

Nicholas Roerich

A few days ago I went to the Museum of Bellas Artes of Buenos Aires. As I was about to ascend the stairway to go to the first floor I was impressed by a powerful flow emanating from the left side, and upon glancing there I saw some canvasses whose colors radiated a soft, exotic force yet a strange and rare force. From the signature there came to my mind the fact that Roerich was a painter who had travelled in Tibet. But these paintings had struck me with such a harmonious effect that I tell you frankly, that had it not been for my conscience as a man of honor I should have stolen the paintings which represented some Tibetan temples.

I do not compliment you; for that would be banal, since it would not convey to you what meant to me this moment which was the realization of an ideal. I myself feel that the greatest satisfaction for you will be to know how one like myself, who knows you only through the mediums of the press, felt in looking at your works, and all of the mystic force of the Beautiful, the Good and the True that they irradiate. It is, I believe the noblest satisfaction that you can feel.

Pardon me for writing you in such criminal French; for although I could correct the attempt I prefer to show myself to you with all my imperfections. You are a Slav and I feel you will interpret and understand.

M. Hidalgo, an artist of fine sensibility (one of your admirers) as fine as profound, for I believe that he is interested in drawing the Veil. This Mr. Hidalgo has been good enough to lend me your book, "Corazon de Asia" and in reading the dedication in the introduction of the South American edition I was captivated immediately by your ideals which are mine and for which I have tried for years to be an humble soldier and to place myself in the condition of soul to reach the realization.

I saw also at Mr. Hidalgo's home the reproduction of your portrait by your son. Your head ~~it~~ made a great impression on me, and as a brother of a similar ideal, ~~even though~~ younger brother I ask you most earnestly to be good enough to send me a reproduction.

I do not know if this letter will reach you. It does not matter. I am happy to agree to that which Mulford has expressed as the Truth: "The thought of a similar ideal attract". And it is the truth. Your work has carried on the radiant forces of your thoughts in a silent but no less powerful language. You construct the annals of a sublime chain. We try also to be good workers, each according to our own strength and capacity. Nicholas Roerich, I salute you fraternally with the respect due to a Great Brother who has arrived at realization.

Edgaro Grasset

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