

December-January, 1959-60
 The Theosophical Society, Adyar
 Madras 20, India

My dear Friends,

This letter may be a little late. You must forgive me as I am in the thick of the School of the Wisdom. I arrived here in September, and for the first weeks I felt as if the humid heat was really unbearable. But now at last we are enjoying lovely weather, cool and sunny, with the monsoon rains gone. Every morning I go down to Blavatsky Gardens where the School is held. We commence with ten minutes meditation at 8:20 a.m. Then we all go into the next room for a two hours session. The room is arranged with tables round a big carpet so that we all sit in a large square. Everybody brings note-books with them and we always begin with an address by someone, followed by a short recess for tea and coffee, then another session with questions and discussion. General Zolten Algyer Pap is the secretary of the school. I am sure it will interest you if I list some of the subjects we study.

On October 2, the President inaugurated the School with an address in which he discoursed on the objects and methods of study. Each day has its subject laid out until we stop for the Convention on December 11. Before Convention we have special Theosophical subjects such as the Work of the three Logoi, the Elemental Kingdoms, the birth of the Ego, our Principles and Bodies, the Law of Karma, the Higher Worlds, Rounds and Races, the Occult Path, etc., etc. Every Friday we have a session of questions and answers, and more than once Mr. Geoffrey Hodson has taken part in this as well as giving us in the evening a special lecture. In the afternoons we have specialised subjects, such as lodge work, administration, publicity, a speakers' class, and visits to the several departments here.

After Convention we shall start again and then the subjects will be the great religions and the great scriptures such as "The Voice of the Silence", "Light on the Path", etc., etc. You should see the long list of books given for reference, "The Secret Doctrine", "A Study in Consciousness", "The Fire of Creation", all the books on Yoga such as Patanjali's "Yoga Aphorisms", and so many others. I can see that in a short six months we cannot really study this vast programme very explicitly, but it will give everyone a very good idea of how to go on studying on their own and where to find all the information.

Another good thing about the school is the great variety of nationalities which are here. There are 9 Americans, 2 Australians, 1 Russian, 2 New Zealanders, 3 South Africans, 1 East African, 1 Viet Nam, 1 Malayan, 1 Indian Hindu, 2 Dutch and 1 Hungarian. 24 in all. We are almost an epitome of the United Nations. Many are staying in Leadbeater Chambers, where I am myself. When Convention comes the students have been asked to take a visiting member into their rooms. I well remember a Convention in Adyar and the simply hundreds of palm leaf huts that quickly go up everywhere to accommodate all the Indian delegates. There will be five main Convention lectures, given by the President, Geoffrey Hodson, Rukmini Arundale, Dr. Bendit, the English General Secretary, and myself.

In March, I shall again leave these shores, but I am not yet quite sure in what direction my steps will then wend. Adyar is as lovely as ever. Whenever I happen to go into Madras, I am always glad to get back here. Directly one enters the big gates, the tremendous difference in the atmosphere can be felt. It surely is a very sacred place. Very often one sees streams of visitors. I think they come at the rate of 20,000 a month. The enormous banyan tree seems to be one of the chief attractions. It is about the largest in the world and 2,000 people can sit under its branches. I think you all know what a banyan tree is. It puts down streamers from its enormous branches which take root in the ground and grow into pillars supporting the tremendous main branches, so that a well-kept tree looks like a kind of natural cathedral.

He - Sweet Thing!
Merry Christmas!
Love - Ruth

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But I also think that we have a very good reputation in India. The Indian populace look upon Adyar as an Ashram and consider that they have been blessed by visiting it. Today I saw a group of women with completely shaved heads and was told that they were a special caste from Andhra. The charm of little Indian children cannot be equalled, especially the little girls with the flowers in their hair and their swinging skirts. And there never was so beautiful a garment as the Indian sari. I hear that some French ladies have started the fashion for wearing it in the evenings in Paris.

Adyar is very large in extent. I would not like to be the head gardner. It has rice fields and cocoanut groves, and little temples somewhere in the grounds of every religion in the world. The birds and the butterflies and the tiny squirrels are such lovely things, and I personally like the tiny lizards that run about the walls in search of flies and mosquitoes. I heard that one American member here tamed a little lizard which used to come out for a bite when he whistled! There is a pretty walk down to the seashore, and the other evening some of us sat on the edge of the sea and watched a wonderful moon rise and flood the sky and sea with its light.

But beyond Adyar's beauty there is always that glorious atmosphere. It is like nothing I have ever experienced anywhere else. It is inexpressible and I am sure that to live here for a while is to surely expand one's inner bodies, and to make one never quite the same again. When I talk like this about Adyar I always wish that more of our younger members could come, for it would affect them and their work for Theosophy for ever afterwards. The climate is trying for the old. The young can stand it so much more easily. I first came when I was a girl, sent by Mr. Joseph Bibby, who believed in me and my possible capabilities. Never shall I be able to express my gratitude and thankfulness to him for what he did, for to that generous action I owe any good that I am to the Theosophical work over all these long years.

I would like to write to each of you a Christmas letter, but you have no idea how lazy I have been about letters since I came here. So let me send you all here my very affectionate good wishes for Christmas and all the following year. Think of me here in this lovely spot, and I shall be thinking of so many of you. So very often many of you come up in my consciousness. I may be a bad correspondent, but I do not forget. I would so like to see everyone again. It will be a long time, if ever, that I will forget the quite wonderful time I had recently in the United States. The best yet, I feel. But links have been forged that can never be broken. If I do not see some of you again in this incarnation I very surely will after death and in succeeding lives. I hope this letter brings with it something of the peace and loveliness that ever abides here. May all blessing rest upon every one of you, not mine, but of Those Whose spirit abides here.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara Codd

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