THE LETTERS OF A POST-IMPRESSIONIST by Vincent Van Gogh. PREFACE Vincent Van Gogh was born in hed his education, until his twenty-third year, he worked for the firm of Goupil at The Hague, in London, an dam. When, however, he discovered that these studies also failed to give him precisely what he was seekir sue independent studies until he moved to The Hague, and for the first time entered into relations with other were already stamped with an exceedingly strong personal character, though they are very different from the Gogh, an art dealer with exceptionally good taste, he became acquainted with the art of the Impressionist subproached much more closely to the modern French school than to the art of his native land. The remainder has found admirers who in many cases have been most ardently enthusiastic. Of the following letters, some to tell you how extraordinarily happy painting makes me feel. Last Sunday I began something which I had e, there stands the sun. The whole thing is a blend of colour and tonea vibration of the whole scale of colours.	In the left Paris to return to England, where for a short time he was engaged as a sing he left for Belgium, where he went among the miners as an evangelist. There among the repainters. In 1883 he went into the province of Drenthe, and very shortly afterwards back the works belonging to his later French period. In 1885 he attended the Academy of Antwischool, and entered into personal relations with one or two of its exponents. Very soon at or of his life was spent in a Hospital for Diseases of the Nerves at Auvers-sur-Oise, where the were addressed to his brother and the remainder to his friend E. Bernard. LETTERS TO had in mind for many a day: It is the view of a flat green meadow, dotted with haycocks, ours in the air. First of all there is a mauve tinted mist through which the sun peers, half of	schoolmaster in the country. But this did not satisfy him either; and he now wished the coal-mines he began to draw. After going to Brussels he returned in 1881 to his lock again to Brabant, where he worked strenuously until 1885. The things he drew an erp for a few months, and in the spring of 1886 we find him in Paris, where, thanks fter this he travelled southward, and worked first at Arles and later at St. Remy. In the died in 1890. His art was appreciated during his life only by a very few and it is be a His BROTHER DEAR BROTHER, You must not take it amiss if I write to you again. A cinder path running alongside of a ditch crosses it diagonally. And on the horizon concealed by a dark violet bank of clouds with a thin brilliant red lining. The sun co	d to study theology at Amster home, where he began to pur id painted there, in Zundert, to his brother, Theodore van he works of this period he apput within recent years that it so soon. I do so only in orde on, in the middle of the pictur ntains some vermilion, and a
bove it there is a strip of yellow which shades into green and, higher up, into a bluish tint that becomes the life. The water in the ditch sparkles on the clay soil. It is in the style of one of Emile Breton's paintings. I ha ave ever painted. Truth to tell, I am surprised myself. I thought my first things would be worthless; but ever not careful study of drawing and perspective that I can now sketch a thing as I see it. Now, however, since I est. But what I also wanted to say is that when I am painting things present themselves to me in colour, wh do to the extent that when anything in Nature happens to strike me, I have more means at my command that me feel as if they can do no work for a week or two. For their compulsory idleness is probably due chiefly to on get right again; and then at least you are the richer for having garnered a number of studies, as the people so very far from each other. I have just decided to pay no further heed to my indisposition, or rather to a to say of my work: "Ah, those are all old drawings!"In my opinion my hands have grown too delicate; bu	ave also painted a large stretch of dunes. I put the colour on thick and treated it broadly. In at the risk of singing my own praises, I must say that they really are not at all bad. And I have bought my brushes and painting materials, I have slaved so hard that I am dead tirnich formerly I never used to seethings full of breadth and vigour. All this looks as if I we in I had formerly for expressing that thing with force. Nor do I think that it would matter me to the fact that they are the very ones who, as Millet says, "y mettent leur peau." That do asant garners a load of hay. But for the moment I am not yet contemplating a rest. *** I krull that is left of it. Enough time has been lost and I must not neglect my work. Therefore, it what can I do? I shall go out again, even if it cost me a good deal; for my chief concern	I feel quite certain that, on looking at these two pictures, no one will ever believe that is what surprises me so much. I believe the reason of it is that before I began tred-seven colour studies straight off! I literally cannot stand, and yet I can neither ere already satisfied with my own work; but I feel just the contrary. Up to the preser uch if my health played me a nasty trick. As far as I am aware, they are not the wors less not matter, and no one should pay any heed to such lapses. For a while you are now it is late, but I really must write you a few lines. You are not here and I miss you whether I am well or not, I shall again draw regularly from morn till night. I do not we is that I should not neglect my work any longer. Art is jealous; she will not allow illegate the state of the stat	at they are the first studies I ho paint, I made such a long a forsake my work nor take a rat, however, I have progresse at painters who from time to title utterly exhausted, but you say, though I feel as if we were rant anybody to be able againness to take precedence of h
