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"Way's End," Beech Ave., Camberley
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My dear Friends,

I see that I have now been writing these letters for nearly twenty years. I started them in America all that time ago because I found so many people I would not like to lose touch with, and I knew that I could never write personally to them. Since then this correspondence has grown and grown. And I have three most devoted secretaries, one in America, one in England and one in S. Africa. And now I have one more in England. What I owe to them I never could express.

Now one correspondent has asked me to write about love, so "sin and suffering" has to be postponed once more. He writes: "During the past year I have been meditating on Love. What is it? Why does Love exist? Is it the same as truth? Does Love involve a sacrifice of one-self? Is it giving and receiving? Is God and Love one and the same under different names? Is Sex a part of love? Are there different kinds of love, or are the differences really superficial? Is love a Unity? Is Hate the opposite to Love, or are the two truly a Unity?"

My correspondent has asked me something, hasn't he? And perhaps to try and answer will take more than one letter, so I will write about Love in general now, and next time about Love in relation to sex. I will begin with stating that Krishnamurti says that we cannot talk about Love for it is a state of being. When we become one with Life, as he has, we shall find that we are Love. Professor Radhakrishnan says, "God is Life," and I feel that "God" is Life, Love and Truth, all three, and that they are really one. But I expect that until we reach that realisation, what we call love down here is a very poor shadow of the real thing.

Perhaps all forms of love are slight reflections of that state of being which is Union with all Life. Robert Browning, who I always think was an unconscious occultist, once wrote that in all the loves of earth "Thou wert there." And there is an ancient Egyptian story of how the body of Osiris was cut up by the evil one into fragments and buried all over the earth, and Isis travelled far and wide seeking them to put together again. The ancient Greeks enumerated four kinds of love: --

Eros - sexual love, from which is derived our word "erotic."

Storge - love of kin, human compassion.

Philiae - intellectual affection as in philosopher or philanthropist.

Agapé - spiritual love, benevolence, adoration, rapture.

We might call Eros human, and Agapé divine, love.

Human love is often vitiated by our personal egotism. When a parent keeps a son or daughter tied to their apron-strings, or waiting on them until the child grows also old and tired, that is not love, it is selfishness. Jealousy has often been cited as a proof of love. It is nothing of the sort; it is pure egotism. The same thing is true when we love someone so much that we are miserable or lost without them. I know a wife who has mourned her mother like that for years, quite regardless of what it means to her poor husband. I remember something that Mrs. Besant once said to me: "When you can be just as happy when the one you love best is not here, you have learnt how to love."

One form of love is pure affection, and I remember Krishnamurti once saying that what most people need is just a little affection. Doctors and psychiatrists are finding that out, for now they have discovered that many cases of mental aberration are due to lack of love, that sexual promiscuity occurs mostly in those who have been emotionally crippled by lack of love. Mother-love provides the feathers which

line the human nest. Doctors have discovered that the percentages of child deaths is higher in orphanages than in homes. I am against the modern habit of separating the new-born child from its mother. Dr. Montessori says that then the child suffers from the "shock of birth." No animal will leave their very young for a moment. And no child should be separated from its mother's aura for some time after birth.

Perhaps we should enumerate what love is not: --

1. It is not possessiveness. It is not making another person over in our own image.
2. It is not dependency. There is a true and an untrue hero-worship.
3. Nor is it self-sacrifice, though love at times requires sacrifice. Sometimes a very self-sacrificing mother produces selfish children.
4. Nor is it just admiration. A man may think he loves his wife because she is beautiful, talented, competent. This is not love, but approval born of regard for one's possessions.
5. Love does not depend upon the attributes of the loved object, but upon the individual's ability to love. Admiration, popularity, flattery are not love.
6. Sex attraction is not love, although love may enoble and dignify it.
7. Mother-love is not necessarily love. Dr. William Meiniger writes: "We do not love our children simply because we protect and provide for them. The test is: To what extent do we affirm our children as people? How much do we respect their individuality? How much do we help them to grow independently -- instead of smothering and possessing them?"

There is a school I know of in Chicago where the "smothered" children of the rich, who have become problem children, are treated and saved. And I knew a man of forty whose mother still chose his suits for him and ruled his house, to the detriment of his poor little wife. All this is not love. It is sheer egotism.

The best descriptions of love I ever came across are St. Paul's in I Cor.: 13, which Henry Drummond called "The Spectrum of Love." The love that envieth not, suffers long and is kind, does not vaunt itself, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, endureth all things, hopeth all things, etc. And also the description written by Starr Daily in his book "Release." "There is a selfish emotion that hurts. It has often been called love. It is but the shadow of the miracle-worker.... Just as science, art and invention do not desire to reform others, neither does love. By not wanting to reform others, it transforms them. By setting others free, love binds them. A friend is a lover. He does not preach, find fault, condemn. He frees, and the things he frees he binds. You cannot have the thing you will not give away. You cannot be free of the thing you hold. To hold on is to belong to the thing held, a bond. What you set free belongs to you. You do not belong to it, for you belong to love.... All things below love encircle and squeeze. They press and inflict and hurt. Love is Reality, the Liberator, the miracle worker. By making others glad you give them a foretaste of heaven on earth."

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd