



To Friends

Prof. Nicholas Roerich.

My dear Friends :

We shall say briefly wherein the substance of our tasks and striving lies. Everything which is defined can be expressed briefly : We are helping Culture. And if someone in a moment of audacity should take upon himself the burden of saying "We are constructing Culture", then he will be not far from the truth. Does not each one who helps appear to be a co-worker ?

We are asking our friends every day to think, to pronounce and to apply the understanding of Beauty and Culture. And this is nothing new, because there is nothing new anywhere. But we are gathering around these precious understandings a new effort ; we are striving to help towards the tension of creative energy. We are striving to learn and to re-incarnate the so-called abstraction into reality. It is very easy to make an abstraction from each action, and in this abstraction to lose the possibility of

action. We see constantly that the most real teaching of life is being transmuted by clever rhetoric into an unapproachable abstraction and for the appeasing of the weak will it is being transported into an intangible cloudiness. To make this artificially created abstraction a reality and substance of life, is the next task of Culture. It is impossible for one to imagine that the true perception of substance, the true teaching of life is only something forbidding, obstructing or deadening.

The truth will be there where will be manifested without obstacles a constructive broadening containment and love towards the untiring achievement. Our enemies say that we are forming of ourselves a special race. If we understand by this a nation of culture, then may be this hostile definition, as too often happens, comes very close to the truth. We shall not be afraid of this truth, if as the highest condemnation, the Black Century which

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has already spent itself—will tell us :
“Here are gathered dreamers, and
they imagine they can help
humanity.

Namely, in this help to humanity
we are being reproached. But
each of our companions-at-arms,
who are scattered all over the world,
will smile at that and say : “Does
not every natural labor appear to be
a help to humanity ?” Because it
would be abominable to think that
everyone who labors ^{not only} only for himself.
No, he works for someone unknown
to him. And this unknown one will
accept the nameless labor as an
expression of Benevolence which
makes his passage down the earthly
path easier for him.

Not dreamers, but embodiments
of thoughts ; the dream flies away
into the shoreless ocean of the air,
but the embodiment of thoughts
creates substance and cements space
with the coming creations. Of the
creation of thought into multiple
forms, all religion, all teaching has
spoken. Many thousands of years
before our era the Egyptian knew
the creativeness of thought. And
it has been said everywhere :
“Thought and Love”. And under the
sign of the Heart and the Serpent

and the Chalice in all its multiformity
of benevolent symbols is being
given also the wise, preordained
inscription, “Thought and Love”.
Because from a thought, an emanation
absolutely real, we contrive to
make abstractions. We forget that
it is not the hand, but the thought
which creates and kills. And of
Love we have made either a sour
sigh or an abomination of fornication.

It has been told us that certain
branches of the Christian Church
recently sanctioned abortion. This
unhappy ordinance must be understood
as the highest negation of
spirituality. Just think, if the Church
will recommend murder, instead of
the wise distribution of strength and
abstinence.

If the division of the world
into Constructors and Destructors
is constantly talked about, then
this measure would be a terrible
sign of destruction. But Culture in
its essence does not know destruction
as such. It is impetuously, constantly
creating, it is constantly covering
with a higher dome the imperfections
of yesterday. But here there
is that stone which would be of use

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to the wise builder, which treats of every possibility.

Verily, in all parts of the world, at present is rising the tension of constructive energy. The lines of new workers cry out: "We are tired of destruction, we are overburdened by senseless mechanization. We want to create, we want to do that useful work which unites us with the resplendent future". In ancient teachings, there has always been pointed out the bridge which writes the old and the new worlds. And nowhere have destruction and violence been mentioned.

If one is to ponder over the spirituality of the future, then this spirituality will be an abstract one, but shall again return into visibility, into tangibility and into immutability. And again Benevolence will become objective, just as Thought is objective and can be weighed. If one ennobles his life, if instead of vile calumny, one tries to turn again to the resplendent creation, is this laughable? Because only ignoramuses will laugh for them, knowledge itself has already become an abstraction and Beauty also has become an unnecessary luxury, and Benevolence itself has become a childish fairy-tale. But the most

serious scientists long ago came to the conclusion that a fairy-tale is a narrative. And a narrative is an historical fact which one can perceive only through the dust of ages.

The same scientists have pointed out to us that Culture and the achievements of empires have been constructed by Beauty. Take away the monuments of Beauty and the whole aspect of history will be depleted. The virility of Beauty, the age-long inviolability of Culture tell us of the true transmutation of abstraction into manifested life. And we are not dreamers at all, but workers for life, and our apostolate above all is content in that we are striving to say to the people, "Remember Beauty. Do not exile its image from life but also actively call others to this feast of joy! And if you see allies, do not bid them depart, but find the full measure of benevolent containment in order to call us to the very same peaceful, measureless field of labor and construction. In Beauty and in Spirit shall our strength be multiplied. Look into the heights, and spread thy wings as the conqueror of the predestined Light."....

In the day of disturbances and tremor, we shall repeatedly affirm

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the very same construction and the same construction and the same benevolent Light. And there are no conditions which could turn one aside who has entered the path of construction. And we shall not be afraid in the name of the Beautiful ; and we shall remember that the

ridicule of ignorance is only a torch of achievement. If we will eschew egotism, if we will strive not only ourselves towards the path of the Beautiful, but also by all possible means open it to our nearest ones, then we shall have already fulfilled the next task of the enlightening of Culture.

A Mystic Of Islam

—T. L. Vaswani

Come with me in imagination, to a country beyond the bounds of India. The country is called Parasa. It is near Iraq, in Turkistan. The inhabitants of Parasa are Muslims. Great is the Faith of Islam : and its Brotherhood has knit together many tribes and races in the many countries of Asia.

In an Islamic family in Parasa born a child : his parents are poor and he receives little education. But the grace of Allah is upon him. He grows in years and aspiration. He gets Illumination : is it not better than all the education of the universities of the world ?

This child of grace and beauty, born centuries ago, grows to be a

bhākta of the Lord and a Teacher of men and angels. He comes to be named after his birth-place. He is named Parasi : belonging to Parasa.

In a cottage he lives : but there is in his heart a longing for the Eternal. His heart is not in things of the earth. As a youth he dreams of the True, the Good, the Beautiful. He has no dreams of money or power. Away from the madding crowds, he lives his life,—apart from the world : and, again and again, he puts himself the Ancient Question:—What is life ? And why is man born on the Earth ?

Gradually the thought grows on him that there is no growth with out obedience to a law. He begins to