The carnation of the worker takes a flesh tint while the tattoo of an anchor is drawn on his arm, anecdotal detail to read as a stroke of humor, a kind of visual slang, language of which Léger likes the inventiveness.

"The people have a poetic sense in themselves. They are the men who invent that ceaselessly renewed verbal poetry – slang. These men are endowed with a constantly creative imagination. 'They transpose reality.' What then do modern poets, artists, and painters do? They do the same thing. Our pictures are our slang; we transpose objects, forms, and colors. Then why don't we meet each other?"

– Fernand Leger: 'The Human Body considered as an Object', Montreal, 1945

# Functions of Painting

## by Fernand Léger

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WITH A PREFACE
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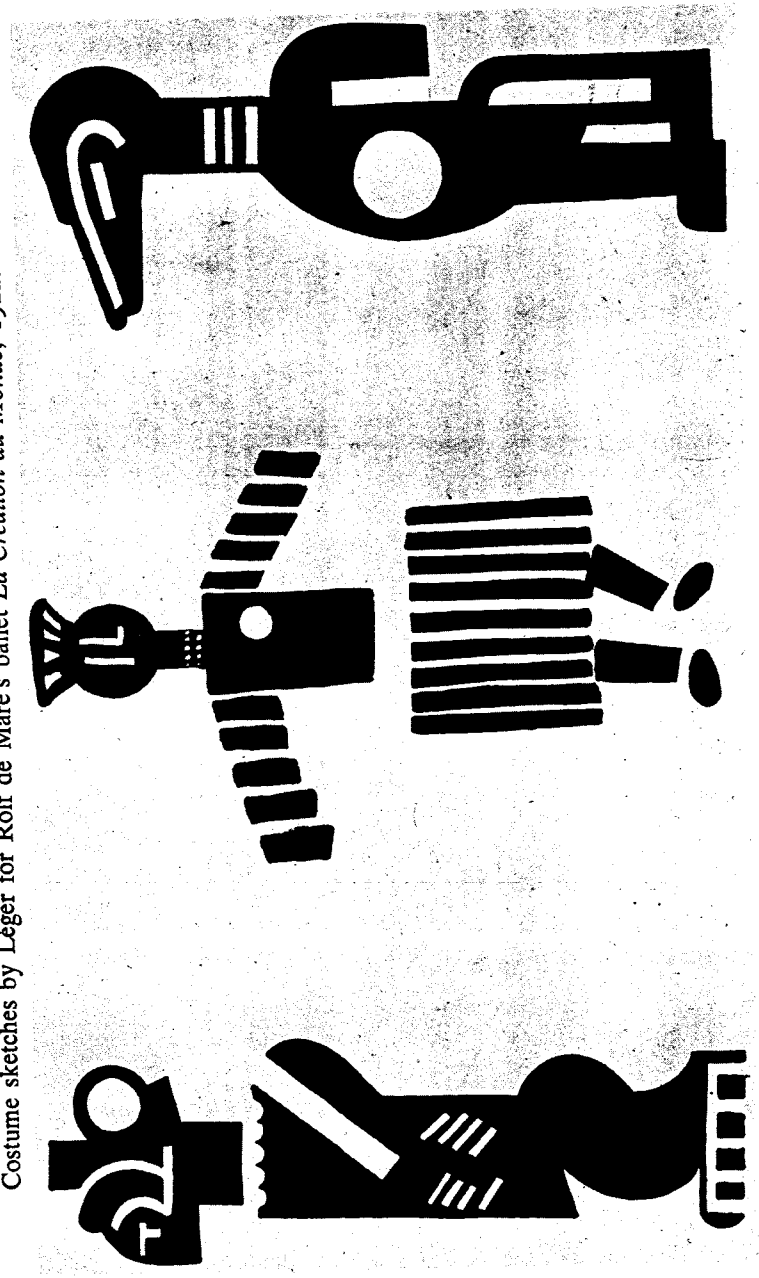

Costume sketches by Léger for Rolf de Maré's ballet *La Création du Monde*, 1922.

## The Spectacle: Light, Color, Moving Image, Object-Spectacle

To have to talk about spectacle is to imagine the world in all its daily visual manifestations (it has become one of the fundamental needs of existence). It dominates all contemporary life.

