



PAINTINGS OF INDIA
by
SVETOSLAV ROERICH

April 28th to May 17th

ARGENT GALLERIES
42 West 57th Street
New York

THE INDIA OF SVETOSLAV ROERICH

PREDESTINED for an artistic career, Svetoslav Nikolayevich Roerich was born in Petrograd, the "Palmyra of the North", during the period of the Russo-Japanese conflict. In consequence he was too young, before the Great War, to have attended the Imperial Academy of Arts on the Neva, through whose imposing, sphinx-guarded portals had passed his richly endowed father. Unhampered by academic formalism Svetoslav Roerich's artistic abilities matured with amazing rapidity. His coming of age was signaled by the winning of an official award at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1926. Whilst from the outset devoting his energies mainly to portraiture, the Indian scene is the theme of Svetoslav Roerich's current activities. However, it is not the India of his eminent father, Professor Nicholas K. Roerich, that looks from these varied panels in oil and in tempera. Both live and labour in the Kulu Valley amid gardens and flowering fruit trees. But from the immemorial mountain massives towards which they daily gaze, and which they so revealingly interpret each distills a distinctive message. In the work here on view one encounters no lonely and perilous "ascents to the absolute". Less the mystic than the decorative stylist, Svetoslav Roerich moves man to the center of his particular pictorial cosmos. Whatever their mood or subject-matter these paintings are imbued with human significance. It is gratifying to record that an aesthetic expression at once so personal, though bespeaking a profound regard for tradition in the better sense of the term, should not want of public recognition. In Paris, some dozen European cities as well as numerous leading municipal museums of India possess canvases by Svetoslav Roerich. But thirty-six years of age, the gifted limner of these luminous compositions will doubtless live to note changes in his India. Changes not mayhap so much in outer aspect as of shape, and pattern of things visible, notably of that India which has remained static, steeped in the somnolence or lagging centuries. Yet this work in its assured grasp of native type and character, its penetrant humanitarian sympathy, would seem to breathe deepening preoccupation with another India. Not alone the India of awesome natural beauty. But also that India which is a vast and mighty complex of mortal misery and aspiration—the India of its own fateful day and hour.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON

PAINTINGS IN OIL AND TEMPERA

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|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Portrait of My Father | 15 Spiti Range |
| 2 Raya | 16 Deo Tibba |
| 3 Lohar—Kulu | 17 Mira |
| 4 Gathering of Yogis | 18 Woman from Spiti |
| 5 Saraj Woman | 19 Spring |
| 6 Attainment | 20 Ludmila |
| 7 Toiling by Night | 21 Ghepan Lahul |
| 8 Rebti—Kulu | 22 Whither goes my Brother |
| 9 Tripura Temple | 23 Over the Pass |
| 10 Trees in Sunset | 24 Naggar Village |
| 11 Autumn Foliage | 25 View towards Spiti |
| 12 Sunset | 26 Man from the North |
| 13 Sunrise—Bhagujuar | 27 Spring in Kulu |
| 14 India | 28 Chenarti |
| | 29 Child from Naggar |