



INTERNATIONAL
ART CENTER
OF
ROERICH MUSEUM

TWO LOAN EXHIBITIONS

PAINTINGS

By

EUGÈNE ZAK

WOODCUTS

By

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN, BRITISH and FRENCH ARTISTS

November 10th to 28th, 1930

Open Daily and Sundays from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

310 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, (COR. 103RD ST.) NEW YORK

EUGÈNE ZAK

Four years ago, at the age of forty-two, one of the most original artists of his generation died—and perhaps the least understood. Quietly working in Paris, struggling always with cold poverty and poor health, dreaming and weaving his enchanting spells, ZAK did not concern himself with the opinion of an unsympathetic world but studied only how best to record luminous visions in his chosen medium.

For ZAK was a painter of dreams; of a world peopled with his own strange creations, and yet, withal, of a reality which is “closer than hands or feet”—the reality of Spirit. His figures, his compositions, are symbols of an inner life that hold us as a fairy tale listened to in the days of our childhood. His very color is that of the spirit world, the color of Fire; sharp blues, vivid pinks, fiery yellows, glowing greens. His whimsical-sad figures glow with a strange inner light, the light of a spiritual fire. ZAK, in truth, lived on the borderland between “here and there”. Through his half-closed eyes he dreamed of the innate beauty of life, the joy of Spirit, but the pain of his struggle with the world of matter colored each canvas with a tincture of sorrow that was intensely personal. It is as if he mourned for a world that unseeingly passes beauty by.

ZAK was born in Russia of Polish parentage. At the age of sixteen he was sent to Paris, where he entered the Atelier of Gérôme, at the École des Beaux Arts. Later he wandered to Italy and studied fresco painting. It was the Italian Master, Botticelli, who won his lyric heart—before whose masterpieces he spent hours without end in deepest meditation.

ZAK was neither an apostle of the moderns nor a friend of the academic. He can only be compared to an exquisite personage from a fantastic tale who leaps into the center of an astonished group, waves his magic wand, turns as ugly old world inside out and as suddenly disappears. But he left us pictures of spiritland glowing in the eternal fire of that other world.

SPENCER KELLOGG, JR.



PAINTINGS

1. LE MUSICIEN
The Chester Dale Collection, New York
 2. SOUVENIR D'ITALIE
The Chester Dale Collection, New York
 3. LA BUVEUSE
Collection The Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo
 4. LE GARÇON
Collection The Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo
 5. L'HOMME A LA PIPE
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 6. LE PRISONNIER
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 7. L'ACCORDEONISTE
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 8. LA FEMME A LA GUITARE
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 9. LE BATEAU
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 10. LE PROFIL
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 11. LA MUSICIENNE MELANCOLIQUE
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 12. LE PÊCHEUR
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 13. LE PELERIN
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 14. TÊTE
Collection Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Eden, N. Y.
 15. TÊTE DE FEMME
Lent by Mrs. Lois Kellogg Roth
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for their courtesy and coopera-
tion in making these exhibitions
possible.
