

LETTER 38.

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Johannesburg, South Africa

My dear Friends:

I am now back in Johannesburg after a good time in Durban. Those of you who are not South Africans will be interested to know that Durban is a famous sea-side resort. It has a warmer climate than either the Cape or the Transvaal, and is a very clean and pretty city. Whilst I was there I was interviewed by one of the papers, and what seemed to intrigue my interviewer most was the story of the long trek seven of us made some years ago to the summit of Mont-aux-Sources where we buried seven magnetized jewels, representing the Seven Rays, and, at the moment of the sun's rising, dedicated them to the Angel of the mountain, asking him to use them in the service of South Africa. The ascent was over twelve miles and we went up on ponies. The last lap was quite alarming, for we had to climb up a chain ladder, forged into the face of a frightening precipice! We spent the night in a cabin on the top.

In my Christmas Letter I would like to discuss what to me is a very important subject, the way to greet and to use retributive karma coming from the past. But this time I think I would like to continue the subject of true love, for I have been finding quite a good deal about it in the writings of Mr. Krishnamurti. So many times he has said that we so rarely know how to love and that true love would give us the solution for all our ills. Consequently, he is always being asked to tell us what is true love. Pondering over his replies I think I can see that what he calls true love is what a Theosophist would call the coming into action of the Buddhist principle in us. He says that love cannot be thought about, cultivated, or practised. It appears when we truly understand ourselves. "For him who loves, eternity is now; for love is its own eternity."

He begins with describing what love is not. "What we call 'love' is a process of sensation and thought. Now is thought love? When I think of you, is that love? Surely thought is the result of a feeling, of sensation... And must we not find out if there is something beyond the field of thought? We know what love is in the ordinary sense--a process of thought and sensation. If we do not think of a person, we think we do not love him; if we do not feel, we think there is no love. But is that all? Or, is love something beyond? And to find out, must not thought, as sensation, come to an end?"

Surely love is flame without smoke. The smoke is that with which we are familiar--the smoke of jealousy, of anger, of dependence, of calling it personal or impersonal, the smoke of attachment. We have not the flame, but we are fully acquainted with the smoke; but it is possible to have that flame only when the smoke is not. Only when the smoke is not shall we know by experience that which is the flame.

"Do you call it love when in your relationship with others there is possessiveness, jealousy, fear, constant nagging, dominating and asserting? A man who loves is not jealous. When you love somebody you are not dominating, you are a part of that person. There is no separation, but complete integration. You see a beggar, you give him a coin, express a word of sympathy. Is sympathy love? Is forgiveness love? What is implied in forgiveness? I am still the central figure, it is I who am forgiving somebody."

I have always thought that there was something superior and condescending about "forgiving" someone. And I have never forgotten a saying of Krishnamurti's:



"The moment you feel superior, that moment your spirituality has ceased to exist."

Krishnamurti is continually being asked about sexual relationships in connection with love. This is how he replied:

"In the sexual relationship between man and woman, there is no love. When you use somebody for your sexual convenience, or in any other way, do you call it love? You may call it love, but it is not love. When there is love, then sex is not a problem--it is the lack of love that makes it into a problem. When you love somebody really deeply--not with the love of the mind, but really from your heart--you share with him or her everything you have, not your body only, but everything. In your trouble you ask her help, and she helps you. There is no division between man and woman when you love... To love is to be chaste. Mere intellect is not chastity. Only the man who loves is chaste, pure, incorruptible... It is only for the very, very few who love that the married relationship has significance, and then it is unbreakable, then it is not a mere habit of convenience, nor is it based upon biological, sexual need. Love is not habitual; love is something joyous, creative, new."

In very lovely words he also says: "Sensation and thought are still within the field of the mind, there it is not love. When all this has stopped, then love comes into being, then you will know what it is to love. But when you know how to love one, you know how to love the whole. Because we do not know how to love one, our love for humanity is fictitious. When you love there is neither one nor many; there is only love. It is only when there is love that all our problems can be solved, and then we shall know its bliss and its happiness."

The Buddhist name for our present World Teacher, Maitreya, can be translated as "spiritual good-will, charity, forgetfulness of self, good-will to men." Krishnaji says that we must know ourselves for true love to come into being in us. Until that happens perhaps the best we can do is to try to be patient, humble, wishful for the happiness and good of every living thing, be willing to sacrifice the good, the blessedness, the importance of everything for the sake of others. When true love is born in us I am sure it shines by its own eternity like the everlasting sun, and then a man is a benediction, a safe-guard, a refuge, a spiritual stimulus, to all without exception or cessation. He is, he does not achieve. What does The Voice of the Silence say? "Step out of sunlight into shade, to make more room for others."

My dear friends, I cannot explain fully all that Krishnaji tries to tell us in these words. I cannot see fully myself, but they give me splendid vistas and incomplete understandings. Perhaps they will do the same for you. Ponder over them, if you will. Fundamentally, I think all eternity is love. There is nothing else in reality, for love is God, the One Life, the One Consciousness, the All. No wonder it is deathless, impregnable, irresistible. Amor vincit omnia.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd