the above letter, I met a Yiddisher Mama, whom I've been with ever since, and who is my third wife. This repeat performance of mine somewhat vexed RS, as can be seen from the following short communication.

Benwood, W. Va.

10/30/67

Bob,

Adversity has not dimmed your ego one iota. You are, dear friend, in some respects more than the average man.

The average man, after twenty-five years of procreation, settles for only three pieces a week.

Will be glad to have you come down. Just call and make sure I am home. I have been away a few weeks at a time.

Rich



About the first week of January '68, I joined the staff of W. L. Tanksley & Associates, a successful Cleveland eEngineering firm. I was hired as a senior engineering analyst, and soon was made engineering analysis group leader, with a very handsome raise. There was little communication with RS during the following year. I was kept very busy working, visiting my ex family, drinking beer, and banging my new wife. Then in February '69, Rose conducted a personal experiment with LSD. He wrote me an account of this experience.

Benwood, W. Va.

2/18/69

Friend Bob;

Well, I made the trip and returned safely. Except for the indifference of my age I would probably have had some apprehension.

I thought you would like to know about it. It was quite a long session. Lasted for over four hours. It is impossible to describe fully on paper, but I think I have learned a few things.

I'm convinced that the whole hippie movement has been sidetracked as far as the path of Truth is concerned.

And let me give you fair warning...you might like it...that is, you might become addicted...keep going back for more.

I saw beauty such as no work of nature or artistry of man has ever created. Combined with this beauty was a living vibrance from which this beauty evidently welled up...as

almost from a point. I was aware of a squeezing forth of energy from some somatic source in the region of the kidneys and kundalini. That region of my back was very cold until the next day. This may well be the many petalled lotus at work.

As time wears on today I'm beginning to forget much of the scenery, which incidentally was not vernal scenery, but rather was fountaining geometric patterns bubbling up from this point in endless shimmering confusion, enlarging and vibrating. I knew that I was going through the equivalent of dying and cared less. Forms came up (sometimes they reversed and went down into the point) some like the edge of a shamrock or similar pattern, but it was never the whole shamrock. Just the edge, followed by effusing smaller congruous edges within the larger edge, all of different shades of color, waxing and waning, changing into new geometric intricacies, mosaics, cross lines by the millions, but all orderly...and bearing the hint that order was still materialistic and that being dimensional, was imposed on me by an intelligence.

Several times I rose up, staggered about and shouted (or whispered) "where is the pimp in this whorehouse? Where is the little bastard waiting for the nickel? Who is conducting this tour?" Then I'd slump back in my chair and go floating away again. The deepest part of the experience was when the lines paled to grey, watery green, ice gray and china gray, with pale blues occasionally...then a cold quivering; every light seemed to be intensity trying to rise up against and resist inertia...but out of me...every nerve vibrating as though it could stand no more...I could feel the nerves, or something in my heart vibrating as though it were within a cold chunk of ice, trying to come forth alive...and incidentally I was not aware of my head as the locus of experience.

If I can summarize...this is definitely a sensual super-sensory experience. As you noticed by my remarks above, I had the impression that this was an external show, and not a part of the overself, or either emanating from the Absolute. You might say, how can I identify all of this wonderment? But I knew it was an experience, and I somehow kept feeling that the reality was somehow down beneath the point.

I think I lost consciousness several times, or went to sleep. This is what would happen when I tried to go deeper.

I will say one thing...I can understand the shallowness of the hippie group, their hedonistic and solely orgiastic aims in life; their disintegration of personality, and political confusions (this comes from a paranoid subconsciousness that the environment is inimical...because during the experience any harshness in the environment dispels the vision and is really irritating), and enthrallment to a purely materialistic society with sensual promises. For this is definitely a sensual experience, in that it draws deep from some body well of energy, and is external to the awareness of the viewer.

I will discuss this at length when I see you. If you want to, make arrangements for me to meet with Mrs. Christiansen (The Light of Yoga Society), and that retreat group you found near Akron.

Richard



Shortly after I received the foregoing letter I got a letter from the wife of one of my best friends, George Nodle, who lived in Los Angeles. George had just died from cancer of the liver. He demised at 54 years of age. I mentioned this in my next letter to Rose.

Benwood, W. Va.

2/28/69

Friend Bob;

It is ominous to hear of Nodle. The hour is getting late.

Remind me to tell you a story when I come up. Too long for this typewriter. I have had another experience. This one involves a weird cult. Fantastic. A sort of witchcraft, and a witch that would really surprise you. This is not via a book. I've met some of these people. In fact, I have the witch!

As for my coming up, I will make it. Please notify the proper people so that I'll not be wandering around Euclid Ave talking to myself. I understand that you have met Mrs. Christiansen. My motives in coming up are not for just another bull session with you and John Peré. I want to see Mrs. Christiansen and preferably some of her people. Can you make a definite appointment with her? I don't want to come up if we are just going to hope that we may run into some of these people.

I would not mind meeting some of Hazel Jones' friends down in Akron, or just Hazel. Does John Peré go to Hazel's? If so, we could meet with John there.

At the risk of manifesting ego as to the importance of my message, I am interested in explaining to people the need for a brotherhood of sorts, and an ashram. It is an urge to bring a few out of the piddling cults to something worthwhile...if the spirit moves them.

Also, I have a nucleus here, and my farm is an excellent place for an Ashram. I don't want this nucleus to die before it is properly hatched.

Yes, standing on your head is good. If you can get hair to grow on the bottoms of your feet, you might well have two handsome heads instead of one.

Regards to Pearl,

Richard Rose



Dick and I had a couple hour session with Mrs. Christiansen and her chief disciple. She obviously looked on Dick and I as potential paying members of her group. She was quite ready to give us Yoga instruction. On the other hand, Rose had probably hoped that she might become affiliated with the brotherhood he wished to build. The expectations mutually canceled. I still remember that I enjoyed ogling the Yogina. So somebody got something out of the meeting.

During this year of '69, I got down to Rose's farm—which we had begun to think of as the Ashram—at least a couple of times. These were occasions when he had other interested people there as well. Some even came from as far away as Michigan.

Quite awhile after my latest visit with him he wrote as follows.

Benwood, W. Va.

11/15/69

Friend Robert;

Thought I would hear from you by now. Thought I would see if you are still alive and care to be part of the effort. As a friend, it is my impulse not to write you...because it is presumed that you know what we are trying to do here, and could not have forgotten so soon.

As you know, no one has been billed or dunned. I pressed you to help get the thing going with a thin trickle of financial remembering, but did not even mention it to the others. It was amazing how the fellows, all of them, left a few bucks behind. Dan Moran had sent money down before the meeting, and Leo stuffed \$13 into my pocket as he left.

But then, that is the end of the participation, and participation is what we need, not money. But if nothing else is contributed except money, it is my opinion that this money should be contributed on a monthly basis, to serve two purposes. The first purpose is to establish a consistent trickle that is steady, so the group can plan expenditures. The second reason is remembering. With this smallest of the small contacts, the participant lapses into domesticity, and soon is no longer even a participant.

Which means simply this. We would like to have you as a participant...and we would like to have many more participants...if we hope to keep the place going. And you will help to justify the wintry deprivations of the small group here, so that we will have a pleasant environment for the summer meetings and lessons.

You remember Peter, the black haired, black browed, hairy eared, alleged Gurdjieffian master that is currently staying here? He may be pretty advanced despite his inelegant and Fagan-like manners. He has a following to substantiate himself. He gets money orders and checks from people who have worked in a Gurdjieffian brotherhood for years with him. Money orders came in today for Peter in the amount of \$350. One lady sent him food, and blankets, and winter clothes, and almost leaves him an open account. Another lady sends him \$50 a month.

The money that Peter gets is used by Peter to exist, which he does, in a pretty good manner. When he buys food it is generally plain, but very expensive things come regularly by mail. Caviar, Turkish candy, Nuts, Figs, etc. He pays his rent for the trailer he stays in here out of these funds that come in the mail. I only charge him and his friend John a bit more than \$20 a month.

Remember Dick Emblem? He will be down for Xmas. I expect to go back north as far as Canton with him.

Now that you have a car that will not fall apart (Mine are all about shot) maybe you can drive down for a bit of rapport.

Let me know if you are still alive. If you are not alive, do not try to write without removing the lid.

See you later,

Dick



I'm afraid this Peter, referred to above, is a case where RS' intuition misfired. It is also an example of one of the difficulties that occur when trying to form a philosophic brotherhood. Peter had seen Dick's ad in *Fate* concerning an Ashram, and without making contact first, had suddenly descended on Rose with a young buddy called John, and an older crippled ex service man, who had a small pension.

It turned out that this Peter was a vicious con artist. He received all this money and goodies by mail because he had terrorized some ladies with threats of occult harm and/or physical harm if necessary. Dick found some of this out from the daughter of one of the ladies who was being extorted. He also eventually became aware that John was Peter's "wife." The cripple was not involved in their machinations, and had but recently met them. He left the farm after staying only a couple of days.

Deciding that Peter and John were the pits for our brotherhood, RS gave them notice to leave. While he was back at his house in Benwood, they vacated the farm, and in leaving, burnt down the house trailer that Dick had been renting them.



In the spring of the following year, 1970, RS visited us in Cleveland. I remember no details of this visit, but apparently, as can be inferred from the following letter that I received shortly thereafter, I had been suffering from flatulence and diarrhea.

Benwood, W. Va.

4/1/70

Dear Lustee Loosebreach,

It is with sadness that I witness in you the last symptom for measuring advancing age. As my old Zen Master would say, it is indeed a sign of age to focus the attention on the last body function to fail and to look upon that function pleurably...but alas it is more a sign of advanced age when upon straining to think one doth make his pants to stink. It is probably a desperate attention getting lever...combined with the need to produce something for Pearl.

I am not too excited by this alleged mystic, Richard Mills, whom you've met. I will be pleased to see him, but not to pursue his coy evasiveness. I wrote in a similar vein to John Peré. At our age it is foolish to continue chasing the guru, which is just rationalization and procrastination from doing serious work. I try, and try, and try to explain. We must do with what we have. By working immediately we will build the magnetic condition that will increase ourselves.

I have a book by a man who claims to have known Gurdjieff well. De Ropp. The book is called the 'Master Game'. It is good. Observe the categories of seekers.

THE SIX CATCHES

1. Talk-Think Syndrome Talking or thinking about the work instead of doing it. (You for 20 years).
2. Starry Eyed Syndrome Fanatical devotion to a teacher or system. Physical attachment, or gushing with zeal. (The old women around Swami Rama. Little girls in Church. You, at the feet of Leon Wood, Swami Rama, DeLong, Mr. Clean, R.S. Rose, one drunken Pollack anonymous, picture of Big-Queer Yogananda, Big-Queer Ramakrishna, etc.).
3. Personal Salvation Syndrome Delusion that 'my Person' may be saved or survive death, or be translated to another plane.
4. False Messiah Syndrome Messiah complex. (Julian Barclay, my old college friend, and your 'lord of the Fly's', and others.)
5. Sunday Go To Meeting Syndrome Seeker makes efforts only in the presence of the teacher of the group. (These wish to be led, led to bed, or bled.)
6. Hunt the Guru Syndrome Wandering from guru to guru, until the wandering actually replaces the need for effort, or the ability to make effort. This fellow never stops long enough to work.

Catch #6 is the one that you and John Peré are using to replace getting down to work, and simply doing a simple thing regularly...until you become, in so doing, a helper on

the ladder...or a guru. This, instead of 'visiting Tibet', tramping up snow covered lanes and gazing into the eyes of every reference, and placing into such characters virtues, glories and spiritualities, that you will endow them with, no matter how hard they try to be indifferent, bored, ignorant, puzzled by your language, which is probably more esoteric than theirs will be in 20 years. But still you go on reading into sundry whoremasters all sorts of glamorous possibilities.

Let half-assed Rose tell you something. In forty years of digging for my celestial nuggets, I have only met quarter-asses. I have served my ignorance and humility long enough. This humble ignorant bastard is not going to let his humility or ignorance get in the road of BECOMING. This I learned from both Zen and Gurdjieff.

I have met a few other half-asses, I admit. Leon Wood, who could not get going...because he would not work in brotherhood, but wanted to be the head and focus...which failed because his system did not work for anyone but him. For others, HE COULD NOT PROVIDE THE SHOCK that he had suffered, and which actually brought his illumination...not the Lord's Prayer!!!!

Dear Bob...please before you pass out through that diarrhetic crotch, with personality, memory and libido flushed out...quit looking for the magical mirror, or the enchanted Jurgon with the cudgel that will goose you into heaven...take one practical step. The simplicity of this thing makes it too easy, I know. Zealots in catch #6 have read stories of terrible trials, ritualistic metamorphoses into godhead and Masonic stories of the cleansing, dross dropping fires, of secret initiations, etc. etc. All is within. But all effort must eventually become group work...the Sangha.

You have questioned the value of the ads in Fate magazine. But how do you know what you might miss otherwise? Or might have gained? I once spent money taking a trip to Texas to make what seemed to be a fruitless journey...when the Aztec warlock couldn't see me, but not only did the trip contribute to holding the vector of effort together, but it resulted in my meeting a parcel of people in Steubenville with whom I was to work for years to come.

You fellows completely forgot the project. If you keep doing you will become.

Oh, well. See you in April. We'll make it the 11th or 12th.

Dick



During the summer of this year I descended into a bad spell of guzzling beer. And certainly I had no energy or impulse to help the development of the Ashram. At the Autumnal Equinox, I got the following cool communication.

Benwood, W. Va.

9/21/70

Bob;

There is no rancor in my heart for you, but there is a deep sense of conviction that any rapport between you and I on any level is absolutely hopeless.

John Peré may have read some of my letter to him, to you. The evaluation boiled down to this.

1. You do not qualify as a friend, despite your numerous protestations of friendship. By this I mean ordinary friendship that has nothing to do with spiritual brotherhood. Mainly, because your desires leave no surplus to help a friend in time of need. I wonder what your friendship for Mary or Pearl would be if they did not have female bodies.
2. Your spiritual quest is pure rationalization, and spiritual brotherhood with you is consequently impossible.

I am not saying these things to throw bricks, or to hurt your feelings. God knows I am having troubles enough of my own to discourage the little bit of hope in the above categories. It is just that I am having so much trouble that I absolutely must stop wasting my time on lost causes.

John Peré has written to me, and in a very brief note, said that he wished to drop out of the group. Which is just as well...there is no use in just going through the motions...either we get down to some real work, or quit.

I have rented the farmhouse. It was not fair to my family to force them to maintain, by taking money from things they really need, a place that was not bearing fruit.

As for myself, I'm having trying times. I think that I am either getting hardening of the cerebral arteries or some other kind of head trouble. Just though I'd let you know, so that when I go nuts you will know that I was aware of it. But as yet, 'being of sound mind, etc.').

I sincerely hope that you find someone or someway to lead you out of the labyrinth.

Richard



I would say that this time was a nadir for RS. But it was, to use an old cliché, the dark before the dawn. For a while I had to no contact with Rose, so I don't know the details of how his efforts for an Ashram really began to bear fruit. One thing he did was to begin to direct his attention to the young

college crowd. And surprising interest was shown in the response that occurred. My second oldest son, Andrew, became a member of the brotherhood, which began to be called the TAT (Truth and Transmission) Society. These young people worked much harder than the old dogs, such as myself, who had so perennially frustrated Rose.

Early in the spring of '72, I wrote RS a conciliatory letter, and shortly received the following response.

Benwood, W. Va.

5/11/72

Hello Bob,

If you are collecting memorabilia, you can add Dick Emblem. He died two or three days before Easter. Encephalitis. Left 5 kids. Only half as good as you. You left 10.

It will not work, Bob. I do not even care to write, but will answer a polite note from anyone.

In my last letter I tried to say it all. You have no capacity for mundane friendship, or selfless desire for spiritual cooperation. If you can only write or visit once a year, forget it. As for your coming down here during your forthcoming vacation, I will not be able to spend any time with you, because I have a student coming down from Canada, and I will be totally involved in trying to put him 'over the top' so to speak.

Several times when you were at the farm you demanded that I tell you what you should do. O.K. Start on the threefold path. And most importantly, establish a teaching center in your area. When such is established, I'll consider you a spiritual brother.

But I'll not add another day of encouragement to your rationalizations. You can do that alone.

Take your vacation and establish your center.

Dick



Here I backtrack just a little. In the autumn of '71, Pearl, my wife, while recuperating from the surgical removal of a breast cyst, expressed the wish to have a parakeet. She picked one out at a nearby discount house. He was only about six weeks old, far from full grown yet. For the first 24 hours we had him, he sat in his cage immobile. He didn't eat, drink or speak. And then, finally, he said... 'peep'! We were delighted. Apparently young Herschel had accepted his new circumstances.

I became much attached to Herschel, whom we soon left free to fly all about the trailer in which we now lived. As he grew older, he figured out how to relieve his sex desires by working out on a small plastic ball which he played with. He would go through a regular courtship with it for awhile,

chirping and talking, flinging it about, and then retrieving it, and concluding by jumping on, spreading his wings for balance, and going through the sex motions needed to establish satisfactory friction.

Pearl and I frequently went out together to nightspots at this time, and we began to feel it was cruel to Herschel to leave him alone for many hours. So in September of '72, after Herschel had been with us for a year, we got another young bird, whom Pearl called Cleo. By the time Cleo arrived on our scene, the chill between Dick and I had thawed somewhat, and early in October he came to see us. Shortly after he returned home, he sent Herschel the following letter, which, Herschel still being illiterate, I had to read to him.

Benwood, W. Va.

10/15/72

Dear Herschel;

Although I am averse to intimate communications of this sort with birds, this is a unique situation, such as that occasion which descended up the earth when Pygmalion endowed Galatea with life, and managed to activate the previously impervious stony crotch of that marble maiden.

Most captive birds fall into the hands of people who allow them to remain birds, but unfortunately you have fallen into the hands of a sinister lecher who tries to fornicate with anything that manifests color or curve.

This communication therefore, is to warn you that dire consequences are likely to occur as a result of the fascination this lecher has for you. Soon you will be entering into holy matrimony with the young female bird who has arrived on the scene...and you can guess the embarrassing consequences. I do not know how much you have responded, but this lecher has attached his libido to you, and if you have responded half as much as he thinks you are able to...then you have been carrying on some sort of sex fetish relationship throughout all the days of your young life. This is bound to haunt your marriage with the female.

Then you must look at it from the standpoint of the poor lecher. There is no jealousy like that of a homosexual...and heavens knows how much more violent it might be if jealousy and frustration are proportional to the degree of unnaturalness of the relationship. He was frustrated to begin with...you may not know this...so I'll pass a bit of gossip on to you for your edification. Did you know that he has been watching you? Voyeurism they call it. He has studied all of your sexual proclivities...or what he endows you with as being sexual leanings. The physical differences between the two of you have made any relationship almost impossible...but you do not know this fellow...when he goes off balance (that small amount of balance he has left) he may try anything.

Hopefully he will transfer his affection to your betrothed...and for him this will be less traumatic...as he will move from the homo to the hetero aviarophile. But there are other things to watch and to expect. He has always had the habit of arguing insanely

with those who manifest any degree of friendship with him, so take my advice, and never engage in conversation with him, or even give him the slightest notice. He watches every move you make...every glance of yours...for a manifestation of attitude toward him...and God help you if he decides you are smiling at him. Once he decides that you have communicated with him, he will treat you like a homunculi...you will be constantly yanked out of your dimension to answer interminable asinine questions on science, philosophy and theology. And if you dare to answer one question about theology...you will never be rid of him.

To apprise you of the situation and the severity of the crisis, I must confide something to you that is not known to very many humans. He was thrown out of the first human paradise, because he had succeeded in wrecking that paradise with his sulphurous aura. He has been in anguish ever since, so that every time anyone mentions God or Theology, something deep inside him starts roaring and ranting. It is not good to remind him of that which is forever denied him.

And so, in parting, let me give this urgent bit of advice. Do not be surprised or unduly flattered with his endowment of your status to peoplehood. Ignore him. Pretend to do not hear him. I listened to your language when he was cooing and romancing you. I translated your replies, and I and you know that your answers were such things as... 'fuck you Jack'. 'Quit blowing your goddamn breath in my face. Tobacco smoke is incense in comparison with your breath.'

He doesn't hear you right. He thinks you are blowing him amenities. So try to remain silent...especially when he calls you on the phone from the office. He is very close to losing his job...and you know what will happen if he loses his job...you will be out of bird seed.

And one last point of warning. He is very fickle. Do not be flattered because he imagines you to be more than you are. You and I know that you are little more than a mobile shuttlecock, but he has decided to deify you.