er. And I give in to herMen like myself really have no right to be ill. But you must understand what my at oo high. I will make drawings that will amaze some people. In short I will bring it to such a pitch, that they we eak in this way; but it is for this very reason that I wish to put vigour into my work. For what am I in the eye o, I should like to show by my work what the heart of such a nonentity, of such an insignificant man, conce of difficulties, yet I feel within me a calm, pure harmony and music. Art requires resolute and unremitting in terly I have had precious little intercourse with other painters and have not felt any the worse for it. One she about Dupre; speak to me rather about the edge of your ditch, or things of that sort." It certainly sounds ancient and modern Art, I should like to say that I think modern painters are perhaps greater thinkers. Rempeal to us. I made another study of the little child's cradle to-day, and have put in colour here and there. I tradicite the subsequent further elaboration of one's work. In my or constitute the subsequent further elaboration of one's work. In my or constitute the subsequent further elaboration of one's work. In my or constitute the subsequent further elaboration of one's work. In my or constitute the subsequent further elaboration of one's work. In my or constitute the subsequent further elaboration of one's work. In my or constitute the subsequent further elaboration of one's work. In my or constitute the subsequent further elaboration of one's work.	will say of my work: "The man feels deeply and he is subtle withal"; in spite of my so-calles of most people? A nonentity, or an oddity, or a disagreeable man, some one who neitheals. This is my ambition which for all that is the outcome more of love than of resentment and ustry, as well as incessant observation. By resolute industry I mean, in the first place, would not pay so much heed to the teaching of painters as to the teaching of Nature. I can strange, but it is absolutely right. A feeling for things in themselves, for reality, is much nubrandt and Ruysdael seem to us great and sublime, just as they did to their contemporar rust I may yet be able to draw the little cradle a hundred times over resolutely. *** In order pinion, however, this is not acquired automatically, but chiefly through observation, and	ed coarseness, do you understand? maybe precisely on that account. At present it ler has nor ever will have any place in societyin short something less than the leasn the of a feeling of peaceful serenity than of passion. And even though I often he constant industry, as also the power of maintaining one's own point of view agains a understand better now than I did six months ago that Mauve should have been able more important than a sense of the pictorial. It is more fruitful and animating. In registing there is something more personal and more intimate in the modern painter to make studies out of doors, and to paint a small sketch, a very strongly developed furthermore through strenuously working and seeking. A study of anatomy and personal sections.	sounds presumptuous to sp st. Well, granting that this is s ave to contend with all kinds t the assertions of others. Lat e to say: "Do not speak to m ard to the difference between y, which makes a stronger ap ed feeling for form is a pre-re rspective is undoubtedly nec
a system, or anything of the sort. Now farewell! And believe me that I often have a hearty laug hat the bove all of man? *** DEAR THEO, A day or two ago I paid another visit to Scheveningen, and in the ever	in the thoughts of the esignal man with his red flag who seems to say, "Oh, nuch surprised if, in time, they did not sell as well as other people's. Whether with response from people einterested in Art. Therefore it is the reway, neither should we consider the taste of the art-lover-the great part of ind people who will appreciate one, and in order to kindle love in them ong the water-colours I have just painted, you will find many things that ought to be eathought that people should reproach me with certain absurdities and iniquities whing had the ple asure of see ing a fishin general pen-and-ink drawings, for its small pen-and-ink drawings, for its the thoughts of the people's. Whether people is the people in the people in the people in a sure of see ing a fishin general pen-and-ink drawings, for its the throught the people in the people	which have never so much as entered my head; for what am I but a friend of Na he monument there is a wooden hut on which stood a man who was waiting. As	e best of my water-colours. It ough from time to time I feel t arnestly from Nature is, to m put all his feeling into his wor they had to thank only their o nature of a speculation shoul the remotest idea of abiding by ture, of study, of work, and a soon as the smack sailed int
o view, this man appeared with a large blue flag, and was followed by a number of little chaildren who did d largely to the successful entry of the fishing smack. A few minutes after the man had waved his flag, an welcome the vessel. As soon as the boat had drawn sufficiently near, the man on hors eback entered the warrival. When they were all assembled on land, the whole party walked to their home slike a flock of shading the small group of which I give the feet of the sum of th	nother ma notame a long on an old hor se, who was to water a nd soon returned with the anchor. Then the boatmen we leep or a car a van, led by the man on the camelIme eyou a thumbor make the figure stake their place a ndy etstomake. Where eas the legs of the near est figures stan dout distinct the further expansion or foresh or tening of the sides in ciple a saflock of sheepand it is all a matter of lipo ar ticular ly busy in vestigating the guestion	ean on the horsewho soared above the little crowd like a huge shadow. I repanying drawing you will be able to tell what I am endeavouring to do-tand out from one another! It is a difficult thing to render the swaying of the crowstinctly in the foreground, the coat sand trousers behind and above form a most . Every kind of scene and figure suggests a good composition to mea mark ght and shade and perspective. *** It really is strange that you an of increasing the intensity of colourand I should have been glad	ed the little group, in order to of welcome greeted each ne laturally made the most frantithat is, to represent groups or and a group of figures of whe bewildering muddle, in which let, the arrival of a boat, a grod I should always have the sato discuss this matter with y
wood crept about like dark mysterious shadows, while the white bonnet of a wo man b endin g the light, a shadow was cast, and the dark silhouette of a man appeared high on the The figures were large and full of poetry and, in the twilight of the deep shad ows r I have rendered the effect in my sketch, I do not know. I can only say that I wa	varied in col o ur f rom a light to the enormous streng th and soli olour. For one canno t im ch look bright g re enit a diap han	ragine a more magnificent carpet th an that deep red-brown ground, bath in the clear ligh than a warm black-g reen in the shade. Behind the trunk ous hat ze on figree in the shade and a maze of the est with golden leaves. The forms of gather a form ewith general ewith golden leaves. The forms of gather a form ewith general ewith golden leaves. The forms of gather a form the deep red-brown dge of the word out. The white boninet, the shoulders, and bust of a word seemed like ging gantic terracottas fashioned in a studio. That is how like some struck bounders, and gray the end of green, red, black, yellow, blue, and gray the struck bounders.	s it in faint or strongly marke there was even in the dark s ned in the glow of the autumn s, above the red-brown grou of a few peasants gathering wn of the earth. A coat caught an stood out against the sky escribe Nature to you. How far. It was quite in the style of d
e Groux; the effect was like that in the sketch of the "Depart du Conscrit." d yet it is still very dark. I also used red, yellow, brown, yellow-ochre, bl ack, pale pink. It is very difficult to succeed in getting the colour of the mo ss a e me, this is a sketch which, if I may say so, people will think something o ette before your picture seems to partake of the mood of an autumneve he effect, I have to paint quickly. The figures are painted in rapidly with their roots into the ground. I began painting them with the brush and I a stroke of the brush vanished to nothing upon it. That is why I pressessed to indeed stand in the soil, and grow out of it, and strike firm root such effects. Now I say, "No!this and only this must I have, and if it		paint it was a he rculean task. On the e ground alone I used one and a raw sien na and b istreand the result is a red-brown, which varies from nd the effect of the small border of fresh grass which shone so by f, for it makes a decided appeal. While working upon it, I said to myse ning, before it is instinct nct with mystery and with a certain deep earnestneafew vigorous and firm brush-strokes. I was did not succe ed in rend ering the character of the ground which was alreed the roots and trunks out of the tubes direct, and then modelled them a lites into it. In a sense I am glad that I never learnt to paint. If I had I should per possible, well I then, it is impossible, that's a red-brown, which varies from a red-brown in the red brown a red br	a deep wine-red to a delicate rightly in the sunlight. Believ If: "Do not put down your pal ss." But, in order not to lose to which the tree-trunks strike ady laid on with thick colour, the with the brush. And now to rhaps have learnt to overlook
ay to do it." I really do not know how I paint. Armed with a white p anel elf "That white panel must be turned into something." Dissatisfie d wit with qualms to see what it looks like. But even then I am not yet satis certain reverberation of that which fascinated me. I know that N ature s my stenographic transcript contains words that are undeciphe rable the figures said. And this is never in a tame or conventional lan guag e than ng, and I am deeply engaged in the study of colour. Hitherto I h ad h eld m ooks like an unfinished terracotta, nor could I have undertaken to paint s h at my commandI am certain that I have the feeling for colour, that se of paint that makes the painter. But, in order to lend vigour to a pi	h n fic	I take up a positi on in front of the spot that i nterests me, contemplate what li my work I retu rn home, put my panel out of s ight, and after taking a little rest, ed, for gl or i ous Nature is still too vi vidly stamped upon my mind. Net told me s ome thing, that she spoke to me, and that I took down her nelike there are faults and omissions in it too; still it may possess something told not spri ng from Nature herself. As you perceive, I am enter yself aloof from it, and I am not sorry that I did. Had I not drawn, I could have uch a thing. Now, however, I feel that I am in mid-sear-now I must set about I shall acquire it more and more, and that painting is in my very marroce of ground and to make the air clear, one should not be partice.	go back to my work, almost wertheless I find in my work a nessage in shorthand. Perhap that the wood, the beach, oring heart and soul into paintie no feeling for a figure that I at painting with all the strengtow. It is not the extravagant u
