

# An Ode to

# YELLOW

and

p i n k

A couple of years ago, hoping to understand how color  
two-color combination like using colored paper. C  
lying around on my desk. As I passed by the  
the smile—even in

of yellow and pink alway  
how could a simple two-  
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“Black Is  
Not a Color.”  
“Gray Is  
Not a Color.”  
“White Is  
Not a Color.”

No color does not exist. Everything has a color. Naturally. Only people who either don't think at all or only theoretically can utter this kind of statement. Hold a sheet of paper up to the wall: can you see the difference? The relatively dark beige-yellow white and the blatantly bright bluish-grayish white? You have, as befits a creative, dressed exclusively in black today. See how your jumper plays slightly reddish, while your trousers tend more towards blue? Not even glass or water has no color. Place several panes of glass on top of each other, fill a bathtub with water. See? "Achromatic," I'll let that stand. But "not a color" sounds to me like narrow-mindedness, like praying for half-baked wisdom, like not looking. When you see the janitors coat among the flowers in the garden, it looks gray, gray, gray; when you see it in front of the concrete walls, it looks blue. So, once more: What color is the wall? It is white. I painted it. What color is my skirt? Black. I dyed it in the washing machine. Not a color—tss!



slanted 38

colours

