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影视与英美文化讨论系列教材

复旦大学精品课程

英美影视与阅读

吴晓真 编著



 复旦大学出版社

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前 言

2008年12月,复旦大学出版社出版了我编著的《英美影视与文化》,作为复旦大学校级精品课程“影视与英美文化讨论”的配套教材。

在该课的教学过程中,为了激发学生对英美文化现象的深入讨论,我常常要推荐补充阅读材料。而许多英语原版电影和电视又是从已有的英语小说改编而来。在现实生活中,为了在短时间内讲完故事并吸引眼球,编剧们裁掉或改动小说中的不少情节。因此,读原著会有助更深层次的理解。

2009年,我荣幸地加入以复旦大学外文学院陆谷孙教授为首的“英语阅读赏析系列课程”国家级教学团队。本书的编写也成为我对团队建设的小小贡献。

本书按主题共分六个章节: **Artists, Businesses, College, Diversity, Love, Success**。每一章节分若干小标题,介绍相关的英美影视和阅读材料,并作讨论;随后列出推荐的电影及电视片名、出品年代、发行公司等信息;再给出推荐阅读材料全文(以现当代作品为主,有剧本、诗歌、小说节选、论文等)。

我爱读英文原著,也爱追最新的英语电影和电视剧。它们帮我提高英语水平,加深对英美文化的理解。希望各位读者从本书的阅读中获得享受。

吴晓真
2011年5月

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Chapter One

Artists

Learning objectives

After studying this chapter, you'll have a better idea of:

1. the creative process: an artist observes the world carefully, and then recreates an image/event he/she finds unique by carefully arranging the composition of the artwork. The creative process is not over until the audience have given it individual interpretations;
2. the importance of personal experience in the creative process;
3. the fact that the passion of the artist may develop into an obsession. Since such obsession is incomprehensible to common people, the artist is extremely lonely and his/her soul mates are hard to come by.

Introduction

Most of us are not gifted artistically, but that doesn't stop us from admiring a good work of art, or wondering about the life of artists. What are they like? What are their creative processes like? What are their lives like?

The creative process

In *The Artist and the World*, Joyce Cary examines the relationship between the artist and the world. An artist comes up with a discovery, or something new, exciting or surprising about the world. Since this kind of inspiration is highly evanescent, he/she has to fix it down with all the skills in his/her possession. And this is hard work. For example, a painter has to translate an inspiration from real objects into a formal

and ideal arrangement of colors and shapes, which will still, mysteriously, fix and convey his sense of the unique quality, the magic of these objects in their own private existence.

In *Notes Synthétiques*, Paul Gauguin, the renowned French post-impressionist painter, wrote about the challenges confronting a painter. He thought the job of a painter was far more arduous than that of a musician, because a painter has to present everything at one glance whereas the hearing need only grasp a single sound at a time. The job of a painter, in his mind, is also more difficult than that of a writer, because one can dream freely when looking at a painting but has to be a slave of the author's thought. The painter has to use colors, lines, composition and techniques to produce, in his/her audience, an instantaneous impulse. Take, color, for example. The combination of colors by a painter can be limitless, yet the number of combination is dwarfed by what Nature is capable of. Besides, the painter has to worry about the harmony between colors, between colors and shapes, between colors and the sensation he/she hopes to arouse.

Similarly, a novelist has to invent characters, descriptions, and a plot. All these details, as with the painter, have to enforce the impression, the feeling that he/she wants to convey. The reader has to feel, at the end of the tale, "That is important, that is true."

The movie *Capote* offers a good illustration of the hard work involved in the creative process. It is a biographical movie following the events during the writing of author Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* (1966), a work most consider his masterpiece and a landmark of the literary genre known as "new journalism". In 1959, four members of a Kansas farming family, the Clutters, were brutally murdered. Riveted by the report on the murder in the *New York Times*, Capote decided to document the tragedy. He moved to Holcomb, Kansas, in order to get to know local people. Over six years he accumulated more than 6,000 pages of notes interviewing local residents, people who knew the Clutters, and later, the two murderers Perry Smith and Dick Hickock after their apprehension. At first Perry refused to tell him what had happened on that fatal night, but eventually he opened up.

Thanks to his hard work, Truman was able to recreate, scene by scene, life at a small farming town, and more specifically, the last day of the Clutters. He also reconstructed conversations on that day line by line. This description of routine life constitutes a sharp contrast with the sudden, violent death later. He also delved into

the past of the two murders, trying to understand their motives and using details to round out their personalities. For example, Perry Smith confesses “I didn’t want to harm [Mr. Clutter]. I thought he was a very nice gentleman. soft-spoken. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat.” This quotation emphasizes how psychologically disturbed the killers are and allows the reader to get a sense of what goes through their minds.

Truman Capote, the Art of Fiction No. 17 records a statement made by Capote during an interview with *Paris Review*, “Suppose you ate nothing but apples for a week. Unquestionably you would exhaust your appetite for apples and most certainly know what they taste like. By the time I write a story I may no longer have any hunger for it, but I feel that I thoroughly know its flavor.” Then, and only then, would he set out to provoke readers.

This interview also gives some other interesting aspects of Truman Capote, like his childhood, how he started writing, what he read, his eccentricities when writing, and which writers he admires, etc.

From pain to glory

Some artists transform personal sufferings into the sublime in art.

Frida Kahlo, a Mexican surrealist painter, had been in pain in much of her life. She had polio as a child. When she was 18, a streetcar collided with a bus she was riding, breaking her spine in three points, her collarbone, three ribs, a leg and a foot. A tube impaled the hip to sex organs and triple fracture of pelvis prevented her from having children. Later in her life she had to have her toes and a leg removed because of gangrene. She was twice married to Diego Rivera, a painter notorious for infidelity. In her later years she said: “I have had two accidents in my life — the streetcar crash and Diego Rivera.”

It was during the months of convalescence from the streetcar accident that Frida picked up the paint brush to, in her own words, “combat the boredom and pain”. Most of her paintings, especially the self-portraits, capture her emotions and feelings about an event or crisis in her life: her physical condition, her inability to have children, her philosophy of nature and life and, most of all, her turbulent relationship with Diego. An art critic once wrote, “It’s impossible to separate the life and work of this extraordinary person. Her paintings are her biography.”

The 2002 biographical movie *Frida* shows the events and people that shaped her

success as an artist.

The plot in *Immortal Beloved* might be a romantic fantasy of Hollywood: upon the death of Beethoven, one of his students discovered a letter left by the former addressed to “Immortal Beloved”, and went on a quest to find out who the woman was. Yet the life of the musician depicted in the movie truly reflects his own perception in the famous *Heiligenstädter Testament*, “O ye men who think or say that I am malevolent, stubborn or misanthropic, how greatly do ye wrong me, you do not know the secret causes of my seeming, from childhood my heart and mind were disposed to the gentle feelings of good will.” As a child, he was abused by his alcoholic father, who wanted him to become a child prodigy like Mozart and bring home money. As an adult, he was short and ugly, snubbed by women he loved. To make matters worse, he lost his hearing, which should be more important to him than it is to anyone else. Yet he didn’t succumb, producing one great piece of music after another instead. The end of the movie shows how the young Mozart, after being beaten by his father, lay on a roof to look at the star-lit sky. Gradually the camera pans out to him lying on the surface of a pond, the pond merging with the sky, him merging with the universe. In the background the *Ode to Joy* was playing. Music might very well be his “immortal beloved”.

A fine line between genius and insanity

An artist’s creative passion may sometimes develop into obsession.

Lermontov: Why do you want to dance?

Vicky: Why do you want to live?

Lermontov: Well, I don’t know exactly why, but ... I must.

Vicky: That’s my answer, too.

The above is a dialogue in the 1948 movie *The Red Shoes* between Vicky Page, a young ambitious ballet dancer and Lermontov, head of the famous Ballet Lermontov. Lermontov made Vicky the lead dancer of the company repertoire, including his new ballet *The Red Shoes*. In the original Christian Andersen fairytale, once a girl put on the red pair of dancing shoes, she couldn’t stop dancing until she dropped dead. Similarly, Vicky couldn’t stop dancing. She fell in love, but Lermontov tore her away from him by telling her, “A dancer who relies upon the doubtful comforts of human love will never be a great dancer. Never.” She went back to the stage, and then ran back to her lover who was departing by train. She fell

before an approaching train. Dying, she asked her lover to remove her red dancing shoes.

Black Swan, a 2010 movie, is a modern re-interpretation of *The Red Shoes*. Nina Sayers came out on top in a competition to become her ballet company's new Swan Queen. She was expected to maintain an adequate portrayal of both the White Swan and the Black Swan in *Swan Lake*. Ballerinas around the world aspire to the role because it stands for ultimate attainment, but psychiatrists would say it is a bad idea, because playing two diagonally different roles at the same time equals split personality. No wonder this movie is categorized as a psychic thriller. The ballet director claimed that Nina's rigid technique made her an ideal casting for the White Swan, but she lacked the passion of the darkly sensual Black Swan. Nina felt threatened by her understudy Lily, a newcomer who happened to be darkly sensual. She started to have hallucinations of how Lily seduced her into alcohol, drugs and lesbian sex, how Lily made her late for a rehearsal, how Lily had sex with the director and male dancers in order to sabotage her. At the same time, her skin rash on the back seemed to have developed into black feathers. On the premier night, she hallucinated about Lily in her dressing room made up as the Black Swan. She stabbed Lily, only to find, after performing as the White Swan, that she had stabbed herself fatally. She went out onto the stage again as the Black Swan, passionately and sensually, growing black feathers all over her body as she danced, her arms becoming black wings as she finally lost herself and transformed herself into a black swan. At the end of the performance, Nina was dying, yet she felt content and satisfied because she had managed to achieve a perfect performance. The film draws to a close with Nina staring up at the stage lights while whispering, "I felt it. Perfect. I was perfect," as the screen faded to white and the audience chanted her name.

Salieri in *Amadeus* developed another kind of obsession. As court composer for Holy Roman Emperor Joseph II, he was the first to recognize the talent displayed in the works of Mozart. However, Mozart laughed at his musical mediocrity. Salieri developed an elaborate scheme to triumph over Mozart; when he learned of Mozart's financial straits, he wore a costume and mask similar to the one Mozart's deceased father had worn to commission Mozart to write a requiem mass. He planned to murder Mozart once the work was completed, so that he could claim to be its composer, to the admiration of his peers and the royal court. However, Mozart overworked himself and died before finishing the composition. His wife took the

musical score. Salieri was consigned for ever to be the “patron saint of mediocrity”. He spent the rest of his life in a lunatic asylum.

Soul mates

We have often heard about artists' constant search for a muse, or, to be more exact, muses. For example, seven women — Fernande Olivier, Eva Gouel, Olga Koklova, Marie-Therese Walter, Dora Maar, Françoise Gilot, Jacqueline Roque — formed a crucial part of the art and life of Pablo Picasso. They were his driving force, his muses, and he used them all, creating and implementing through them his artistic dynamism in the world of art. However, after a while, they were all subsequently replaced by the following mistress and were left heartbroken with just their memories.

One may accuse those artists of being capricious and selfish, but one may also look at the issue from another perspective: as artists grow artistically (e.g. Picasso went through a blue period, a rose period, a black period and cubism in his life), they may need different sources of inspiration. Two peas in a pod may look exactly alike, so could two people, yet it is very hard to find two people who think alike. We can see how Vincent van Gogh sought a soul mate in fellow impressionist Paul Gauguin in his letter inviting Gauguin to live and paint with him in the south of France. Gauguin did move in and spent comradery time with him. However, by and by they couldn't see eye to eye. Utterly frustrated after a verbal fight, Van Gogh cut off the lower lobe of his left ear and later died from it. Paul Gauguin left for Tahiti without ever coming back to France.

Girl with a Pearl Earring is a masterpiece by the Dutch painter Johannes Vermeer in the 1660s. Who is the girl and why was she painted? The 1999 novel and later the 2003 movie of the same title made some bold conjectures: she was Griet, the daughter of a tile painter who had recently gone blind and a new maid at the Vermeer household. Vermeer was commissioned by a rich patron to paint a portrait of a young girl. Who should sit for the painting? Not his wife Catherina. Although they had six children together, she and the children “don't belong to this world” and she had never stepped into his studio. Griet was a much better choice. She inherited a high sense of beauty from her artisan father. Vermeer first got interested in her when she was chopping vegetables for a soup: she laid vegetables out in a circle, each with its own section like a slice of pie: red cabbage, onions, leeks, carrots and turnips. She

took care not to put cabbage and carrot together because “the colors fight”. Vermeer encouraged Griet to not only clean his studio, but also mix paints and better appreciate painting, lights and colors. She in turn gave valuable feedback to his painting (see a chapter from the novel on how she inspired Vermeer). Eventually she agreed to have her ears pierced, put on the pearl earrings taken from Catherina, and sit for the painting. When the painting was done, she was dismissed by the jealous Catherina. Vermeer didn’t object. Griet left the house in shock. Later, she was visited by the cook from the house, who came bearing a gift: a sealed packet containing the blue headscarf she wore in the painting, which was wrapped around Catharina’s pearl earrings.

Suggested movies and teleplays

1. *Capote* (United Artists Sony Pictures Classics, 2005)
2. *Frida* (Miramax Films, 2002)
3. *Immortal Beloved* (Columbia TriStar Motion Picture Group, 1995)
4. *The Red Shoes* (Eagle-Lion Films, 1948)
5. *Black Swan* (Fox Searchlight Pictures, 2010)
6. *Amadeus* (Orion Pictures, 1984)
7. *Girl with a Pearl Earring* (Pathe, 2003)

Suggested readings

1. *The Artist and the World*
2. *Notes Synthetiques*
3. *Truman Capote, the Art of Fiction No. 17*
4. *Heiligenstädter Testament*
5. *Vincent Van Gogh’s Letter to Gauguin*
6. *A Chapter from Girl with a Pearl Earring*

Reading material

The Artist and the World

By Joyce Cary

This is an attempt to examine the relation of the artist with the world as it seems to him, and to see what he does with it. That is to say, on the one side with what is called the artist’s intuition, on the other with his production, or the work of art.

My only title to discuss the matter is some practical knowledge of two arts. I know very little about aesthetic philosophy, so I shall try, as far as possible, to speak from practical experience.

It is quite true that the artist, painter, writer or composer starts always with an experience that is a kind of discovery. He comes upon it with the sense of a discovery; in fact, it is truer to say that it comes upon *him* as a discovery. It surprises him. This is what is usually called an intuition or an inspiration. It carries with it always the feeling of directness. For instance, you go walking in the fields and all at once they strike you in quite a new aspect; you find it extraordinary that they should be like that. This is what happened to Monet as a young man. He suddenly saw the fields, not as solid flat objects covered with grass or useful crops and dotted with trees, but as color in astonishing variety and subtlety of gradation. And this gave him a delightful and quite new pleasure. It was a most exciting discovery, especially as it was a discovery of something real. I mean, by that, something independent of Monet himself. That, of course, was half the pleasure. Monet has discovered a truth about the actual world.

This delight in discovery of something new in or about the world is a natural and primitive thing. All children have it. And it often continues until the age of twenty or twenty-five, *even* throughout life.

Children's pleasure in exploring the world, long before they can speak, is very obvious. They spend almost all their time at it. We don't speak of their intuition, but it is the same thing as the intuition of the artist. That is to say, it is direct knowledge of the world as it is, direct acquaintance with things, with characters, with appearance, and this is the primary knowledge of the artist and writer. This joy of discovery is his starting point.

Croce, probably the most interesting of the aesthetic philosophers, says that art is simply intuition. But as he says, too, that intuition and expression are the same thing. His idea is that we can't know what we have intuited until we have named it, or given it a formal character, and this action is essentially the work of art.

But this is not at all the way it seems to an artist or a writer. To him, the intuition is quite a different thing from the work of art. For the essential thing about the work of art is that it is work, and very hard work, too. To go back to the painter. He has had his intuition, he has made his discovery, he is eager to explore it, to reveal it, to fix it down. For, at least in a grown and educated man, intuitions

are highly evanescent. This is what Wordsworth means when he wrote of their fading into the light of common day.

I said the joy of discovery often dies away after twenty years or so. And this is simply a truth of observation; we know it from our own experience. The magic object that started up before our eyes on a spring day in its own individual shape is apt, in the same instant, to turn into simply another cherry tree, an ordinary specimen of a common class. We have seen it and named it pretty often already. But Housman, as poet, fixed his vision of the cherry tree before it had changed into just another tree in blossom.

Housman fixed it for himself and us, but not by an immediate act, indistinguishable from the intuition. He had to go to work and find words, images, rhyme, which embodied his feeling about the tree, which fixed down its meaning for him, so that he could have it again when he wanted it, and also give it to us. He made a work of art, but he made it by work.

So for the painter, when he has his new, magic landscape in front of him; he has to fix it down. And at once he is up against enormous difficulties. He has only his paints and brushes, and a flat piece of canvas with which to convey a sensation, a feeling, about a three-dimensional world. He has somehow to translate an intuition from real objects into a formal and ideal arrangement of colors and shapes, which will still, mysteriously, fix and convey his sense of the unique quality, the magic of these objects in their own private existence. That is to say, he has a job that requires thought, skill, and a lot of experience.

As for the novelist, his case is even worse. He starts also with his intuition, his discovery; as when Conrad in an Eastern port saw a young officer come out from a trial in which he had been found guilty of a cowardly desertion of his ship and its passengers after a collision. The young man had lost his honor and Conrad realized all at once what that meant to him, and he wrote *Lord Jim* to fix and communicate that discovery in its full force.

For that he had to invent characters, descriptions, a plot. All these details, as with the painter, had to enforce the impression, the feeling that he wanted to convey. The reader had to *feel*, at the end of the tale, "That is important, that is true". It's no good if he says, "I suppose that is true, but I've heard it before". In that case Conrad has failed, at least with that reader. For his object was to give the reader the same discovery, to make him feel what it meant to that young man to lose his honor,

and how important honor is to men.

And to get this sharp and strong feeling, the reader must not be confused by side issues. All the scenes and characters, all the events in the book, must contribute to the total effect, the total meaning. The book must give the sense of an actual world with real characters. Otherwise they won't engage the reader's sympathy, and his feelings will never be concerned at all.

But actual life is not like that, it doesn't have a total meaning, it is simply a wild confusion of events from which we have to select what we think significant for ourselves. Look at any morning paper. It makes no sense at all — it means nothing but chaos. We read only what we think important; that is to say, we provide our own sense for the news. We have to do so because otherwise it wouldn't be there. To do this, we have to have some standard of evaluation, we have to know whether the political event is more important than a murder, or a divorce than the stock market, or the stock market than who won the Derby.

The writer, in short, has to find some meaning in life before he gives it to us in a book. And his subject matter is much more confused than that of a painter. Of course, in this respect, everyone is in the same boat. Everyone, not only the writer, is presented with the same chaos, and is obliged to form his own idea of the world, of what matters and what doesn't matter. He has to do it, from earliest childhood, for his own safety. And if he gets it wrong, if his idea does not accord with reality, he will suffer for it. A friend of mine, as a child, thought he could fly, and jumped off the roof. Luckily he came down in a flower-bed and only broke a leg.

This seems to contradict what I said just now about the chaos which stands before us every morning. For the boy who failed to fly did not suffer from bad luck. He affronted a law of gravity, a permanent part of a reality objective to him. As we know very well, underneath the chaos of events, there are laws, or if you like consistencies, both of fact and feeling. What science calls matter, which is to say, certain fixed characteristics of being, presents us with a whole framework of reality which we defy at our peril. Wrong ideas about gravity or the wholesomeness of prussic acid are always fatal.

So, too, human nature and its social relations present certain constants. Asylums and gaols are full of people who have forgotten or ignored them. On the other hand, we can still comprehend and enjoy Paleolithic art and Homer. Homer's heroes had the same kind of nature as our own.

These human constants are also part of reality objective to us, that is, a permanent character of the world as we know it. So we have a reality consisting of permanent and highly obstinate facts, and permanent and highly obstinate human nature. And human nature is always in conflict with material facts, although men are themselves most curious combinations of fact and feeling, and actually require the machinery of their organism to realize their emotions, their desires and ambitions. Though the ghost could not exist without the machine which is at once its material form, its servant, its limitation, its perfection and its traitor, it is always trying to get more power over it, to change it.

Men have in fact obtained more power over matter, but to change it is impossible. It may be said that all works of art, all ideas of life, all philosophies are "as if", but I am suggesting that they can be checked with an objective reality. They might be called propositions for truth and their truth can be decided by their correspondence with the real. Man can't change the elemental characters. If you could, the world would probably vanish into nothing. But because of their very permanence, you can assemble them into new forms. You can build new houses with the bricks they used for the oldest Rome, because they are still bricks. For bricks that could stop being bricks at will would be no good to the architect. And a heart that stopped beating at its own will would be no good to the artist. The creative soul needs the machine, as the living world needs a fixed character, or it could not exist at all. It would be merely an idea. But by a paradox we have to accept, part of this fixed character is the free mind, the creative imagination, in everlasting conflict with facts, including its own machinery, its own tools.

Notes Synthetiques

By Paul Gauguin

Painting is the most beautiful of all arts. In it, all sensations are condensed; contemplating it, everyone can create a story at the will of his imagination and — with a single glance — have his soul invaded by the most profound recollections; no effort of memory, everything is summed up in one instant. A complete art which sums up all the others and completes them. Like music, it acts on the soul through the intermediary of the senses; harmonious colors correspond to the harmonies of sounds. But in painting a unity is obtained which is not possible in music, where the accords follow one another, so that the judgment experiences a continuous fatigue if it

wants to reunite the end with the beginning. The ear is actually a sense inferior to the eye. The hearing can only grasp a single sound at a time, whereas the sight takes in everything and simultaneously simplifies it at will.

Like literature, the art of painting tells whatever it wishes, with the advantage that the reader immediately knows the prelude, the setting, and the ending. Literature and music require an effort of memory for the appreciation of the whole; the last named is the most incomplete and the least powerful of arts.

You can dream freely when you listen to music as well as when looking at a painting. When you read a book, you are a slave of the author's thought. The author is obliged to address himself to the mind before he can impress the heart, and God knows how little power a reasoned sensation has. Sight alone produced an instantaneous impulse. But then, the men of letters alone are art-critics; they alone defend themselves before the public. Their introductions are always a justification of their work, as if really good work does not defend itself on its own.

These gentlemen flutter about the world like bats which flap their wings in the twilight and whose dark mass appears to you in every direction; animals disquieted by their fate, their too heavy bodies preventing them from rising. Throw them a handkerchief full of sand and they will stupidly make a rush at it.

One must listen to them judging all human works. God has created man after his own image which, obviously, is flattering for man. "This work pleases me and is done exactly the way I should have conceived it." All art criticism is like that; to agree with the public, to seek a work after one's own image. Yes, gentlemen of letters, you are incapable of criticizing a work of art, be it even a book. Because you are already corrupt judges; you have beforehand a ready-made idea — that of the man of letters — and have too high an opinion of your own thoughts to examine those of others. You do not like blue, therefore you condemn all blue paintings. If you are a sensitive and melancholy poet, you want all compositions to be in a minor key. Such a one likes graciousness and must have everything that way. Another one likes gaiety and does not understand a sonata.

It takes intelligence and knowledge in order to judge a book. To judge painting and music requires special sensations of nature besides intelligence and artistic science; in a word, one has to be a born artist, and few are chosen among all those who are called. Any idea can be formulated, but not so the sensation of the heart. What efforts are not needed to master fear or a moment of enthusiasm! Is not love

often instantaneous and nearly always blind? And to say that thought is called spirit, whereas the instincts, the nerves, and the heart are part of matter. What irony!

The vaguest, the most undefinable, the most varied is precisely matter. Thought is a slave of sensations. I have always wondered why one speaks of "noble instincts." ...

Above man is nature.

Literature is human thought described by words.

Whatever talent you may have in telling me how Othello appears, his heart devoured by jealousy, to kill Desdemona, my soul will never be as much impressed as when I saw Othello with my own eyes entering the room, his forehead presaging the storm. That is why you need the stage to complement your work.

You may describe a tempest with talent — you will never succeed in conveying to me the sensation of it.

Instrumental music as well as numbers are based on a unit. The entire musical system derives from this principle, and the ear has become used to all these divisions. The unit is established through the means of an instrument, yet you may choose some other basis and the tones, half-tones, and quarter-tones will follow each other. Outside of these you will have dissonance. The eye is used less than the ear to perceive these dissonances, but then divisions [of color] are more numerous, and for further complication there are several units.

On an instrument, you start from one tone. In painting you start from several. Thus, you begin with black and divide up to white — the first unit, the easiest and the most frequently used one, hence the best understood. But take as many units as there are colors in the rainbow, add those made up by composite colors, and you will reach a rather respectable number of units. What an accumulation of numbers, truly a Chinese puzzle! No wonder then that the colorist's science has been so little investigated by the painters and is so little understood by the public. Yet what richness of means to attain an intimate relationship with nature!

They reprove our colors which we put [unmixed] side by side. In this domain we are perforce victorious, since we are powerfully helped by nature which does not proceed otherwise. A green next to a red does not produce a reddish brown, like the mixture [of pigments], but two vibrating tones. If you put chrome yellow next to this red, you have three tones complementing each other and augmenting the intensity of the first tone: the green. Replace the yellow by a blue, you will find three