The eye, the major organ of a thousand responsibilities, controls the individual more than ever. It ceaselessly records from morning to night. It must be quick, accurate, subtle, infallible, and precise.

Speed is the law of the modern world. The eye must "be able to choose" in a fraction of a second or it risks its existence, whether it be driving a car, in the street, or behind a scholar's microscope.

Life rolls by at such a speed that everything becomes mobile.

The rhythm is so dynamic that a "slice of life" seen from a café terrace is a spectacle. The most diverse elements collide and jostle one another there. The interplay of contrasts is so violent that there is always exaggeration in the effect you glimpse.

On the boulevards two men are carrying some immense gilded letters in a handcart; the effect is so unexpected that everyone stops and looks. *There is the origin of the modern spectacle.* The shock of the surprise effect. To organize a spectacle based on these daily phenomena, the artists who want to distract the crowd must undergo a continual renewal. It is a hard profession, the hardest profession.

There must be a constant state of choice and invention. Happily, our modern means are increased tenfold thanks to daily inventions.

Objects, lights, the colors that used to be fixed and restrained have become alive and mobile.

Previously, and around us, the human element dominates the stage; it asserts itself everywhere as entertainment value, from the dazzling dancer who dominates the stage with her talent to the erotic music-hall groups. But the superrevues, with their constant race for something new, have worn out, have coarsened, the already limited means at their disposal.

They have "touched bottom." The spring is dried up.

We are at the end of a crisis.

Let us try to act with newer, brand-new materials.

A spectacle must be fast-moving for the sake of its unity. It cannot go on for more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Let us look at this short time span for "new materials."

We have found what we are competing with; we must renew the man-spectacle mechanically. We can make the materials themselves move, set them in action.

Industry and commerce, swept along in a frantic competitive race, have been the first to grab everything that could serve as an attraction. They admirably sensed that a shop window, a department store must be a spectacle. They had the idea of creating a pervasive, persuasive atmosphere by using only the objects at their disposal. A woman who goes into the store is half won over; she must buy, she will buy because her defenses are destroyed by the "shopkeeper's brilliant trick."

It's a spell, a fascination, knowingly manipulated. The stores want a victim; they often have one. The lighted colored display counter is the one that does the most business.

The Catholic religion has also known how to make use of these methods to steer men according to its instructions. Possessing wonderful churches, it has pushed the art of the spectacle very far; it has subjugated the masses, through masterly and deliberate direction of its interior and exterior cult manifestations.

The church understood long ago that man is drawn instinctively to the brilliant, luminous colored object. It adopted music and song. If it has imposed itself on the world, that is because it has not neglected any of the visual and auditory means of its epoch.

Overwhelmed by the enormous stage set of life, what can the artist who aspires to conquer his public do? He has only one chance left to take: to rise to the plane of beauty by considering everything that



surrounds him as raw material; to select the plastic and theatrical values possible from the whirlpool that swirls under his eyes; to interpret them in terms of spectacle; to attain theatrical unity and dominate it at any price. If he does not rise enough, if he does not reach the higher plane, he is immediately in competition with life itself, which equals and surpasses him. *There must be invention, at any cost.*

Adapting to fashion is inferior and very far from dealing with the problem to be solved. I adapt, you adapt, he adapts—that is the elegant formula, the minimum effort, the established position. Present-day life never adapts; it creates unceasingly, every morning, good or bad, but it invents. If adaptation is defensible from the point of view of theater, it is not defensible as spectacle.

Nowadays there is no place on the vast stage of the world as good as the public stage, but it is restricted to inventors, and is not for arrangers.

Commercial endeavors are so competitive that a procession of models at a good couturier's equals and even surpasses a number of average stage shows in entertainment value.

There has never been an epoch as frantic for spectacle as ours. The rush of the masses toward the screen or the stage is an unending phenomenon. In lower-class districts seats are reserved in advance.

This frenzy, this craving for distraction at any price, must arise from a need for reaction against the harshness and demands of modern life.

It is a harsh, prosaic, precise life: the microscope is trained on everything; the object, the individual is gone into thoroughly, examined from every angle. Time, measurement, are taken seriously; everything is now measured in seconds and millimeters. There is such a race for perfection that inventive genius is pushed to its extreme limits. An epoch that has resulted from an instructive war in which every value was stripped bare, and there was a total revision of moral and material values. Human endurance was tested and pushed to the maximum. After four years of this paroxysm, modern man finds himself on a social plane that is not peace; he finds himself on another plateau where economic war leaves him no room to breathe. It is another state of war as lamentable as the first.

As long as the economic revolution does not give man the hoped-for new equilibrium, as long as he is a victim of the machine instead of being its beneficiary, we will witness that daily phenomenon of people hurrying and scrambling to go to work, to eat, who at night rush to a spectacle in order to try to find distraction from their daily exhaustion. They go there like moths to the light, fascinated, with a kind of intoxication that stands between that of the bistros and that of the drug addicts, also impelled by an obscure feeling, scarcely perceptible but certain—a need for Beauty, to which I will return in a little while.

What is going to be offered to meet this enormous demand?

The music halls, circuses, revues, ballet companies, and gatherings of high or low society are the fields of action (the theater, properly speaking, being outside my subject). However, I will mention Jules Romains's *Six Gentlemen in a Row* as one of the most original theatrical manifestations.

What did one see before our period?

The classical theater was above all theatrical; their means were gesture, declamation, melodrama. As a plastic method, what interests us and moves us is their use of masks; they invented the mask.

The mask dominates classical theater, and the most primitive peoples use it as a means of creating spectacle. They realized, with their weak methods, that on stage the human resemblance was a barrier to the lyric state, the state of astonishment.

They wanted to transform the face.

I am going to do my best to tie in this event because it is one of the important points of this lecture.

[The mask was devised] to make a break between the visual atmosphere of a room and that of the stage, to make the individual disappear in order to utilize human material, to create fiction on the stage. The human material appeared, but it had the same spectacle value as the object and the decor.

Our present methods are manifold, of course, but on one condition, I repeat, that the individual-as-king is really willing to become a means like the rest. The star artist, with or without the necessary talent, is a frequent obstacle to unity. He has all our sympathy, this dancer who, for centuries, "did everything necessary" to elicit the



enthusiasm of the audience, but in spite of all his genius, he doesn't have a thousand different ways to smile, to turn, to fling out his leg, to leap. So after all is said and done, he has had his day. If only all these talented artists would humbly consent to look around, to think of means that would enable them to renew themselves; they will always have their place on stage, they will glitter there, but if only they would look at the human document; daily life full of plastic facts would help them and there would be no need for them to go and "absorb" from the museums.

Why won't they accept the lesson of the acrobats, the simple, humble acrobats? There are more "plastic passages" in ten minutes of an acrobatic spectacle than there are in many scenes of ballet. Now ask the leading dancers to do a cartwheel or to walk on their hands, or even to do a somersault; they all lack quickness. Yet what a wealth of stage effects are to be found there. To be polite, that is the main part of the program. They certainly know that there is grace and charm around us, everywhere, in the street, from the top to the bottom of the houses; they sense that there may be a plane of entertainment there made up of charm and grace, and that has nothing to do with the eternal balletic movements and a pretty smile.

If only they would decide to be choreographers, rather than star performers, if they would agree to become part of a spectacle "with equal billing," if they would accept the role of "moving scenery," if they themselves would direct the advent of the spectacle-object, then a number of entirely new methods would appear that up to now have remained "in the wings." Then you would have the mechanism for unexpected plastic qualities that will be able to come into play and animate the stage.

Let's trace the problem to its origin. We have a dead auditorium, dull and dark. Thirty percent of the audience are people who are inattentive, cold, difficult to reach. In front of them is a stage; between them and the stage there is a neutral, dangerous space, difficult to cross—the footlights; it is an obstacle that nevertheless must be crossed, in order to create the atmosphere indispensable to all entertainment, in order to go and ensnare the gentleman who came to get away from it all.

In order to reach that point, there must be a maximum of stage

effects; the axiom that "the state of the stage must be *inversely proportional to the state of the auditorium*" must be proved.

Let's push the system to the extreme. Let's order that what is on the stage must be a complete invention.

The auditorium = immobility, darkness, silence.

The stage = light, movement, life.

I say a stage of total invention.

You will never again see on my stage the nose of that gentleman who offended you on the bus or the profile of the blonde lady who makes you jealous.

The individual has disappeared. He becomes a moving part of scenery, or . . . he goes behind the scenes to manage the new theater of the beautiful object.

Please notice that several music-hall artists have felt the spectacle-object's importance. They surround themselves with it; acrobats and jugglers pay attention to it and improve it, but always behind the performer, in the background.

Their set, as limited as it may be, counts for half the spectacle-effect.

The "Big Top" of the New Circus is an absolutely marvelous world. When I am lost in this astonishing metallic planet with its dazzling spotlights and the tiny acrobat who risks his life every night, I am distracted. In spite of his dangerous game, prescribed by the cruelty of a certain public that has dined well and sends him puffs from their cigars, I forget him. I am looking at the spectacle that is all around him. I no longer see the flushed faces. I am caught up by the strange architecture of colored tent poles, metallic rods, and ropes that cross each other and sway under the effect of the lights.

Keep looking at this event. Draw from it consequences from the viewpoint of attraction.

Very gently make the "little fellow" disappear. I swear to you that the stage will not be empty, for we are going to make *the objects act*.

Let's take a stage with the minimum of depth. Keep to the vertical plane as much as possible; watch in hand, time the length of action (the mechanics of a gesture, a spotlight, or a sound). A plastic movement that is effective for ten seconds becomes poor if it lasts for



twelve. The background scenery is movable. The action begins: six actors, "moving scenery," cross the stage turning cartwheels (a lighted stage); they come back, now phosphorescent (on a dark stage). The top of the set is animated by films projected on it—décor for the moving backdrop, it disappears—the apparition of the beautiful, luminous metallic object, it shifts and disappears. Controlled activity of a whole stage where pleasing, extraordinary surprises and unexpected things are continually at play, woven together, and multiplied at the pleasure of the director. If a face appears, it may be stiff, fixed, frozen, rigid, as if it were metal. The human face can play its part, but its "expressiveness" is absolutely null in the spectacle-stage. Heavily made up or masked, transformed, with set gestures, it can contribute variety, but nothing more. Human material may be used in groups moving in a parallel or contrasting rhythm, on the condition that the general effect is in no way sacrificed to it.

These methods in action ought to cross the footlights to create the atmosphere, take over the theater, and conquer the audience, for if it is logical, if it has a sense of what it wants, it must be satisfied.

Nothing on the stage resembles the rest of the theater. A complete transposition, a new fairyland, is created, a whole new and unexpected world evolves before them.

They are the blind who have suddenly been healed by a magic wand; enchanted, they see a spectacle that they have never seen before.

If it wants to, the modern stage can go this far; we have the means to do it. The public will follow, it has followed; proof is there. The public is better than we think it is, but between the public and the director there is often an important obstructive character—the producer or the impresario—who, often, misunderstands his public and warps everything. They are not all like that, fortunately. Jacques Hébertot is a fabulous director, and I want to pay homage here to Rolf de Maré, the director of the Swedish Ballet, who was the first person in France to have the courage to agree to a spectacle where everything is done with machinery and the play of light, where no human silhouette is on the stage; and to Jean Borlin and his troupe, who are condemned to the role of moving scenery.

In agreeing to perform the Negro ballet *Creation of the World*

(*Création du Monde*) he dared to impose on the public for the first time a truly modern stage, at least in terms of technical means. His effort was rewarded with success. The public immediately went along with him completely, while most of the official critics lost themselves in irrelevant remarks. As French propaganda his work was influential. His creations, eight or ten of which were done by artists of the French avant-garde, have gone around the world. He came back from America, where, in spite of the huge difficulties such a trip entails, he will have been the first to have risked and presented over there an entirely French program. There have to be foreigners such as Rolf de Maré and Serge de Diaghilev to recognize the vital French quality in order to present it to the world.

I have heard that there is a propaganda department in Paris. What has it done? Has it ever made contact with these courageous men who risk enormous amounts of capital without for once being "businessmen"? I don't think so. What did this propaganda department do? What was its staff doing during and after the war? Is there a document somewhere that reveals their heroism?