on for having created something. The busier I am the better ;I pref er a pi ece of w	d t hing d al read y b een hat, afte r all, it is b etter for u I do no t know the fut ure, Th rs henc e m an y other th in gs w vor k th a t is a failure to inactiv	t other t imes the subject, the very n ature of the things themselves, comp gre ater extent with Millet or Jule s Dupre, uses paint very moderatelya room after an evening's bout (as Zola describes such a function to suit youi.e., to be out in the eair and to paint. I am quite well. I have for me to lead such a temperate life. But that which does me the most good desp atched. I fear that if I keep the mere much longer, I may paint them on sitw or to work diligent ly, even though we have to put up with a eo; but I know the eternal law of change. Think how different things were ill have changed also. But fairly having created something lasting! All ity we shall not have to wait so very long before what we are not	there are as many old cigar b n, for instance). You inquire e to pay for a little fatigue, but od of all is painting. *** DEAR ver again, and I believe it wo a good deal in so doing, than re ten years agothe circumst nd one does not repent so so w producing will have becom
men who belong to the same school. In my opinion this is a development in the artest is bad when a Bouguereau is placed beside a Jacques, or a figure by Beyle or Lhermont and the sum of the fact that I send them either to you or to Pottier the instant they are free from not have been improved by repeated retouching. *** Peasant life provides such eople may laugh at Courbet's having said: "Paint angels? But who on eart has einstance, who has ever seen a court of justice in a harem? And the sameth in gappler all the historical pictures which are always as long as they are broadwhat is the gother in the space of a few years, and will grow ever more and more tedious ception given by a Cardinal, painted by some Spaniard or other.	nes wi th which lam most plea sedthat and worl dwhich will have a far greater fu ture is hung close to a Sc helfhout o ra Koe kkoe y brush, a number of them will probably not be abundant material that "travailler com me plusi ver see nan angel?" Yet on the same pries to so man yother Moorish a ood of them all? And whatWhen, now aday uire dt he habit of	t ther e is a growing tendency for people to give one-man shows, or ex that nother enterprises. What a go od thing it is that people are beginning it is that	ng to understand that the eff if the pieces over again. But o erved which otherwise would of accomplishing anything. Pits "La Justice au Harem," for dinal's, etc." And then there a sir freshness and look like lea amin Constant, or before a re " If, however, the same men
were to stand before a scene from peasant life-a drawing by Raff I am concerned, the more I study peasant life, the more it ab sorb Constant) and for the highly respected and unspeakably dry tech till, I am not prejudiced; I can appreciate Raffaelli, who is somethin something which has nothing in common with peasant life, I can appiniting, says something very fine about art in general in "Mes Hain es": e what sort of a man, what sort of an observer, thinker and c hara dy. But a Raffaelli is somebody, a Lhermitte is somebody. An d in assion and love with which they are painted. When one thinks ho ourney is longer and more fatiguing than that which many pai nter o paint their frequently far-fetched and eccentric stories. Fanc y liv		much one mu st slave in order to paint an ordinary peasant and his c s h su bjects "La Justice au Harem" or "The Reception at the C	es and the modern Benjamin of these words of Jacques. So and Tissot. And, to speak of idealing at the sea in regard to pais absolutely right. Just tell migh esteem? Very often nobo of the great energy, feeling, pot, I almost believe that this judications." for instanceand its great energy.
ternot indoors but out in the fields, and not for a leisurely wal kn a beggar or any other kind of workman; but there are no subject s whic h are or paint a man digging or sowing seed, a woman hanging a pot o ver the f ire or ical, Arabian, and in short, all kinds of figures, which do not exist in the rea I eve peut mieux. Quite impeccablefaultless! But you are already aware of what I mea n e also well grouped, but in a very different way from that taught by the academy. M y belief is case except his "Source," which was indeed something new, and will re main so)if it lack that ures cease from being superfluous, however faulty, and grossly so, they may be? When the m	t fo difficul t t op difficul t t op do difficul t t op do do do difficul t t op do	c like th at of the p easants themselves. Apparently nothing is more simp aint as these ever yday figures. I do not think there is a single academy vevery city, however insignificant it may be, there is an academy with a whole cademi c figures are grouped together in the same manner, and we will re-	le than to paint a rag-picker, where one can learn to draw selection of models for histor adily acknowledge that on ne a Daumier. All their figures aragres himself (I would in any at circumstances, then, do fig s that something new? Yes, er of the studies that I have sta
t a workman? Did Velasquez attempt it in his "Water Carrier" or in his type s of the people? No! The figure his is what Millet and Lhermitte did, and this is practically what the peasant painters of this century and I tention to the figure, i.e., for the sake of form and of the model, there are precious few who cannot conceed, nor did the old Dutch masters, who concerned themselves extensively with conventional for ms of monious form of the human bodybut at the same time "a gathering of mangels in the snow"! Hen-Lepage himself, but by a Parisian painter who has learnt drawing at the academy, will alway shaw it correctly. When, however, Israels, Daumier or Lhermitte, for instance, drawafigure, one is obe almost arbitrary. The anatomy and structure of the body will not always seem quitecorrect in estimated to the satisfactorily yet: tell Seurat that I should despair if my figures were correct; tell him that if you tamagnificent, even though the legs are certainly too long and the hips and the pelvis bones a little to	es of the old Israels did. Th Israels do no Israel	present I am v beautiful tha vork, and who drawing oug as I once s a the same f the bod II have binio ery bus y with the figure of a woman whom I saw pulling man n anythi ng else. But even in this century, among the host of feel th e need of representing activity as an end in itself. Th ht to be not only a study of a figure for the sake of the figure aid to S eurat, a nude by Cabanel, a lady by Jacques, and a p way often quite charmingly, and, as far as proportions an y, alth oughand that is why I include Daumier in the numb life, p articularly if it come from the brush of Delacroix. I ha n, he is sure to look as if he were not digging; tell him that I	ngels out of the snow. Now, t painters who pay particular a ne ancients did not feel this n re, and the incomparably har peasant woman, not by Basti ad anatomy are concerned, qu erthe proportions will tend t ave not expressed myself quit think Michelangelo's figures
nalysing them and observing them objectively, but render them as they fee I them; t ell h im it is my n hance. Well yes, if you like, they are lies; but they are more valuable than the real v alue s. Men who m I mean that they are in need of a word which is expressive of their ideas. Raffaelli proposes the word "ch I question the correctness of other words, and just as I question the accuracy and appropriateness of m a peasant, the digging man must dig, and in this way the picture acquires a quality which is essent form at work" is, I repeat, the peculiar feature, the very heart of modern art, and that is some thing stituted a "genre" picture; but at the present moment, with Millet, the immo rtal master in the vapioneers The more artists would paint peasants and workmen the happier I should be. And as clearly enough. Maybe I shall write just a few lines to Seurat. If I do so, I shall send them to you temost on looking back at the old Dutch pictures, was the fact that in the majority of cases they w	nost fervent desire to kn ow how no ve in artistic and lite rary circles, I n aracter" as the feature of t y own expressions. Ins ntiall y modern. But I am well g which was do ne neither by the Renai n, this t heme ha for myse o read th o n e can achieve such o ik e Raffaelli in Paris, u fig ur es of the future te a d of saying, there must b ar e that conclusions may b se c ome th e very soul of mo for myse o read th rough, as I should like the er e pain ted rapidly, and that gre		Irations, that come about by one of the country. If do, who live in the country. Irrectness of the word, just as not say, the peasant must be found on the workman control med very highly, for they are nave expressed my meaning of the country. It was not the workman control med very highly, for they are nave expressed my meaning of the country. It was not the country in the c
er coup and avoided overmuch retouching. What I admired above all were hand s by Rembran dt ewish Bride." And I felt much the same in regard to some heads, eyes, noses an d mouths, wh ic ood engravings of them that one can appreciate the painter's technique in the print. But, The et, etc. At a pinch one can well dispense with the others, for they often lead one als! How different these pictures are from those in which everything seems to be painted in the print. I but the print of the painter in the print of the p	e sames mooth way, like la complete same way as the same way as the same way as the same way as the same way and to b some second or same way. It is a same way as the same way as the same way as the same way, like la same way as the same way a	gain, the anto keep on trying to improve it. I saw a sketch by R ubens and and when the right place with the right associations. Diaz in perticula it. A bout fifteen years ago people began to speak about "luminosity" and "light he whole of the art-world into an excessive production of pictures which ha	requemond has made such g rench as those by Corot, Mill a real joy it is to see a Franz H ostade, and above all Terborc he stroke, and probably with e other by Diaz almost at the sa r is a painter to the backbone that." Even if this was right in to ye the same lighting on all
four sides, the same general atmosphere as I believe they call it, and the same local colour. Is that goestance? The earth and the air constitute a whole and belong to each other. Van Goyen is the Dutch Corjaune chamois, but what have you gained? In the picture it appears to be quite light, but just you he tandpoint which Bracquemond also holds. But very few observe this principle, they draw with everything und and skilful stuff in Israel's technique—above all in the very old picture "The Zandvoort Fisherman," discount of sober throughout. "The Zandvoort Fisherman" may safely be hung beside an old Delacroix, such as ylight all over. It irritates me to hear people say that I have no "technique." It is just possible that ther chnique—more particularly those who talk most nonsense about it. This I have already written to you, and with what order of technicians. Meanwhile I much perfer to remain faithful to the old Dutchmen, the hich they call "luminous" is, in many cases, nothing else than the detestable studio lighting of a cheer	cor ot. Is tood for a long while befor old som ething white against it. T he gr eat doct in the gr eat doct	rine bequeathed to us by the Dutch masters is, I think, as follows: Line and colour smake many acquaintances among painters. But to refer to technique once more. The aroscuro, than in the technique of those who, owing to their steely cold colour, are the same family. I believe in these pictures, but grow ever more and more hostile to self aloof from all painters. I am, however, quite right in regarding many painters as a exhibit my work with either the one or the other in Holland, I know beforehand with the more modern painters do not do; on the contrary, they are diametrical many to see either the dawn or the setting sun; all they appear to know are the hours be	at you like, citron amortishould be seen as one, a sere is very much more so uniformly smooth, flat, and those which are uniforml weak precisely in their ten whom I shall have to deal, ly opposed to Israels. That we tween 11 a.m. to 3 p.mquit
the wealth of his palette in deep violets and gorgeous golden tones for the purpose, while he also introd ble palaces, which strangely complete the figures; it changes quite of its own accord. The background is s n artist would have painted it who had conceived the figures and the palace as a simultaneous whole? All t a more beautiful effect than a mere transcript of things does. The point is to think about a thing, to conside	with enlev er in a few strokes of the brush Beca use, w hile c ontemplat ing Hals, Rembrance are cr ew"h ow te dious the y all are! Rest assure there (or wh at w e call dod ges)everywhere the se are the second a faint a zure blue and a pearly white which do not the arch itecture a nd the sk y are conventional and subord ter its surro undings, and to let it grow out of the latter. I do not	and to the treatment in old pictures. I have seen a good deal that I lack. But above all and the treatment in old pictures. I have seen a good deal that I lack. But above all and the second of the saying, that when Delacroix parts, however, that if ever I have any dealings with the gentlemen, I shall behave more ame tedious gray-white light, in the place of light and chiaroscuro, colour, local colfect, is also right. When Veronese painted the portraits of his beau monde in the "Not spring into the foreground. He throws it back, and it looks well in the neighbourh te naturally and spontaneously out of the colour scheme. Am I wrong? Is it not pain linate to the figures, they are simply calculated to throw the latter into relief. This is the twish to argue studying from Nature or the struggling with reality, out of existence	with what mastery many Fren ints, it is exactly like a lion de or less like a simpleton, but our instead of shades of colo larriage at Cana," he used all ood of the sky and of the manted differently from the way a really painting, and it yields; for years I myself worked in
this way with almost fruitless and, in any case, wretched results. I should not like to have avoided this erro that all my trouble has been in vain. Doctors say, "On commence par tuer, on finit par guerir." One begins o methods cannot be pursued together. Diligent study, even if it seem to be fruitless, leads to familiarity wi ood in dumb amazement. ***I will simply paint my bedroom. This time the colour shall do everything. By I to the spirit, or better still, to the imagination. The walls are pale violet, the floor is covered with red tiles, basin is blue, and the doors are mauve. That is allthere is nothing more in the room, and the windows are the compulsory rest to which I have been condemned. I shall work at it again all day long to-morrow; but ken many walks along the docks and dikes. The contrast is very strange, especially when one has just left rts was, "Japonaiserie for ever." Now the docks are a splendid piece of Japonaiserie, both odd, peculiar, at of the most varied and most interesting contrasts. Through the window of a very stylish English restaurant and the property docks.	by plagu ing one ith nature a nd t o a thoro ugh knowledge of things. The greates means of it s si mplicity i t shall lend things a grand style, and sh the wood of t he b ed and o f the chairs is a warm yellow, the sheets ed and o f the chairs is a warm yellow, the sheets squaren ess of the furniture should intensify the important the sand, the he arth, and the peace of a country farm behind one, and whe ey may b e looked at in this way. All the figures are const to no purpose in order to be true to na o a thoro ugh knowledge of things. The greates mplicity i t shall lend things a grand style, and sh ed and o f the chairs is a warm yellow, the sheets squaren ess of the furniture should intensify the important to be true to na o a thoro ugh knowledge of things. The greates mplicity i t shall lend things a grand style, and sh ed and o f the chairs is a warm yellow, the sheets and the peace of a country farm behind one, and whe ey may b e looked at in this way. All the figures are constitutions and the peace of a country farm behind one, and whe ey may b e looked at in this way. All the figures are constitutions are constituted in the sheets and the peace of a country farm behind one, and the peace of a country farm behind one, and the peace of a country farm behind one, and the peace of a country farm behind one, and the peace of a country farm behind one, and the peace of a country farm behind one, and the peace of a country farm behind one, and the peace of a country farm behind one, and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a country farm behind one and the peace of a co	we been foolery on my part to have continued to pursue these methodsalthough I ature, and one concludes by working quietly from one's palette alone, and then natural and most powerful imagination has also been able to produce things from reality, hall suggest absolute peace and slumber to the spectator. In short, the mere sight of and the pillow are a light yellow-green, the quilt is scarlet, the window green, the waster of rest. As there is no white in the picture, the frame should be white. This is suppressed, and the colour is rendered in dull and distinct tones like crape of man one has lived for some time in quiet surroundings. It is an abyss of confusion. Or stantly moving. They are seen in the very strangest environmenteverything is monorized cargo type, from which foreign seamen are unloading hides and bullocks' hore	re is the result. But these tw before which people have st fit the picture should be restfurashstand is orange, the wash swork will compensate me founy colours. I have already tance the war-cry of the Goncoustrous, and the whole is full as. And close by, in front of the
e window, there stands a very dark, refined, and shy-looking girl. The room with the figure, all tone and ligh nd strongly built, and Antwerpian to the backbone, stand there eating mussels and drinking beer, and there alo of jet-black hair, is a note of tawny or orange yellow?I don't know which. She has just looked up and content is sels. *** Thank Heaven! my digestion has so far recovered that I have been able to live on ships-biscuit, mit eoplea thing I have but seldom been able to say of myselfnot since I was at Nuenen. It is very gratifying eable to bear a pipe of tobacco and a good drink; for without these things nothing can be done. And withat Cabaret," especially of the night cafe, for its colouring is exceptionally characteristic. There is only one were on the whole scheme is a harmony in reddish green. I do not need to go to the Museum and to see Titian all what fools all these painters are! They say that Delacroix does not paint the Orient as it is. Only Parisians-mply sets to like mad, as if the devil himself were at one's back, until the canvas is covered. It is precisely it is less rough and more harmonious, and one also introduces something of one's own good cheer and law	e is plenty of shout ing and mo vement. On the other side, a short little form, dress cast a bashful glanc e with a pair of coal-black eyes. She is a Chinese girl, mysterious lk and eggs for three we eks. The beneficent heat is restoring my strength to me. It we (among "other peopele," I mean, the miners on strike, old Tanguy, old Millet, and the last little heavens. Then it is a joy to white figure in the middle which will have to be painted in afresh and improved in draw and Velasquez. I have studied my trade in Nature's workshop, and now I know better Gerôme, etccan pain to the Orient as it isis that their claim? It really is a funny thin in this way that one discovers what everything depends upon. And this is the whole se	ecret. After a while one takes the study up again and attends a little more to the forn	Her little face, encircled in a hat Flemish consumers of musum now as healthy as other powork all day. He should also b' "The Harvest," and "The Reet his, I cannot help saying sto paint the South. Heavens! sover one's shoulder, one sin. Then, at least, the thing loo
to me. I wish to paint and see men and things, the whole of pulsating life, even if it be only deceptive appear have success, lasting success. I shall probably never attain as much as I might and ought to attain. *** I st some sunflowers? My expression has certainly grown more cheerful since then, but at that time I looked ju looked as if they belonged to another age. They would have been creatures of to-day and yet they would hin. You are quite right, a thousand times right! One should not give a thought to such things. Painting stud asant would look quite well by the side of your Lautrec. I even flatter myself that the Lautrec would look all own into stronger relief by the side of the powdered faces and the smart dresses. What a shame it is that the now is this, that everything I learnt in Paris is going to the deuce, and I am returning to that which seemed my work, which is certainly much more under the suggestion of Delacroix' painting than of theirs. For, inst my meaning clear to you by means of an example. Just suppose that I am to paint the portrait of an artist fire.	arance. Aye! The true life is said to consist of something else: but I am not one of those will believe that Gauguin and I will one day work together. I know that Gauguin is capable out like that—absolutely exhausted and charged with electricity. If I had then had the stren have borne some resemblance to the early Christians. But that sort of thing is too wearing lies is simply a taking of herbs to calm one, and when one is calm, well then one does to the better for the strong contrast, while my picture would necessarily profit too from the he Parisians show so little taste for vigorous things, such as the Monticelli's, for instance to me right and proper in the country, before I had become acquainted with the impressive lead of reproducing exactly what I see before me, I treat the colouring in a perfectly arbitr	who do not love life, and who are ready at all times to suffer and to die. A man with a of greater things than he has given us already. Have you seen the portrait he paintent to pursue my calling, I should have painted saintly figures of men and women to git would have killed me. Nevertheless, I will not swear that later on, perhaps, I may what one is fitted for. *** It really is a pity that there are so few pictures of poor peoper peculiar juxtaposition; because sunniness and scorched tawny colouring, the hote. Of course I am well aware of the fact that one must not lose courage because Uto onists. I should not be at all surprised if, within a short time, the impressionists four arry fashion. What I aim at above all is powerful expression. But let us drop theory,	my temperament can scarcely of of me while I was painting from nature. They would have y not take up the struggle agable in Paris. I think that my pe sun and the open air, are thr pias do not come true. All I k nd a great deal to criticize in and allow me rather to make
my meaning clear to you by means of an example. Just suppose that I am to paint the portrait of an artist him my painting of the picture. To begin with, then, I paint him just as he is, as faithfully as possiblestill this ehind his head, instead of the trivial wall of the roomI paint infinity. I make a simple background out of the ed in dark ether. I proceed in much the same way with the portrait of the peasant. But one ought to picture only a caricature in this exaggeration. But what do we care? We have read "La Terre" and "Germinal," and RNARD I still believe that in studios one learns next to nothing about painting and certainly nothing about fellow exhibits any of his pictures by the side of mine, I shall withdraw mine," and then proceed to abuse he almost sure to findparticularly when we happen to be at loggerheads with the artistthat there is as mudened to done good work, instead of disparaging him, we should speak of him with respect and sympathy, more pastervance of this principle ought even to be extended to the academicians. Take one of Fantin-Latour's pictures by the good of all concerned, it is worth while abandoning the selfish principle: "Ever	is is only the beginning. The picture is by no means finished at this stage. Now I begin to be richest of blues, as strong as my palette will allow. And thus, owing to this simple combet this sort of fellow in the scorching noonday sun, in the midst of the harvest. Hence this follow we paint a peasant, we wish to show that this reading has become part of our flest life, and that one should do all one can to learn to live and to paint without having recound in, it seems to me that this is not the proper way to act; for, previous to arriving at such child criticize in our own work as in the other man's. He has as much right to exist as we articularly if he happen to be in disagreement with us. Otherwise we become too narrow-ctures, for instance, or even the whole of his life-work! In any case he is not a revolutional	apply the colour arbitrarily. I exaggerate the tone of his fair hair; I take orange, chrobination, the fair and luminous head has the mysterious effect, upon the rich blue b flaming orange, like a red-hot iron; hence the luminous shadows like old gold. Ah, of hand blood. I can only choose between being a good and a bad painter. I choose the rese to those old fools and wiseacres. When our relations with a painter are so strain a drastic conclusions one should make quite sure, and give the matter careful though have. When it is remembered that this man or that—be he a pointilliste or a member minded and are no better than those who can say no good of others and regard the ary, and yet there is something restful and confident in his work, which elevates him	ome, and dull lemon yellow. Be ackground, of a star suspend lear friend, the public will see the former. LETTERS TO E. Be led as to make us say: "If that light. After due reflection we ar of another school-has often mselves alone as right. The on to the rank of the most inde
pendent characters. For the good of all concerned, it is worth while abandoning the selfish principle: "Evel f the air and the cheerful colouring are concerned. In the landscape the water looks like sheets of fine emel endour of its summer garb. The costume of the women is pretty, and on Sundays especially very simple ar ould be, and up to the present I have not succeeded in finding such inexpensive quarters as are to be foun s Even if the Japanese do not make any headway in their own land, their art is certainly being continued town, which, with its drawbridge, stands in wonderful outline against the yellow disc of the sun. I have also ur friends. Your old friend VINCENT. *** I have just read a book about the Marquesas Islands. It was neither ce a month (what did that matter?) The thoroughly Christian whites could think of no better way of putting ulated to provide both sides with the necessary prisoners of war to be eaten. Then the two islands were an randy, his purse, and his syphilis!when will the world have had enough of him? The horrible white man, we	raid or of a rich blue of the shade with which we are familiar in crape prints. Pale sunsets and happy combinations of colour may be seen on the boulevard. And there can be no dout in Pont-Aven. At first I had to pay five francs a day, and now I pay four. If one could only in France. At the beginning of this letter I send you a small sketch of a study on which I so another study of the same drawbridge, with a group of washerwomen. I should be very a beautiful nor well-written, but it was heartrending inasmuch as it described the exterminal an end to this barbarity, which on the whole was only mildly bloodthirsty, than by exterminexed, and since then they have been unspeakably gloomy! These tattooed races, nigge	s make the ground appear quite blue. Glorious golden suns! And I have not yet seen ubt that in summer things will be even gayer still. I only regret that living here is not ly speak the local dialect and eat bouillabaisse and aioli, one might certainly find a am now engaged, and of which I should like to make something. Seamen with their glad to have a word from you, just to know how you are and where you are going. I nation of a whole tribe of aborigines—cannibals! They were cannibals in the sense ninating not only the tribe of aboriginal cannibals, but also the tribe with which they ers, Indians—everything, everything is either disappearing or degenerating. And the	the country in the usual sples of cheap as I had hoped it we not in the sweethearts are going to the With best wishes to you and of that they are one man, say one used to fight the battles calc dreadful white man with his best with the seaful to the safety.