

The Philosophical Research Society, Inc.

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Dear Friends:



THE STORY OF EVERYONE - There is a wonderful old fable that has descended to us as part of our heritage of wisdom. The source of the story is unknown. Some believe that it originated in Egypt, and others that it began in the pleasant gardens of Samarkand. It has been retold countless times along caravan routes and in the marts of ancient cities.

Once upon a time a fallow youth (EVERYMAN who cometh into the world) was walking along a narrow path carrying two sacks -- one hung on his back, and the other on his chest. He was on the journey from "nonage to dotage." The path he walked was strewn with pebbles which some Divine Power had ordained that he must gather and put into his sacks. There were many bright and beautiful little pebbles, and he eagerly picked them up and placed them carefully in the bag on his chest. There were also a number of rather unattractive stones of nondescript color and shape. When he came to one of these, he hastily put it into the sack on his back, hoping never to see it again. The stones were experience and the pretty ones were good times and happy occasions which gave him no concern; and the nondescript pebbles were problems, deficiencies of character or responsibilities that should be faced. These did not interest him so he put them in the sack behind him.

The years passed and the traveler accumulated a heavy load. He began to say to himself, "I guess I'm not as young as I used to be. My steps are slower and I get a little tired even while I'm picking up pretty pebbles." He also found that his back was beginning to bend, but he attributed this also to age. If the thought happened to enter his mind that the sack on his back was growing heavy, he dismissed the thought immediately. A few more years passed and the journeyer found he had difficulty in walking so he cut a staff to help him and for a time he found his trip more pleasant. At last, however, the burden of neglected facts and unsolved problems crushed him and he died even as he was trying to reach for another pretty pebble.

The hero of this fable, if we wish to consider him a hero, would have been wiser had he put the less attractive stones in the sack he carried on his chest. He would then have realized that the load was getting too heavy, and that if he intended to bring

his life to a good end, he had better give more consideration to the real facts of living. As it was, his perspective was entirely wrong. He never realized the basic mistake and therefore thought he was suffering from circumstances beyond his control. He felt himself misunderstood, or born under an unlucky star. As a result of failing to use the common sense with which he had been endowed, what might have been a wonderful lifetime ended in disaster.

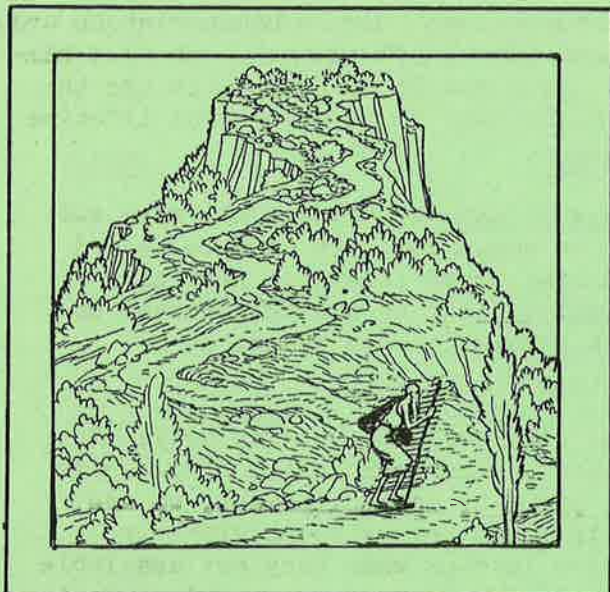
The two sacks represent parts of man's internal psychic nature. We are all more susceptible to situations that please us. We want to be happy and have come to regard happiness as freedom to do as we please. We would like to be liberated from all responsibilities except those which we may voluntarily accept in the fulfillment of personal desires. Even those labors, without which physical security cannot be attained, are regarded as misfortunes.

It is a mistake to assume, however, that unfinished business simply fades away. It remains like the heavy stones carried by the wanderer in the sack behind him. While we are young, enthusiastic, and looking forward to years of accomplishment, we are reluctant to accept the challenging of experience if it is inconsistent with our ambitions. Because we do not accept the constructive lessons when they are available to us, we develop grievances, nurture antagonisms, and develop many forms of self-pity. The more ruthless we are, the more sorrow we cause and, like Odin's raven -- in the end our mistakes come home to roost. Odin at least had the wisdom to heed the reports of his feathered messengers. Some folks seem to be born in the objective case. They are unadjusted from the cradle to the grave. Others achieve unhappiness by carefully cultivating its causes. Still others seem to have it thrust upon them. In the latter case, ignorance rather than intentional perversity exacts its inevitable penalty.

If we retired at forty-five instead of sixty-five, we would become aware of the sack of stones on our own back. A parallel situation develops in connection with sleep for, as the Apostle says, "I die daily." Wherever there is too much personality disturbance and the individual is burdened with the neurosis of rejected and misunderstood facts, nature may present the symptoms thinly veiled in dream symbolism. When the conscious mind, with its defenses and its auto-hypnotic influence over itself, is no longer functioning -- the hidden pressures come out like ghosts in a haunted house. The goblins fade, of course, with the first crowing of the cock, for waking restores the authority of dominant attitudes.

After middle life the authority of mental attitudes normally begins to weaken. This does not mean that its values are lost, but that its hold upon our purposes is lessened by fatigue. Carl Jung has noted the trend natural to older persons to unburden themselves from accumulations. By the time the normal individual is forty-five, it becomes attractive to cast off ballast. In the old days of the hot air balloon, altitude was attained by dropping sandbags. When the individual begins to realize that his time in this world is shortened, it also occurs to him that if he is to ascend to a more spiritual realm he must also lighten his load. Today, however, ambition drives a person to continue his career through those years when his mind should be free to assimilate the experiences of living and attain the age of wisdom.

Nothing is actually forgotten, for the sack on the back never empties itself. The situations in living to which we react destructively, radically, or hysterically, must often be lived out when we are almost too tired to understand them. It was not fore-ordained that the retirement years should be a burden upon the soul, or a period of genteel vegetation. They should be wonderful years where the proper integration of our own resources brings us not only internal contentment but better physical health and freedom from countless ailments which are actually psychosomatic.



The old Egyptians believed that the soul in its journey through the mysteries of the underworld found itself in a confused region beset with peril, none of which, however, was real. The menacing apparitions were psychic entities existing only in the mind of the beholder. If the innerlife was at peace prior to the time of transition, the deceased person was "Osirified;" that is, he became Osiris. In this capacity he was judge of himself, meting out rewards and retributions according to inner conscience. He could no longer blame the world or the flesh for his troubles, or use unfortunate situations as an excuse for his misdemeanors.

His path from this life to the eternal was the same that EVERYONE must tread. The real purpose of embodiment is the transmutation of shortcomings into achievements of character. If we really try to live to become better integrated persons, we shall treasure most of the rough little pebbles that seem to make walking difficult, and they will be

put into the sack in front where we can never fail to see or remember them. The pretty little stones will go into the sack in back. They no longer challenge us, and in time can cause us to overlook the real purpose for our embodiment. Let us all, therefore, hope for each other a safe and wise journey with its more mature joys and a quiet realization of our personal responsibilities.



We have decided to attempt what we hope will prove to be a noble experiment. As you know, I have made six recordings -- four of which were of talks on philosophy and religion, and the other two were readings taken from one of my earliest books, *The Ways of the Lonely Ones*. We are now offering these in cassette tape form which we hope will bring them to a larger audience. Further details of this project will be available in the Fall Issue of the PRS News, which will reach you within a few weeks.

We are ever mindful of your help and inspiration through the years, and our next Contributors' Bulletin will include a special Christmas message.

Always most sincerely,

Mary P. Hall

The following list of books is recommended reading. Some were out of print. These books may be ordered directly from The Philosophical Research Society, Inc. (address on page one). Please add 35¢ for handling; Sales Tax is to be included by California residents. NOTE: Prices subject to change without notice.

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>PRICE</u>
Varieties of Religious Experience	William James	\$ 2.45
Vedanta for Modern Man	Ed. C. Isherwood	3.75
Vocational Guidance by Astrology	Charles Luntz	5.00
Voice of The Silence	Blavatsky	2.00
The Way of All Women	Esther Harding	7.00
The Way of the Sufi	Indries Shah (P)	2.45
The Way of the White Cloud	Lama Govinda (P)	2.95
We Japanese	Fujiya Hotel	12.50
The Will to Power	Frederich Nietzsche (P)	2.95
Writings of William James	William James	4.95
The Works of Thomas Vaughan, Alchemist & Mystic		15.00
The Way of Zen	Alan Watts	1.95
Woodblock Print Primer	Tomikichiro Tokuriki	4.25
Wonderful World of Netsuke	Raymond Bushell	3.75
What is the Moon (Haiku)	Ruby Lytle	1.00
William James on Psychical Research	Edt. by G. Murphy (P)	1.95
Worlds in Collision	Immanuel Volikovsky	10.00
The Well & The Cathedral, A Cycle of Process Meditation	Ira Progoff (P)	1.95
Wisdom of the Mystic Masters	Joseph Weed (P)	2.45
The World Within	Gina Cerminara	6.00
The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors	Kersey Graves	10.00
The Wisdom of Lao-tse	Edt. by Lin Yutang	2.95
The Way of Life According to Lao Tzu	Witter Bynner (P)	.95
A World Beyond	Ruth Montgomery	5.95
Woman's Mysteries, Ancient & Modern	Esther Harding	7.50
Wheel of Death	Ed. by Philip Kapleau	4.95
We Are All Healers	Sally Hammond	5.95
When Humanity Comes of Age	Vera Adler (P)	3.50
What is Meditation	John White (P)	2.50
Way to the Kingdom	Annon (P)	4.00
Yoga; Immortality & Freedom	Mircia Eliade	7.50

BOOKS BY MANLY P. HALL

Collected Writings, Vol. I \$	6.50	Codex Rosae Crucis - D.O.M.A \$	15.00
Words To The Wise	6.50	Journey In Truth	6.50
Questions and Answers	6.50	Healing, the Divine Art	7.75
Most Holy Trinosophia		The Phoenix	12.50
(St. Germain)	10.00	Self-Unfoldment	6.50

