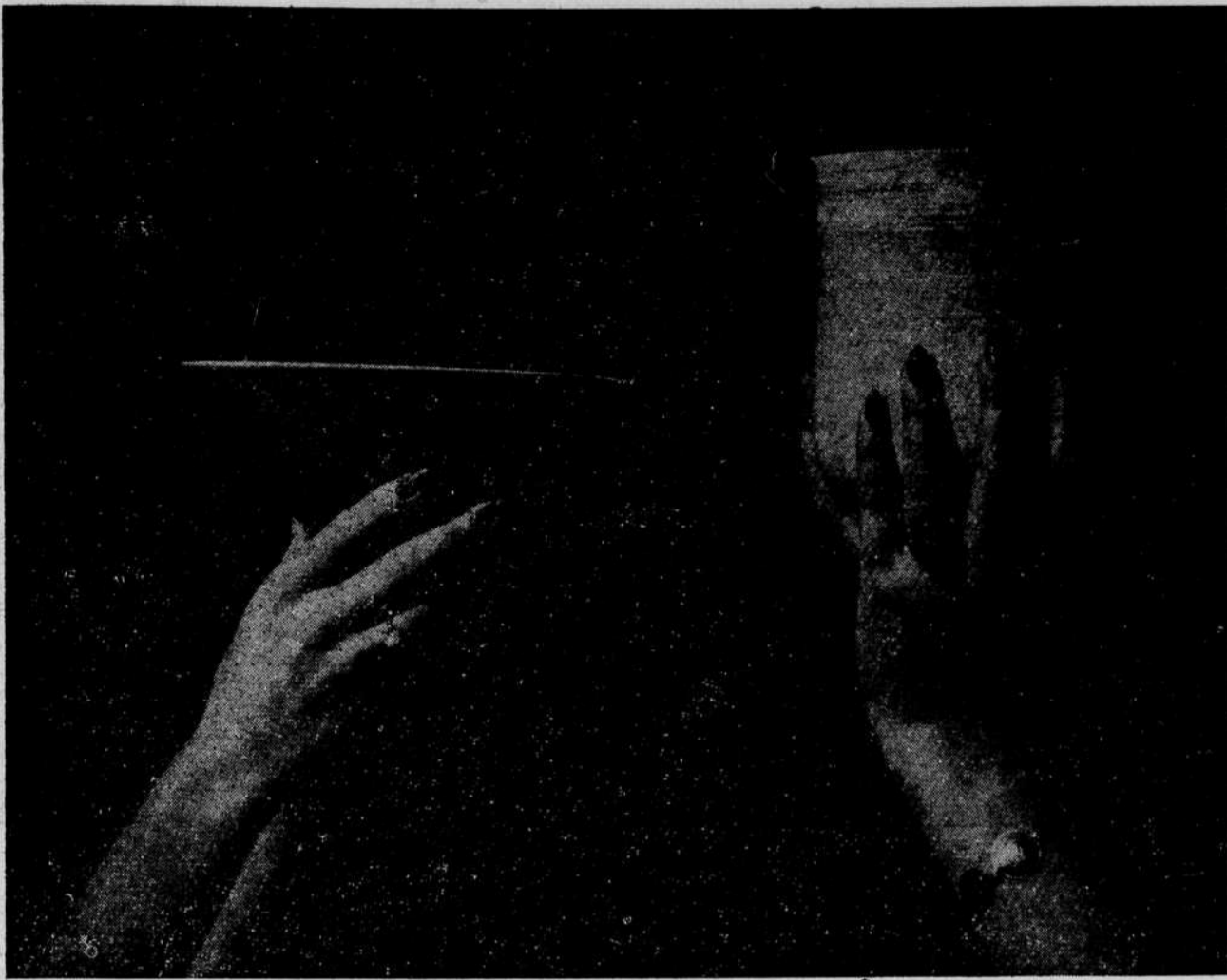


# Enhancing the Creative Form in Art - Ceramics



"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"—Omar Khayyam . . . . . Photograph by Don Jones

Exciting as the compositions, shapes, and patterns it produces, the world of ceramics appeals to two types of individual: the artist who becomes a professional ceramacist, and the amateur searching for a means of expression.

Once in the grip of this stimulating occupation, the artist has the world at his fingertips. He can create anything his intuition or common sense dictates. He can evoke in each creation all of the self-expression and originality he wants to donate.

Dean S. W. Little of the art and architecture school states that the immediate aim of his administration is a collaboration of sculpture and ceramics, and a complete integration of all fields of art. Ceramics, he believes, enhances the creative form in all arts.

Interest in ceramics has increased to the extent that Miss Victoria Avakian's studio in the art school is being greatly enlarged to accommodate new students. The new equipment is the best available, and it is predicted the University's ceramics department will soon be second to none in the west. Professor Avakian is well-known for her creations in foreign and domestic clays on display in various museums and exhibits throughout the country.

The pieces are shaped on the throwing or kick wheel, baked, glazed, and then re-baked. The result is ash trays, bowls, and vases that would put the Greeks to shame . . . and for the artist, the supreme satisfaction of creation.

## HEIR APPARENT

(Continued from page two)

delicate leaves had taken time. He showed it to Old August, who nodded and said:

"Good. Now we finish it. We can get one coat of varnish on at least tonight, so it will be dry in the morning. I already sanded the legs, so we put the top on and refinish the whole 'ting."

The two of them worked together, Old August on one side and Roscoe on the other. They lost track of time. Old August stood up once to pull on the drop light that hung above them. His pipe went out and he forgot to relight it. Finally the table stood, gleaming under the naked light bulb, and the old man and the boy straightened with difficulty. Old August placed a hand on Roscoe's shoulder.