However, next month he may decide to deify a cat. And when he does, that noble cat can do no wrong in his mind. He may find it very amusing to watch the cat spit out your variegated feathers.

Persevere, and I promise you, as soon as the fifty dollar fee is paid, I will introduce you to Nirvana.

Your sincere mentor,

RS



Associating with Herschel and Cleo got me more interested in animals than I'd ever been before. One of the first effects that I stopped eating all mammal and fowl by the summer of '72, and have continued so to this day. In the spring of '73, noticing an opossum in my yard one day, I thought he might be hungry. I took out a plate of bread and wieners, and soon he was eating away. This charity

grew until there occurred that wonderful summer evening when, as I was carrying out two platters heaped with food, five skunks, four coons and the opossum milled about my feet like tamed dogs.

On another evening my “giant skunk,” as I always thought of him—because he was—stretched out by my feet after eating, rolled about on the lawn, and then dozed for awhile, keeping me company, like a dog. Eventually I was putting out two plates heaped with food, two different times every night. Not to slight the birds, I built and suspended a large bird feeding station from a tree. As many as 200 birds were subsequently in my yard at one time. There were cardinals, jays, cowbirds, starlings and numerous finches and sparrows. It got so I was using 65 pounds of birdseed every week.

One night, when it was pitch dark and rainy, I was on my hands and knees shoving a plate of food under the edge of the trailer, so the rain wouldn't mess it up. I felt some fur on the end of my nose, and straining my eyes to see what it was, I perceived that I had my nose up the ass of one of the skunks. I froze, and then very carefully backed off. But no problem. He, or she, didn't spritz me. If he had I could have been permanently blinded. In all of about a year and a half when skunks came to my place, I never got spritzed.

The animals tolerated each other well. Skunks and coons ate together out of the same plate. I once saw a coon come rushing up to a plate and squeeze himself in between two skunks who were already eating. There was no friction. The skunks moved over enough to make room for the coon. There did seem to be some discrimination against the opossum. He'd therefore hang back a little bit till the crowd thinned out, before coming forward to eat.

It is interesting that in this far eastern suburb of Cleveland, called Willoughby, where we lived, I had far more contact with wild animals than I had down on the Ashram in the West Virginia mountains, or than I've had in rural central Florida where I now live.



By the autumn of '73, a number of TAT groups were meeting in several different cities. There was one in Kent, Ohio, composed of students from Kent State University. I commenced attending the meetings of this group, but due to the age gap between me and the others, I seemed to make the group ill at ease. Dick mentions this problem in the following letter.

Benwood, W. Va.

11/24/73

Hello Bob;

Received your TAT check today. On my return from the lecture I gave in Columbus, I found a letter from Marian McClellan telling me she wants to become more active in the group. She enclosed a check for \$30 to help pay for winter expenses of the Ashram.

The main reason for this letter is to let you know that I'm apprehensive about your effects on the Kent group. Don't get me wrong. We need all the help we can get there. Steve Harnish, the man in charge of the group welcomes your help. He has only recently

obtained my book, 'The Albigen Papers.' He is drawn to TAT more by an intuitive pull than by a comprehensive study and understanding of the system and the philosophy.

You will be talking to people who are trying to live the life...for one thing...and it will be apparent that you are not. I have to quibble with this, but am only saying that you will face some negative reactions if you become too vocal in the groups. How are we going to work it? I don't know. But try to feel your way for a bit.

I will be back up there on the 9th if all goes well...so you will only have one meeting after you receive this letter, at which I'll not be present.

Let me give you some statistics to date, so you will not think my caution needless...we have had good response to my lectures at universities, having initial attendance of say 20 people, but this will then be followed by a meeting with 5...meaning that 15 out of every batch that comes in do not return. I have been studying this. Asking questions about individual reactions to my talks, etc.

Some of the results: Some expect that it is only a meeting of students and are surprised to see a bald old geezer sitting up front (This with regard to the posters which say, 'Zen Group Forming', and which do not mention my coming). Many do not know what I'm talking about, having never read any related books, except perhaps something by Watts.

I found the most formidable handicap is that they come into a class room, see a man, and don't know what he is doing there. Some think I'm a College teacher giving a book report. When they find out this is not true, they then may think I'm some goof with a capricious set of ideas. Some feel I'm evil...because I don't advocate women's lib, abortion, sexual dalliance, gay rights, and other shit-house togetherness.

Now we don't have this trouble in Pittsburgh, because Augie Turak wastes no time until he has DEFINED ME AS A TEACHER. He drops all argumentation and simply says, 'This is how it is. We know...it is up to you to find out about Mr. Rose.'

It is not advantageous for me to define myself.

Now I don't want you to take a position or blow any horns. Just the opposite. If you want to get Steve Harnish a hand, if the meeting gets too quiet, ask some questions about my Albigen Papers, so that their attention will be brought to an evaluation of them.

Each individual group is scheduled to discuss the Albigen Papers and its subject material somewhat completely before going on to the next step, which is group confrontation. This group confrontation will be new to you...and you would have to work in a group doing it for awhile before you would be able to monitor a group. It took Augie a year to pick it up.

Another point, is the need to keep in close touch. All of the monitors keep in pretty close contact with me...we cannot afford to let things slip. They do not procrastinate important phone calls, nor business functions that are necessary to get an ad in on time, or call members, etc.

I know you will say, what has this to do with you at this time? Perhaps you just wish to attend the meetings and not function too formidably. This may be an original intention, but after awhile you will get more involved...or lose interest.

Keep in touch.

Take care of yourself...and tell old John Barleycorn to go f... himself. Grab yourself by the ass of the pants!

In friendship,

Dick



In June of the following year, '74, I was visiting at the Ashram center on Dick's farm in the mountains of the West Virginia panhandle. Dave Gold, one of our TAT people, came walking by with a 22 caliber repeating rifle. I asked Dave where he was going that he needed a gun. He said he was out to get the coon that had been raiding the communal garden.

Because of my close association with animals that I've mentioned above, which included a group of raccoons, a white flame of irrational rage welled up in me. I told Dave that if I saw anybody shoot a coon I'd as likely as not shoot them. I said that I didn't believe in killing except for killing people, for many of them deserved to die. As I recall, I went on and excoriated him and many of the other TAT members for continuing to maintain the slaughterhouse of America, by their moral weakness and inability to refrain from eating cows, hogs, goats, chickens, and other high-level animals that suffer anxiety, fear and pain.

Rose intervened and tried to calm me down. He said my views were in a minority with the TAT members, and though I had a right to them, I couldn't expect to force them on others. There were other matters of lifestyle, he claimed, that were more important than whether one ate meat.

I told Dick I was disgusted with most of the group, and their likelihood of getting enlightenment was the same as Jesus' camel passing through the eye of a needle.

"Take back the acre of ground I'm buying down here," I said. "I'll never want to live down here." I stormed off and immediately drove back to Cleveland.

There were, I think, two deep-laden resentments in me that weren't brought out in our brief conflict. In all of my associations with the numerous young people who now were the bulk of the TAT Society, I felt like I was unwanted by them. There was an aloofness that would not be bridged. My extensive experience and knowledge in the search seemed not to impress these much more superficially informed youth, nor were they interested in drinking from my fount of learning. That I was Dick's oldest and best friend from way back seemed to cut no ice either.

I was jealous, too, because I felt now that Dick had succeeded in building up a considerable following, he had no time for friends of "auld lang syne." It was hard for me to get a leisurely personal interview with him now.

When I got back to Cleveland, I really thought that this rupture would be permanent. However, in mid July, I got the following short communication.

Benwood, W. Va.

7/13/74

Dear Bob;

Sorry about the delay in getting this to you. The group is increasing at the farm and I don't get much time.

I recognize your dilemma on loyalty...to me, or to the piss ants and birds. I also recognize that this is not the real dilemma...that the real dilemma is in your letting go.

If you must love little creatures...love your numerous progeny...or your grandchildren. I never saw you stroke them, or put your mouth to their cheeks to give them that much needed affection...that would make them feel less alone in this jungle.

Also...you asked me to help you. And I gave you my energy. You have been smashed on the road of life...and I tried to give back to you something that you have wasted and neglected in yourself.

You can see that which I am trying to do...if you want to.

So hang in there. I talked to the group about you giving up your lot...and we decided that we will hold it indefinitely for you.

There is no hurry. Take care of yourself...and give Pearl my regards.

A battle has begun within you. I am real proud that you have done some weeks without the booze. My prayers go with you. My friendship endures.

Sincerely,

Richard



Subsequent to this, I continued to pay on my acre, and to consider myself one of the brotherhood, but I no longer went to any of the nearby meetings. In the autumn of '74, in connection—if my memory is correct—with an edition of Rose's book *The Albigen Papers*, I submitted for his use the following sincere testimonial:

To Sincere Seekers;

In the spring of 1947, Richard Rose, whom I considered then to be my best friend, arrived unexpectedly at my home in Cleveland. He had just come cross country by bus from Seattle, and he wished to tell me of a remarkable experience. He was noticeably shaken by the memory of the Cosmic Consciousness which he had undergone.

At the time, his attempt to make me realize the enormous transcendence of this state of being over accepted human states was largely unsuccessful, mainly due to my lack of knowledge about such a state of awareness.

Some time later he wrote *The Three Books of the Absolute*, in which he tried to verbalize that part of the experience which could be touched by words. This writing of Mr. Rose, in conjunction with other subsequent study of mine, helped generate in me a certain intellectual illumination concerning the “Way of Things.”

Although seeking Truth has been an occupation of much of my adult life, I have only met two people whom I’ve been convinced without doubt, became aware in Cosmic Consciousness, and even more, awakened to that which lies beyond all thought.

One of these men is Richard Rose.

Because of this, his witness is from the Source.

The above is written in faith October 22, 1974, by—

Robert J. Martin, P.E.
Senior Engineering Analyst on NASA Projects,
W.L. Tanksley & Assoc.,
Wickliffe, Ohio

Toward the end of the year RS sent me a copy of a very concise statement, for general distribution, of what he was about. It has so much good meat in it that I present it below. He called it –

Pathfinder

Man chooses a spiritual path according to his capacity, the same as he chooses an occupation or profession according to his capacity. Sometimes a man chooses a profession because of emotional association instead of capacity-knowledge, and very often a man chooses his spiritual path for emotional reasons, and does not know it. The latter man does not know his capacity, in fact very few men really know their capacity, because capacity can only be realized by effort beyond the limits which we set for ourselves when we engage in an enterprise, whether the enterprise be economic or spiritual.

As in business, so in spiritual things. Capacity is determined by and identified with intense desire and stubborn application of effort. And as in business, the spiritual capacity of beginners is generally recognized by persons, more mature, who have tested their own capacity and proved the merits of their determination, and who know the symptoms and qualifications that make for success. In business, we may be stubborn and determined, and have all the qualification for a “do or die” project, but unless we find an opportunity or opening in a group of successful businessmen, in their business, or among fellows who dream the same dream as ourselves, our dynamism will flourish like a palm tree at the north pole.

And so in spiritual work. Too many think that they can go it alone. Others choose a path because it appeals to their emotions. Some doubt their own capacity, and settle for an easy course of action. Some overestimate their point of maturity and wish to leap ahead and do anything that is hinted at as being the million-dollar step or the discipline that brings knowledge of everything all at once. Some even approach this attempt at the giant step with a foolish reservation that they must hurry at it, get enlightenment so that they can go back to a “normal” life quickly and reenter the game of life.

They never stop to think that when they reach enlightenment, they will possibly have little or no interest in the game of life.

So the purpose in this writing is to join with the beginner for spiritual exercise, in looking at a yardstick of sorts, so that the beginner (at least he is a beginner in this field or system) will waste no more time than is necessary, and so that he can establish some balance and discretion in choosing the launching point of his endeavor.

It is not enough just to say that man is a victim of emotional determinations. The business of fooling oneself is very elaborate, and while emotions are generally at the root of the delusion, these emotions are skillfully veiled, and their case is argued against the spiritual convictions of the person with an elaborate diversity and cleverness, so that the person must be very astute and intuitive to survive the argumentative onslaughts.

The attacks upon objectives of a philosophical or spiritual nature are best labeled as forces of adversity. They include Rationalization, Procrastination, Fear, Fatigue, hereditary inclinations, and others. And the knowledge of the existence of these blocks indicates a need to follow a practice of checking our thinking at all levels.

In speaking here of levels, a good method of designation of levels is the system used by Gurdjieff in which the least exalted man is man number one, and the most exalted is man number seven.

Man number one is Instinctive Man. He rarely pays much attention to religion. Man number two is Emotional Man. Most people who read this will be in this category, or in Man number three, which is Intellectual Man. Emotional Man is he who chooses his spiritual path because of his application of emotions to religion or philosophy. He may have had a state of exaltation if in his lifetime he evolved from Man number one. The decisive change from one Man-Number to the next is accompanied generally by an exaltation or intense feeling of spiritual conviction that tells him that he has reached the final answer.

When Man number two supplants number one, it means that the man in question has translated his instinctive animal energies into an emotional attachment for survival. The emotional attachment furthermore may be one stimulated by fear, in combination with an intense love for another person (savior or spiritual guide) which exceeds his love for his genetic urges. In this transition there is a moment of exaltation known as “salvation” or “being saved.”

Man is his own greatest obstacle to finding Truth. It is only when his natural instincts, appetites, and egos have surrendered and left his field of consciousness, that he is able to think without coloring his own thoughts with wishful thinking. In “being saved” there is no doubt that there is a dropping of instincts, and a partial rejection of some of the appetites.

At this point, let us pause and see if we are Man number two. Do we believe in a personal savior? Do we go to church because the minister is charismatic? Do we follow a guru because he allows us to indulge in autohypnotic methods which bring about a pleasant or peaceful feeling? Are we inspired by writings that appeal to our emotions? Such stories may involve moving accounts of little children, their belief in a religious ideal, or their reaction to such beliefs. They may just as well involve stories of monks and nuns, depicting masochistic reactions to the misery of ascetic life or martyrdom, all of which appeals to the masochism or sadism within ourself.