But in spite of this, everything progresses; in spite of this lamentable negligence, life goes on, and change rushes forward. Cinema came, with its limitless plastic possibilities—an incredible invention, fraught with plastic consequences that unfortunately are often blocked because of a completely wrong point of departure.

Filming a novel is a fundamental mistake, one that results from the fact that most of the directors have a literary background and education.

In spite of their unqestionable talent, they are caught between a scenario that must remain a means and the moving image that must be the end. They often confuse the two things. They sacrifice that wonderful thing, "the image that moves," in order to present a story that is much better in a book. It is still that deadly "adaptation" that is so easy and stops all innovation. Nevertheless, their means are infinite, unlimited; they have this amazing power to personify, to give a complete life to a fragment. The close-up is their alphabet, they can give plastic identity to a detail. It is such a field of innovations that it is unbelievable they can neglect it for a sentimental scenario. Where the fantasies of lyrical imagery can come into play, they show



us famous novels adapted for the screen. They, too, adapt "with might and main"; they are already the victims of the least possible effort.

The average calculation goes like this:

To make a film, you must have money.

To get it, let's take Joan of Arc or Napoleon, characters who have a certain historical notoriety, let's get a famous actor, who is really famous in Paris, as our star, and we're off. It will be "amortized"; we will make a good business deal, and it won't be any trouble. The movie is already made. The monetary viewpoint dominates everything. As a result of this, the cinema is awful, and it is even dangerous for the Princes of the Screen, for they ought to consider that, by debasing the cinematic art to this level, they have no defense against competition. On that plane, anyone with an average intelligence can become a screen ace.

They will be thrown overboard, drowned by the "spontaneous hatching" of mediocre competitors who invade the marketplace. If they had the courage to raise the artistic level above the average possibilities, they would be authentic and invulnerable kings. But they submit to the backer who is terrified about his money. They are dominated by him and by the monstrous star who demands 5,000 francs a week for her pretty face or dubious fame.

We are currently in a frantic mess of millions spent for ridiculous historical productions.

Still it should be possible to have a cinema without millions and without stars. It is an effort that should be made. But on that day it would be necessary for directors to accept at their side a nice unpretentious fellow with plastic training, who from time to time quietly says to them: "This image a little to the right, a little to the left, that slow group a little faster, this charming person is really seen too much. Stay with black and white. Enough literature, the public is sick of it. No perspective, why all these subtitles? So are you incapable of making a story without subtitles, with nothing but the image? But cartoonists have done it on the back page of a newspaper. That's what you must manage and a lot of other things that we'll see about later, and then good cinema is on the way."

Let's recognize this:

The French screen has contributed the only truly plastic achievement that has been presented so far.

Abel Gance, assisted by Blaise Cendrars in *The Wheel* (*La Roue*), Jean Epstein in *The Faithful Heart* (*Coeur fidèle*), Marcel L'Herbier in *Gallery of Monsters* (*Galerie de monstres*) and *The Inhuman* (*L'Inhumaine*), Moujoskine in *Keim*, have all obtained, achieved, and successfully presented plastic emotion to the public through the simultaneous projection of "fragments of images" in an accelerated rhythm. They have achieved an equivalent plane through absolutely new technical means; Gance and Cendrars's exploding train, Epstein's street carnival, L'Herbier's circus and laboratories, Moujoskine's jig are the reasons for the success of their films. It is plasticity, it is the image alone that acts on the spectator, and he submits to it, is moved, and conquered. It is a beautiful victory—achieved before an audience that has reacted to and applauded for something other than a sentimental literary intrigue.

The new values are making progress everywhere. The stage and the screen are gradually being liberated.

Spectacle, properly speaking, changes, and we imagine the next advent of new possibilities.

The Eiffel Tower and the Great Wheel, those two enormous "object-spectacles" that dominate Paris, are as much admired as the beautiful Gothic façades.

Everyone regretted the disappearance of the Great Wheel; it was a familiar silhouette. It was better than the Eiffel Tower because of its form. An entire object whose initial form is the circle is always much sought after for its value of attractiveness.

The wheel, lighted and colored, dominates the street carnivals.

The circle is satisfying to the human eye. It is a totality, a whole, there is no break in it.

The ball, the sphere, have enormous possibilities as plastic values.

Put a sphere or a ball—never mind what material it is made of—in your apartment. It is never unpleasant and always will fit in wherever it may be. It is the beautiful object with no other purpose than what it is.

We live surrounded by beautiful objects that are slowly being revealed and perceived by man; they are occupying an increasingly important place around us, in our interior and exterior life.



Cultivate this possibility, release it, direct it, extend its consequences.

So that as early as elementary school, children may be taught to admire beautiful manufactured objects.

The collapse of religions has caused a void that spectacle and sensualism cannot fill.

Our eyes, closed for centuries to the true realistic Beauty, to the objective phenomena that surround us, are beginning to open up. Something is ending; something else is beginning. We are at the crossroads, in transition—a thankless, cruel epoch, where every mistake and reaction can operate. But out of all this confused throng of desires and mistakes a sure possibility appears—the cult of the Beautiful. Here I agree with the theories dear to Ozenfant; the demand for the Beautiful is everywhere daily, urgent and undeniable.

Let us be aware of our daily actions; concern for the Beautiful fills three-quarters of everyday life.

From our need to arrange the room we live in, to the discreet arrangement of a lock of hair under a hat, the desire for harmony penetrates everywhere. Don't think, for example, that taste in clothes concerns young people alone. Go into the shop of a little dressmaker in the provinces. Have the patience to watch all through a fitting that a local businesswoman is having. To get the effect she wants, she will be more meticulous, more exacting than the most elegant Parisian. This stout, fifty-year-old lady, she too wants to achieve a harmony that is appropriate for her age, her environment, and her means. She too organizes her spectacle so that it will make its effect where she thinks necessary; she hesitates between the blue belt and the red one, indicates her choice, and accordingly worries about "the Beautiful." Let us help all those who display nothing more than indifference and routine observance for the old, outdated religions, let us work for them: relief is coming. Don't stop denouncing those officials of the École des Beaux-Arts and the others, useless and ridiculous, who are bent on restoring departed times and who plagiarize from them badly.

Those grotesque societies for the protection of the French landscape who presume to stop life and to prevent Cadum Baby* or Brand-X Pills

* Picture used by a toiletry company that advertised widely on billboards in Paris at this time.—Tr.

from being inserted into a landscape—but what is a landscape? Where does it begin and end? What court is presumptuous enough to define the elements that make it up?

Let's frankly discard this queer antiquated little world and look with fully opened eyes at contemporary life as it rolls along, shifts, and brims over beside us.

Let us try to dam it up, to channel it, organize it plastically.

An enormous job, but possible.

The hypertension of contemporary life, its daily assault on the nerves, is due at least 40 percent to the overdynamic exterior environment in which we are obliged to live.

The visual world of a large modern city, that vast spectacle that I spoke of in the beginning, is badly orchestrated; in fact, not orchestrated at all. The intensity of the street shatters our nerves and drives us crazy.

Let's tackle the problem in all its scope. Let's organize the exterior spectacle. This is nothing more or less than creating "polychromed architecture" from scratch, taking in all the manifestations of current advertising.

If the spectacle offers intensity, a street, a city, a factory ought to offer an obvious plastic serenity.

Let's organize exterior life in its domain: form, color, light.

Let's take a street; ten red houses, six yellow houses. Let's exploit beautiful materials—stone, marble, brick, steel, gold, silver, bronze; let's avoid dynamism completely. A static concept must be the rule; all the commercial and industrial necessities will be developed, instead of being sacrificed—a constant anxiety in society.

Color and light have a social function, an essential function.

The world of work, the only interesting one, exists in an intolerable environment. Let us go into the factories, the banks, the hospitals. If light is required there, what does it illuminate? Nothing. Let's bring in color; it is as necessary as water and fire. Let's apportion it wisely, so that it may be a more pleasant value, a psychological value; its moral influence can be considerable. A beautiful and calm environment.

Life through color.

The polychromed hospital.

The colorist-doctor.



The leprous, glacial hospital is dressed up in multicolor.

We are not in the realm of vague prophecies; we are coming very close to tomorrow's realities.

A society without frenzy, calm, ordered, knowing how to live naturally within the Beautiful without exclamation or romanticism.

That is where we are going, very simply.

It is a religion like any other. I think it is useful and beautiful.

*Bulletin de l'Effort Moderne,* Paris, 1924

# The Street: Objects, Spectacles

Should the street be considered as one of the fine arts? Perhaps, but in any case, the *present* element, the central element of the street, is the object rather than the poster, which fades into a secondary position and disappears. *The direct accession of the object to decorative value* does not displease Jean Cocteau and comes as no surprise to his painter friends. It belongs to the realm of pure plasticity, the sculptural and constructive realm.

If the modern Paris street has a style, it is certainly due to this new taste for the object itself, for form.

From the day when a woman's head was considered an oval object to be emphasized, hair has disappeared and more care than ever is taken with make-up, the eye, the mouth . . . and, naturally, the store mannequin has followed the trend.

The age of the naked, of light. There is no longer a fondness for dubious mystical-Oriental seductiveness, for chiaroscuro.

The indiscreet spotlight, the studio klieg light. Sun. The detail isolated and enlarged a thousand times.

Economic pressure has brought the merchant to his knees before his merchandise. He has discovered it; he has perceived that his objects have beauty. One fine day, he put a shoe or a leg of lamb on display in his shop window, getting a perspective. His taste and imagination did the rest. A style was born, very contemporary—a revolution made without drum or trumpet. Then the store can be considered one of the fine arts, for it is majestically dressed by a thousand hands that daily



make and remake the modern stores' pretty scenery. The billboard is no longer a match for them. Only that one enormous object, the Cadum Baby, persists. The Cappiello poster remains the classic example of the mural billboard mistake. An automobile chassis, completely bare, put on the white wall . . . a harsh, exact age, incompatible with religious neurasthenia. Go along the street. Start from the center and go to the end, and you will see the reel unroll.

This aesthetic of the isolated object is difficult. It is fully realized only around the Opera and the Champs-Élysées. As one strolls along, it is amusing to see, on the sidewalks and everywhere else, the research and the continuous efforts that are being made to achieve this aesthetic.

The lower-class sections of Paris have not been able to follow the trend; they have kept their taste for diversity, intensity. There you find *the most possible in the minimum* space. In spite of this, they get results.

Let us go to the Temple district on the outskirts; here you enter the realm of shoes and ties. . . . Jack, from New York, Rue de Belleville, will seduce you with his poetry of caps. It is as pretty as an accordion tune. Every nuance is melodiously orchestrated. The gentlemen in this section are very uncompromising. Go in and watch a fitting, and you will have something to tell me.

You will find cubist slippers on the feet of the Chapelle dancers. Their shirts, which range from pale pink to yellow-orange, will dismay you a bit. This district is very late-eighteenth-century. There, style is dead.

All the great ages have striven for the vertical arrangement of the isolated object to obtain a decorative or plastic value.

This is the framework of the seventh-century mosaics, of the popular engravings of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries.

With the Italian Renaissance the taste for the subject drove out the taste for the object and destroyed style.

The beautiful pharmacies on the Boulevard Sébastopol, the horsemeat shops on the Rue de la Roquette, and, trapped in all that, over-

whelmed and absorbed by it, the good old store from the 1880s, which can move you to tears, hidden as it is in the shadow of a hundred equine hind legs lined up like soldiers, according to size, as if they were on parade.

*Cahiers de la République des Lettres*, Paris, 1928

## Abstract Art

Color is a vital element, like water and fire. It is unquestionably an essential requirement.

One cuts flowers in the garden in order to have them in one's apartment, along with pictures. Pictures are art objects in which color counts for 60 percent.

Every pictorial school has utilized color. How it is used is the distinguishing factor.

"Local color" reigned until impressionism.

The impressionists began to theorize openly about the division of color (complementary colors), and they applied the principle toward a new plasticity.

Every impressionist work is based on a scientific observation. Naturally, the neoimpressionists appeared, tendentious and logical, to end that venture; and the impressionist school quietly faded away with a little theoretical game about complementary and constructive colors.

Cubism, born out of the need for a reaction, started out with monochromatic tones and did not become colorful until some years later.

But local color is regaining its [former] place. Local color produces more forceful color. Impressionism, which juxtaposed a red with a green, did not color; it constructed. This delicate construction could not do two things at once; it produced "gray." For example, a pure blue by itself remains blue if it is next to a gray or a *noncomple-*