"Your mother will be worried, boy. I shouldn't keep you so late. You go now, and I clean up the brushes."

"That's all right, Gramp." Roscoe's face was radiant as the table. "Boy, ain't she a beaut!" He waved his varnish brush at the table.

"Ja, but wait till we polish. We'll put on another coat tomorrow, and the next day will be Friday when Anna comes for it. We polish it Friday morning."

"Yeh." They worked silently on the brushes, until Roscoe looked up at the old man with sudden interest in his face. "Say, Gramp, who is this Anna? She's not . . .?"

"Oh ho!" He wagged his head slyly, "I get it, Gramp. An old flame."

Old August looked astonished. He removed the pipe from his mouth. "What are you saying, boy! Anna is just . . . well . . . an old friend."

"Sure," Roscoe grinned.

"Sure. I made that table for her. Over thirty year ago."

It was Roscoe's turn to look amazed. "Thirty years ago! No kiddin', Gramp? And she's still got it."

"She is giving it to her granddaughter, Ebba. It will last Ebba until she gives it to her granddaughter also. Good walnut lasts forever, boy."

"Yeh."

"And a good piece of work, it never goes out of fashion. It grows old, ja, but it like an old friend. Better because you had it a long time."

"I guess you're right, Gramp."

Old August reached up and pulled off the light, then fumbled his sweater off the nail and put it on. He heard shavings whisper under Roscoe's feet, and looked back over his shoulder. The rear half of the shop was in darkness, except for a rectangle of brilliance where light from the streetlamp spilled through the back window into the floor. Standing squarely in the yellow patch was the tiny walnut table, with its new varnish blazing in reflected brightness; a fragile ornament blown in black glass. There was no sound. The shop slept under its powdery blanket of settled wood dust, giving off a breath heavy with the pungent bite of resin and turpentine.

Old August turned back and busied himself in the dark

# THE BROWSING ROOM

REVIEWING . . .  
**LUST FOR LIFE**  
By IRVING STONE

The first time I read Irving Stone's book, "Lust for Life" I was too young to fully comprehend the significance of the work. That was in 1935. Recently, I came across the book in the browsing room of the library, and decided to thumb through it to refresh my memory. Within a half hour I found myself intensely absorbed in the volume, and I devoted the remainder of the day to its completion.

The book is the biography of Vincent Van Gogh written in the medium of the novel. This is a rather difficult task to perform. In writing with purely imaginary characters the author has some leeway, but the case of biographical material presents the problem of good interpretation. And it seems to me that Mr. Stone has done a superb job of interpretive writing.

Van Gogh, probably more so than any other nineteenth century artist, has been one of the most fascinating personalities in the world of art. He was an individual of great complexity and of artistic genius. Stone is very successful in his attempt to put before the reader the intense feeling and depth of the painter's character.

With the skill of a good story teller the author unveils his tale. It begins in London and at an early stage the reader becomes familiar with the turbulence within the soul of the central character, this red-headed young man

with filling his pipe. He caught a note of reverence in Roscoe's voice when the boy suddenly spoke.

"Geez, Gramp. I wish I could build a table like this one."

Old August smiled in the darkness. A joyous assurance had settled on him.

"You will, boy. You will."

Old August's mind leapt from its reverie in panicky haste at the hoot of an automobile horn. The old man's heels jarred painfully against the pavement as he stopped at a red traffic light. He realized that he was on Fourth Avenue, only one block from the cabinet shop.

He stood there on the curb, panting. Glistening lines seamed his face, his temples tom-tommed, and his lean shanks quivered. Eyeing the traffic light in an agony of impatience, his throat seared with breathing, he again pictured the small walnut table. Only he didn't see it as

who cannot seem to find his purpose in life. Spurned in his first love, Vincent Van Gogh leaves England and takes up the priesthood. He believes he has found his place at last. Once again, frustration is his reward and he finally realizes that the desire to express himself is the purpose which he seeks.

Painting becomes the medium for that expression. For the next ten years he strives obstinately, energetically, with every ounce of creative force for perfect expression. Van Gogh is next found in the Hague where he obtains his formal training in art. He is then lured to Paris where he hopes to learn a new technique from the newly formed group of impressionists. Feeling the urge for country scenes, he flees to Arles and paints feverishly until he goes mad. From there the story thunders to its pathetic climax. Worn by the torment in his soul, exhausted by years of hardship, the artist realizes that he has tapped dry the well-springs of his creative force. In the fields that he loves so well he shoots himself, and dies a day later in the presence of his brother, Theo, in a most moving and poignant death scene.

That, very briefly, is the story. There are other points to consider in reference to the writing of Irving Stone. The author has treated the personality of Van Gogh with great compassion and empathy. As I read the book I felt every thought, feeling, and emotion live, breathe and throb before my eyes. The whole tortured being of the artist moving to the tragic finale was unveiled with great force and power.

And Stone's exceptional gift for expression extends into other elements of the story. Every scene he creates has a strong emotional quality. The scenes depicting Vincent's mother and her affection for her son are most touching. The lives of the Belgium miners are keen studies in drama and sadness. Van Gogh's encounter with hunger and poverty, exact a feeling of pathos.

But it is in the character of Vincent Van Gogh that the best of Stone lies. Some of the most powerfully written literary portraiture is found in the examination of the dynamo of the Dutch painter's life, his sexual wants. It is here that various tempestuous aspects of his personality are illuminated. There is the Van Gogh of extreme passion, and the Van Gogh of great tenderness. This is an important component of the painter's nature which must not be underrated, and Stone handles the material with excellent craftsmanship.

Thus, in nearly five hundred pages, "Lust for Life" brings to life a personality of depth, strength, pain, and genius, a book which tends to influence a better appreciation of Van Gogh, the painter.—Emanuel Mussman.

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