BY CARL CARMER

Boris Artzybasheff may well have inherited from his distinguished father, Michael Artzybasheff, his literary fancy, his painstaking craftsmanship, his artistic integrity. The author of 'Sanine and 'The Breaking Point' doubtless left much that was within him to his son. But the son has not allowed his inherent talent to lie fallow. Though grim circumstance made him, an eighteen-year-old art student at Prince Tenisheff's school in St. Petersburg, into a machine-quoner in a Ukrainian regiment. Boris Artzybasheff did not lack the courage to turn his experience to account. Chance landed him, months later, penniless and friendless, on American shores. It was not chance hut gallantry and intelligence and the spirit of the artist that have established him in the place he occupies in America to-day. Many a volume has been raised to the elect category of collectors' items by its Artzybasheff illustrations. And the works which emerge from the modern and very functional studio of his ferenwich Village home in New York City not only keep to the high standard of their predecessors but improve in breadth of fancy and quality of achievement.

The combination of technical excellence, poetic imagination, and the uniquely personal which has made Artzybasheff on of the best known and most admired of American illustrators is characteristically evident in the strongly conceived and strongly executed print. The Last Trumpet

evident in the strongly conceived and strongly executed print. The Last Trumpet. This work might be an illustration for a great modern epic, a contemporary

"Paradise Lost." Literary in its implications, it does not lack the qualities of pure art. So strong and comprehensive are its meanings, it needs no words to set the imagination afire. Like all great fables, it concentrates on making its supernatural concepts real and on understating the things that are within usual experience. The angel trumpeter is the one reality of the picture. He is a figure of tragedy, noble and impressive, a super-heing 'moving about in worlds not realized,' but nevertheless real. The toppling metropolitan towers, as Artzybasheff has drawn them, are suggestions, symbols of the unreal world in which men live. The exquisite detail in the tracery of the angel's wings, the firm moulding of his muscular body, the photographic realism of the left foot made emphatic by the lank white top of the cracking cornice on which it rests, are not only evidence of the artist's technical ability but also proof of the strength and variety of his artistic genius.

I am quad that Artzybasheff chose this

I am glad that Artzybasheff chose this I am glad that Artzybasheff chose this particular print for The Woodcut Society collection. In its power and dignity it calls attention to his gift for truth-bearing fantasy, his skillful precision, his remarkable feeling for design. All of these the layman is likely to overlook in many of his book illustrations through sheer joy in their humor and charm. As Padraic Colum has said of another of Artzybasheffs works, Lay of this. "It suggests an escane into I say of this: "It suggests an escape into vision." There will be few who look upon it who will not be lost awhile in wonder.

# The Last Trumpet (print folio)

### **Date**

1937

## **Primary Maker**

Carl Carmer

#### Medium

Letterpress on paper

com.gallerysystems.emuseum.core.entities. Geography@f08

#### **Dimensions**

FOLDED: 15 15/16 x 12 3/4 in. (404.8 x 323.8 mm) SPAN: 15 15/16 x 25 9/16 in. (404.8 x 649.3 mm)

#### Credit Line

KSU, Marianna Kistler Beach Museum of Art, gift of the family of E. Hubert Deines

# Object number

1969.76c