GLORY TO WOMEN, BEARERS OF CULTURE!

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From heart to heart!

Culture is the veneration of Light, Culture is the love of humanity. Culture is fragrance, union of life and beauty. Culture is the synthesis of uplifting and refined attainments. Culture is the armour of Light. Culture is the salvation. Culture is the moving power. Culture is the Heart.

If we collect all definitions of Culture, we shall find the synthesis of active Bliss, the altar of enlightenment and constructive beauty. Condemnation, belittlement, melancholy, disintegration and all other attributes of ignorance do not befit Culture. The great tree of the Culture is nourished by unlimited knowledge, enlightened by labour, incessant creativeness and noble attainment.

The cornerstones of great civilizations fortify the stronghold of Culture. But from the tower of Culture there radiates the jewel-adamant of the loving realizing and fearless Heart.

Love opens these beautiful Gates. As every real key, so also must this love be true, self-sacrificing, daring, fiery. There where the sources of Culture are, there the sources are fiery and they come from the very depths. Where Culture has once been born, there it cannot be killed. One may kill civilization; but Culture, the true spiritual treasure, is immortal.

The heart aflame is unlimited in the great Infinity.

The Festival of Labor and Constructiveness! To invite to this Festival means but to remind of the endless labour of the joy of responsibility, as of human dignity.

The labour of the worker of Culture is like the work of a physician. The true physician knows more than one disease. And not only does the physician save from what has already occurred, but he wisely foresees for the future. The physician does not only drive out the illness, but he works on the improvement of health of the whole life. The physician descends into the darkest cellars in order to bring there light and warmth.

The physician does not forget improvement and beautification of life, in order to give joy to the understanding spirit. The physician does not only know old epidemics, but he readily acquaints himself with symptoms of new disasters, which have been called forth by the rotting of the foundation.

The physician has a sound word for the aged people, and is ready to give everyone an encouraging advice. The physician does not cease to expand his knowledge, otherwise he could not respond to the needs of actuality. The physician does not lose patience nor tolerance, because the limitation of feeling would make the suffering ones repulsive.

The worker of Culture is always youthful, for his heart does not wither. He is moveable, because movement is force. He is vigilant on the watchtower of Bliss, Knowledge and Beauty. He knows what is true co-operation.

All co-workers of Culture are united by rays of the heart. Mountains and oceans are no obstacles to these flaming hearts. They are not dreamers, but constructors and smiling ploughmen.

Sending this Greeting of Culture, one cannot send it without a smile, without the call of friendship. Thus we shall assemble and labour for Bliss, Beauty and Knowledge. And we shall do this undeferrably, not losing a day, nor hour in blissful constructiveness.