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"Way's End", Beech Ave., Camberley,
Surrey, England

My dear Friends:

I must tell you about my wonderful birthday party. Last October I became 90, and Tekels Park gave me a big birthday party. Mr. Leslie Smith, our General Secretary, made a little speech and presented me with a cheque towards which so many of you have contributed. As I also received 25 cables and telegrams, and more than 150 letters and cards, I shall never be able to personally thank each one, so may I here please give you all my warmest thanks and very grateful thoughts. My friends have been telling me what I ought to do with it, but I know one thing I will do -- use some of it to let us all be very warm this cold winter! When I replied to Mr. Leslie Smith's speech I thought that I would not do as I have done before, talk about our Leaders. So I told them how long ago I spent a birthday in prison and how we used to break up Cabinet Ministers' meetings. I told them of one in the opera house in Cardiff when Mr. Lloyd George was speaking. It is very easy to break up a meeting. All one has to do is to stand up and ask a question. Then the whole house will go quite mad. They will howl and shriek and wave their arms and sticks. You will never see such a pandemonium. It made Mr. Lloyd George very angry. I was sitting near the front so I could hear what he said. "What we shall have to do with these women," he said, "is to put them in barrels and roll them down the hill." I thought that very unchivalrous of him. I was then working in Mrs. Pankhurst's "Women's Social and Political Union" under Miss Annie Kenney in the West of England. She said to me before we started on the adventurous journey to Cardiff, "Clara, you haven't got a very big voice, so when it is your turn, stand on your seat and put your arm out so that everyone will see that you are protesting." Perhaps it will be amusing if I tell you the whole story. We were six of us going every ten minutes, in turn. We were told to watch the speaker and to say something apposite. A girl from London started. She shouted, "What about votes for women?" As I said, the whole theatre went quite mad. It took ten to fifteen minutes before order was restored and the interrupter turned out. The two old Welshmen each side of me said, "Silly girl, there are rough dockyard men here tonight. She will get killed." I said to myself - I was No. 2 - "I have to do this soon." Mr. Lloyd George was getting flowery. "Friends," he said, "the Liberal party has not had fair play." Closing my eyes (you cannot do these things unless you forget what you are doing) I jumped up. "Women have not had fair play yet," I said. The uproar was now directed at me. The two nice Welshmen kept slapping my knees and saying, "Will you be quiet?" I was the only quiet person in the house. My two friends shouted that I was not going to do it again, so I was left in. At intervals all the others were turned out.

Now Mr. Lloyd George became more at ease, and I wondered if it was my duty to do it again. By this time Mr. Lloyd George was saying that the Liberal party would build the Temple of the Future, "every brick in its place, every brick representative of some common interest." I jumped up again. "You've left out the women's brick," I said. Now they gave me no mercy. I was kicked and pinched and thumped until a nice policeman (they were always on our side) took me in charge and conducted me outside. "I'll take care of you, Miss," he said. Outside a huge crowd had gathered. Getting up on some balustrade, I addressed them. And they accompanied us all to the station in a triumphal procession. Well it is quite amusing to look back upon now, but at the time it was very frightening.

I remember an extraordinary experience when I first came out of prison. In Holloway jail, notices everywhere said that prisoners must preserve silence. We were not allowed to speak to the other prisoners even when marching round the pavement in the yard for exercise. A nice wardress used to talk to me and occasionally the chaplain. When our terms were up and we left prison in the early morning, the chaplain came to see me. "Oh, my dear girl," he said, "Do give up that dreadful Theosophy."

Outside, a big brake labelled "Mr. Asquith's Prisoners" awaited us, and in it were my mother and sister. We were driven off to a big breakfast in a hotel. But this was the queer thing. After a month's silence, when I was once more in the outer world everything looked so unreal. For days it was all like a dream fantasy. I have never forgotten it.

I think that what was called the "woman's movement" was fore-ordained. It was part of a great world movement towards the future. I remember the excitement when the first woman, Lady Astor, won a seat in Parliament. And now India and Ceylon both have women Presidents. It is all part of a world change. I still think that for many women, home takes all their energies, and gives them happiness. But as I used to say when talking to crowds, we have two eyes. We cannot see as well if we keep one shut. Men and women are the two eyes of the nation. They have quite different and yet complementary ways of looking at things. They typify the positive and negative forces of the universe. Through a man's physical and mental sheaths of consciousness flow the positive forces. That is where he is strong and the leader. Through those of women the negative forces flow. The positive flow through her astral and higher -- what we may call the more spiritual side. Here a man is more negative. Hence the glory of a man is his strength and leadership, that of a woman lies in her power to love and her spiritual intuition. The undeveloped woman is jealous, possessive, personal; the developed far-seeing, tolerant, intuitive. Many a famous man owes much to his mother or his wife. Of course all this is very generalizing, but on the whole it is true. The other sex and its qualities are latent in each. Once we were one-sexed and once again we shall be. The separation of the sexes took place in the middle of the third Root Race, many millions of years ago. It was found easier to evolve complementary qualities in complementary bodies. We may say how, when we are again one-sexed, shall we create physical bodies? By the creative power of thought. But I do not think I will continue this. It sounds too queer and it is such a very long way off. Meanwhile we, the Eternal One, reincarnate through a series of lives on one side of life, and then begin a series on the other side.

I find that whilst most women have no objection to the idea of being a man, quite a number of men highly object to the thought of being a woman. I remember a young man at one of my lectures asking me, "Do I have to be a woman one day?" "I expect so," I said. He was terribly disgusted!

But there is a deeper side to all this. It is voiced by the Master K.H. when he comments on a book by a French Abbe. "Woman's mission," he writes, "is to become the mother of future occultists -- of those who will be born without sin. On the elevation of woman the world's redemption and salvation hinge. And not till woman bursts the bonds of her sexual slavery, to which she has always been subjected, will the world obtain an inkling of what she really is, and her proper place in the economy of nature. The light that will come to the world when it shall discover and really appreciate this vast problem of sex, will be like 'the light that never shone on sea or land.' Then the world will have a race of Buddhas and Christs." Isn't that wonderful? And there is so much in it. I know from my own experience as a travelling lecturer and therefore the recipient of many confidences, that the sex problem of humanity is one of its major problems. I once wrote a book about it called "The Creative Power," but I could say much more than is in that book.

We have only one word for all forms of love in English. Other nations have more. The ancient Greeks had four: one for sexual love, one for love of humanity, one I have for the moment forgotten, and one for divine love, Agape.

I will close this letter with a saying of Krishnamurti's: "There is no sex problem which cannot be solved by love." And the great psychologist, Carl Jung, says the same: "When there is a sexual problem it can only be solved by love."

I would like to wish every one of you the happiest Xmas and New Year.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara M. Codd