To summarize a bit for identification of Emotional Man, all who follow a religion or ism with blind belief are people in this category. Devout believers and participators in conventional, organized churches and systems should not look further into this system. This system will not do too much good for Man number two, — except in rare cases where, accidentally, an emotional attraction to a system of higher number leads the person attracted, to follow it blindly. This is never advised.

When Man number two graduates from his level, he experiences an exaltation of serenity, in which he no longer makes decisions from emotional motivation. He enters the level of Man number three, and embarks upon a frantic, enthusiastic adventure in which he chooses to reach Truth through logical and systematic thinking-processes. One of the things which he attempts is the systematizing and symbolizing of all esoteric knowledge. He treats it like a science, and he will come up with concept-structures all his own. Or he may decide that there is power in symbols and decide on magic or numerology as a means to all knowledge. Or he may simply devote his life to scientific studies in the field of psychology, or pathology. If he has been a devout fundamentalist, he will step over into a methodical study of scriptures such as the Swedenborgian system, a study of the Kabbala, or of another literal method of appraising the scriptures.

Man number three is motivated by an intellectual ego that is large. In fact it has taken him quite a few years of his life to reassure himself that his intellectuality knows no bounds.

But then, eventually he may reach the point where he realizes, beyond all doubt, that his intellect by itself will not take him to Truth. He then suffers the loss of the intellectual ego, and enjoys an exaltation that is known as the bliss of mystics. He becomes a mystic-philosopher. He has learned that he will never learn the Truth, and that if he wants the Truth, he must *become* it. Of course he does not have any direction for his attempts to become and flounders about, often for many years. He looks into yoga and mysticism. Since he is living in an intellectual vehicle, he will become philosophic, and still try to reason. He has now become Man number four. He will try to use his instinctive, emotional and intellectual mechanisms to sort things out for the Truth.

Man number four is the man ready for the next and last step, the step into Satori or Cosmic Consciousness. This man will understand these papers (*The Albigen Papers*) when he reads them, because he has gone through all the previous levels, and thoroughly knows their symptoms. So that Man number four is the man I am most eager to encounter in this adventure, for he has a chance of getting more from the TAT (Truth and Transmission) system than the previous three. Others on the second and third level will not be rejected, but they may reject themselves.

The first paper of *The Albigen Papers* can be understood by Man numbers 2, 3 & 4. They will generally react favorably to it. The second paper will be understood by the same three, but Man number 2 may not care for it. Man number 2 may reject the third paper, since it intellectually analyses the condition of Man number 2. Man number 3 may reject some, or all, of the fourth paper, or...he may be inspired to read further out of intellectual curiosity.

The above does not mean that the subject matter of these papers is obscure or cabalistic, or deliberately planned to confuse people on lesser levels, or to deny them valuable information. These papers are all written plainly, in the simplest words possible, for the complexity of the subjects discussed.

Written in Faith

RS



In January of the following year, '75, a very pathetic-looking, sick, old beagle-terrier mix began to hang about our trailer park. I believe she was trying to get a bite of the food I put out for the wild animals. She must have been badly abused by people, for it was very hard for me to get within touching distance of her, even with the lure of succulent wiener. After a couple of days, however, I was able to grab her. She bit feebly at my gloved hands.

I could see she was very ill, so I immediately took her to the vet, where she stayed for about two weeks, getting built up and being treated for a very obstinate skin disease. Every other day, on the way home from work, I would visit her at the veterinary hospital. By the time I could take her home, there was a love between us. I named her Ruth after my first wife.

To be nearer the NASA Lewis Research Center, which was now our main source of work, my firm moved to the west side of Cleveland, and Pearl, three parakeets, Ruthie and myself, shortly followed suit.

I became very jaded with my work. I absolutely refused to engage in design supervision, in which I'd become familiar with various specifications of sophisticated research hardware. I insisted in working only in mathematical analysis of research problems. And these problems even no longer seemed to turn me on. I remember telling my chief engineer and the NASA liaison supervisor, that practically everything we worked on, if seen from higher truth, was either useless or harmful. This comment was not appreciated. I heard later that the NASA boss told mine, "We've got to get rid of Martin. He's bonkers."

Of course my general depressed psychic state was undoubtedly due in part to the effects of many years of drinking. Whatever the cause, the first week of August was my last to work at Tanksley's.

I got a good severance pay, a nice nest egg from my vested interest in a pension fund, and a discharge kindly worded so that I had no problem getting unemployment compensation. I further increased my liquid assets by cashing in a long held life insurance policy. Aware of my probable discharge several months before it occurred, I had prudently borrowed on my signature a respectable sum from a leading finance company (not one of the nasty mafia kind that break your legs if you don't make payments). Now having no job, I obviously couldn't make payments, nor did I own anything of sufficient value for them to confiscate.

I decided on a long vacation. I was now 57 and realizing it.

At Labor Day, there was a big TAT meeting down at the Ashram. Pearl, who was suffering from serious depression, couldn't go. Nor, because of her condition, could I leave Ruthie in her care. So my son Andy, Ruthie, and I drove down for the meeting. A wide-ranging heavy rain saturated the whole weekend. Because Ruthie was still in poor health, when she got wet she stank a bit rankly.

We got to the farm after dark on a Friday evening. A meeting, with Rose presiding, was already under way. We walked in, and the odor from Ruthie wafted to the Guru. "Get that damn dog out of here," he roared. I resented this sort of greeting. "I sure will," I hollered back, "and *I'll* stay out too!" I slept in the car with Ruthie that night, as I wouldn't leave her alone in a strange place.

Late the next afternoon, we started back north. I had spent the day Saturday in the company of the dog. Although Andy said that he could barely stand the odor from the dog in the closed car, I still blasted RS' attitude. I was sure that if I'd brought a human lady instead of a dog lady with me, and if she stank from illness, he would have been kind and considerate. I condemned him for having such species prejudice. But after all, he didn't care too much for niggers¹. Why should he like dogs?

Two days after returning to Cleveland, Ruthie died, while in bed with me at night. Possibly in despair at being turned away from a chance for spiritual enlightenment! The vet's guess was that she was about 12 or 13 at this time.

This episode should have made clear to me a strain of deep personality friction that had ever pervaded my relationship with RS.

¹ Rose was *not* a bigot, and it was obvious to every one of his students, some of whom were black, that he evaluated each individual he met solely on the content of their character. – *Ed. Note*

Chapter VIII

Living at the Ashram

Apparently neither Rose or I were clearly aware of our strained relationship, for in the spring of '76, I asked him if I could move down to the Ashram, with the idea of building a small home on my acre. He immediately agreed. For our initial quarters, Pearl, now four parakeets, and a young Labrador-shepherd mix, were housed in an old 6-foot by 24-foot house trailer.

Things started out real bad. Pearl, who was still very depressed, began to cry when she saw the small old nature of her new home. I had to slap her to get her out of her hysteria. Then Cindy, my new dog, bounded out of the car and pranced up to the Ashram members, who were standing about. She assumes that everyone likes dogs. My greeting from RS was... "If that dog chases the goats we'll have to kill it." I was instantly so enraged that my voice was shaking, as I snarled back. "You shoot Cindy and I'll shoot you."

Rose turned away, face white with fury, saying as he got into his car to head back to town... "I should have my head examined for agreeing to have you down here."

Andy, who was down here at this time, came into the trailer with Pearl and tried to calm me down. I developed a real nasty spell of cardiac irregularity, and Andy had to get me a six pack from the Sky View Inn so I could get sedated enough to rest.

I just didn't fit in. There was no rapport between me and the young people who were staying there on the farm. I was convinced that they looked on me as a sort of boring clown. In the year we were there, RS never engaged in a leisurely talk with me. I felt as though he was avoiding me. I thought he would want me to attend meetings. For a few weeks, I went to meetings that were held in the big farmhouse. And then one evening, Rose told me that I shouldn't come to those meetings, as they were some kind of sensitivity sessions for an inner group, and my presence was a disrupting influence. "Hey," I thought. "This is a good place to live. If I live here for even a short time, it will seem very long indeed!"

I retaliated as best I could. I used to ridicule the boys for having spiritual pretensions when they couldn't even give up eating meat. I was infuriated to see them barbecue goats who had trusted them and were their friends. Most of them ridiculed the Hari Krishna people, who had much of the property around the TAT Ashram. But at least, with regard to ascetic discipline, I thought the Krishna monks superior. I expressed myself nastily and forcibly about the group cutting down a lot of nice trees in order to make a large meeting hall in the forest.

The winter of '76 and '77 was memorable. It was the coldest weather I'd experienced in my life. I remember the January morning when Pearl and I woke up to 35°F inside our trailer. The fire in the old cast iron stove was out. There was a single-burner electric hotplate and a small electric broiler putting out heat in that small trailer, but it was still 35°F...for, outside this morning, it was 27°F *below zero!* Pearl really shivered on the outside toilet that morning.

The county couldn't treat the more remote country roads as they ran out of salt and ashes. Throughout January, without tire chains, I couldn't drive my light car into town to get supplies. I had some hard words with a couple of the boys whom I understood had agreed to pick up some supplies for me, and then reneged on the arrangement. (Others got my supplies shortly thereafter).

Then, at the end of January, a last-straw episode occurred. One bitter cold afternoon I was trying again to get into town. I couldn't make it up the slope that led away from the Ashram. My car slid backwards down the slope and into a snow-filled ditch. Two strangers came along in a new four-wheel drive Jeep Wagoneer and pulled me out of the ditch, so I could get back to the Ashram. And then, ironically, their new Jeep conked out, and no way could they get it started.

Now it was bitter cold and starting to get dark. I told them there was a phone at the farmhouse that they could use, and that if they couldn't get any help they could stay over night there. While the one fellow tried to get the party he wanted in Wheeling, I answered some casual questions about the Ashram. When I did so, one young TAT member who was in the room, straightened up abruptly like he had a burr shoved up his ass. Later, they were able to start the Jeep and go.

Evidently, in this whole matter, I'd violated several security rules. The next day I was told that the phone was off limits for me. This was not directly from Dick, who was wisely staying in Benwood at this time, but rather was a restriction given to me by the young fellow known as the Farm Manager. Not being permitted to use the phone, I couldn't talk to Dick about the matter.

A couple of days later I got a note from the Guru, terminating my rental of the trailer as of the end of February. Like Adam and Eve, we were expelled from paradise!

The weather moderated some during the first week of February. We loaded the old car to the utmost, and burnt or gave away what we couldn't take, and two days after receiving the eviction notice we left for Florida, where we have been living ever since. The three parakeets, Heschel, Cleo, and Liz in two cages, and Pearl, Cindy and I, with our small heap of belongings really jammed up the car. But now we were fortunate, and had fair weather and no trouble all the way. (Our fourth parakeet, Petey, had died during the summer and was buried on my acre.)

Chapter IX

Afterwards and Assessment

Six and two thirds years have hurried by since I left the Ashram. Soon after getting to Inverness in Central Florida, I was very fortunate to get a job as senior engineering technician in the Citrus County Planning Department. This job mainly involved cartographic drafting, but it was mildly entertaining, I had nice co-workers, and it gave me enough long green to tide me over until three years later, in 1980, I took early retirement under Social Security.

Since then, from four textbooks I obtained, I've studied astrology intensively, and am now competent therein. I can perform the usual main functions. Cast a Natal Horoscope and Interpret, determine whether a particular time is auspicious for an undertaking on proposes, determine whether any time in question is favorable in a general global sense, and check the degree of compatibility between two individuals.

I have also been making two different kinds of statistical studies with regard to astrology, the results so far of which, sadly enough, look like the whole science is a pseudo crock. It is amusing, however, that Astrology shows RS and myself to be of appreciably less than average compatibility. It is also interesting that of 39 different individuals whom I've considered, Rose has the most overall auspicious horoscope.

I have undertaken this writing of my memories of RS as a sort of penance for the many headaches I've caused him. For, I would make it abundantly clear, that any derogatory comments about him in the later pages in no way changes the assessment that I've made previously; that he, and Leon Wood, are the most spiritually enlightened individuals that I've met in my fairly long lifetime.

I may not like all of the manifestations of his personality, *but* R.S. ROSE IS MUCH OTHER AND MORE THAN HIS PERSONALITY.

A curious thing I must add, which means that my higher self values him greatly, is that I've had numerous spiritual or philosophic type dreams throughout my life, and RS has figured, in an important way, in more than half of them.

In fact, in these years that I've been in Florida, I've had just three kinds of dreams. About doing scientific work, about the mother of my ten children, and about Rose.

And despite the various difficulties that I encountered at the Ashram, I treasure that time in my memory. The long rocky ravine and the stream cascading through it and down the mountain side.

The grassy clearing at the high point back in the forest. Running with Cindy through the woods on a brisk early November day, with an early flurry of snow dusting us. Digging a foundation for a cottage on my acre during hot July weather, and burying poor Petey nearby. Seeing the Panther make a great graceful leap over a brush pile before slipping deeper into the woods. On a glorious spring evening at sunset, the distant sound of the Hari Krishna monks chanting.

It is finished for now.

Om Mani Padme Hum

Books Cited in Peace to the Wanderer

Richard Rose or Bob Martin cited the following titles in *Peace to the Wanderer*.

Sadhana The Realisation of Life by Rabindranath Tagore

At the Feet of the Master by J. Krishnamurti

Isis Unveiled by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

Cosmic Consciousness by Richard Maurice Bucke

A Three Dimensional Model of the Four Dimensional World View by Robert J. Martin

Wisdom of the Overself by Paul Brunton

In Search of the Miraculous by P.D. Ouspensky

A New Model of the Universe by P.D. Ouspensky

Significance of Mysticism and Psychic Phenomena in the Christian Religion by O. Desmond Pengelley

An Outline of Occult Science by Rudolph Steiner

Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its Attainment by Rudolph Steiner

Conquest of Illusion by J.J. Van der Leeuw

Autobiography of a Yogi by Paramahansa Yogananda

A Buddhist Bible by Dwight Goddard

The Fourth Way by P.D. Ouspensky

The Master Game: Pathways to Higher Consciousness by Robert S. de Ropp

About Richard Rose

Courtesy of the TAT Foundation²

Richard Rose (1917 - 2005) is one of the most profound and unusual spiritual teachers this country has ever produced. A native son from the hills of West Virginia, Mr. Rose underwent a cataclysmic spiritual experience at the age of thirty that left him with an intimate understanding of the secrets of life and death. He was often referred to as a Zen Master by the people who knew him because of the depth of his wisdom and his ability to make direct mind contact with his students. But he did not expound traditional Zen or any other traditional teachings. What he taught sprang from his personal realization of Truth.

Though he was the author of several books on esoteric philosophy and had lectured widely in universities across the country, Richard Rose remained largely unknown. He has been described, in fact, as "The greatest man no one's ever heard of." He appeared in newspaper articles and on local talk shows during lecture tours, and was featured in spiritual journals from time to time, but he was in some ways a throw-back to the stern Zen masters of a thousand years ago, and his hard-edged, uncompromising approach to life and spiritual work is not a path for the easy-going.

From a very early age, Richard Rose was a man on a mission: to find an answer to the great riddle of life. One of his earliest memories was writing over and over in a child's hand, "Many are called, but few are chosen." At the age of twelve, he entered a Capuchin seminary in Pennsylvania to study for the priesthood. He wanted, simply, to find God. After five years he left, however, disenchanted with religious life and the constant admonitions to be content to believe church doctrines, not to seek a personal experience of God.

Disillusioned with religion, he focused on physics and chemistry in college. He hoped to find the keys to the universe in atoms and molecules, but eventually realized that logic and science were yet another endless tangent. He then turned to yoga and asceticism, and in his twenties he maintained an extremely disciplined lifestyle. "I decided to make my body a laboratory," he said, "not a cesspool." He became a vegetarian, did not smoke or drink, and observed strict celibacy. He also spent long months in solitude on his remote farm in the hills of West Virginia. "Solitude is beautiful," he says. "Those years of celibacy and solitude were the most joyful of my life."

But Mr. Rose also knew he needed to seek out information about the spiritual path, and find others who were on it. And so he often crisscrossed the country in search of someone who might have achieved true wisdom. This was in the '30s and '40s, however, and there were few books available,

and even fewer teachers. He must have presented quite an appearance in those days. He kept his head shaved, wore a goatee, and in keeping with his years in the seminary, perhaps, dressed entirely in black, including a black snap-brim fedora reminiscent of the gangsters of the day.

He would travel hundreds of miles by bus or hitchhiking because he had heard a certain book might be available in a distant library. He met with spiritualists, witch-doctors, shamans, healers, psychics, yogis, and gurus, most often coming away from those meetings disappointed, but wiser for the experience. He joined every spiritual and psychic group he could find, learned what they had to offer, then ended up rejecting almost all of them.

Along the way, he began to develop his own unique way of sifting through the information and misinformation available, looking for that which was most likely to be true. His training as a scientist led him to approach the abstract realm of the spiritual scientifically, whereas the norm was usually blind faith, wishful thinking, and confusion. This scientific approach to spiritual work was the genesis of what he would later call the Albigen System.

He wanted to unravel the Gordian Knot, and lived only for that purpose. He decided he would rather suffer insanity or death than be ignorant of his destiny, his source, his true Self. Those who knew him then found him to be a man possessed by an insatiable desire to find out what lay behind the curtain of pretense so often accepted as a “wonderful life.” He doubted everything, and questioned everybody he met about their philosophy of life — and death. He sought only one thing: a final answer that would dissolve all his doubts and questions. He wanted *the* answer.

Then, at the age of thirty, after a life of asceticism, searching, and eventually trauma, Richard Rose had a spiritual awakening of great depth. Years later, he discovered in the writings of Ramana Maharshi a descriptive term for what he had undergone — Sahaja Nirvikalpa Samadhi — the Hindu term for the maximum human experience possible, in which the individual mind dies, and the individual awareness merges totally with the source of all life and awareness — the Absolute, God, Truth. Maharshi metaphorically spoke of this experience as a river discharged into the ocean and its identity lost.

For many years afterwards Mr. Rose struggled to understand the implications of his enlightenment experience, and to translate it into a system that might help others achieve the same realization. Finally, he distilled his mountain of notes into a handbook for spiritual and philosophic seekers, outlining the many pitfalls as well as illuminating the essential elements for success on the spiritual path. It is entitled *The Albigen Papers*. Later, the spiritual path that this book describes became known as the Albigen System.

Richard Rose lived, spoke, and wrote without the pretense or arrogance so often found in spiritual and philosophic work. He never charged any money for his teaching, and he never closed his door to any sincere seeker, or to anyone who was troubled and wanted to discover an avenue to peace and mental clarity. Since his first public lecture in Pittsburgh in 1972, Mr. Rose maintained a lifestyle unaffected by opportunities for wealth, fortune, and fame. He was a relentless man who had the determination, inspiration, and dedication it takes to discover the total answer to the riddle of life.

² Visit www.tatfoundation.org for more information.

Books by Richard Rose

The Direct-Mind Experience

This is a recommended introduction to Richard Rose. It is a compilation of lectures, interviews, and discussions addressing such topics as Zen, dreams, moods, miracles, psychology, perception, intuition, and many more. The dynamism and spontaneity of Richard Rose as speaker and teacher are well captured.

Meditation

Richard Rose's unique, but sensible approach to meditation - a system that advises looking for afflictions to the individuality to bring about an understanding of your true Self. It answers the same questions asked by sages such as Ramana Maharshi and Gurdjieff, not to mention the same questions asked by all honest seekers.

Psychology of the Observer

A small book packed with information; Richard Rose's roadmap to interior discovery. It presents the author's examination of perception, levels of mind and spiritual progress, and the method of self observation. In it is a method for mundane man to reach the maximum mental-spiritual experience. Such a book can save an individual a lifetime of random searching.

The Albigen Papers

Richard Rose's shattering expose of social, psychological, and spiritual illusions. The aim of this book is to approach reality. It is an indispensable guidebook to the path of self-knowledge and realization. It contains an examination of spiritual systems, blocks and aids to spiritual progress, and a common sense approach to spiritual seeking. Also included is a poetic account of Richard Rose's own spiritual experience - "The Three Books of the Absolute."

Carillon: Poems, Essays, and Philosophy

This delightful and enlightening book will carry you from the poetic to the profound. The idealism and romanticism of youth, the realism of maturity, and the wisdom of spiritual attainment are eloquently and poignantly expressed in Richard Rose's poetry and prose.

Energy Transmutation, Between-ness and Transmission

One of Richard Rose's earlier works written for those who have found a direction through his lectures and other books. It is an examination of the role of tension in life, the creation and conservation of human energy, and the use of that energy for spiritual attainment.