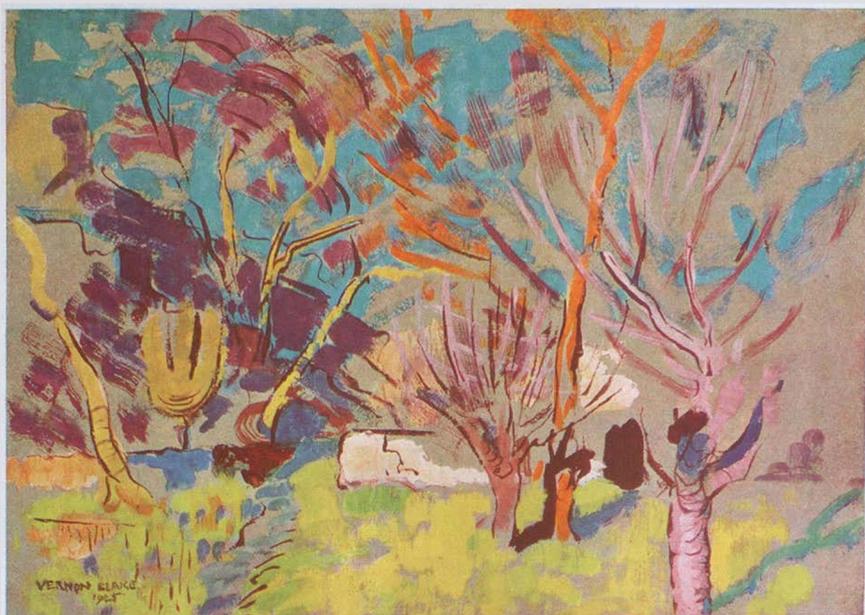


# DRAWING — FOR — CHILDREN AND OTHERS



Learn to see, then draw—art from the inside out.

Vernon Blake

This edition published 2025  
by Living Book Press  
Copyright © Living Book Press, 2025

ISBN: 978-1-76153-855-1 (hardcover)  
978-1-76153-825-4 (softcover)

First published in 1927.

This edition is based on the 1927 printing by Oxford University Press.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any other form or means – electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the copyright owner and the publisher or as provided by Australian law.



A catalogue record for this  
book is available from the  
National Library of Australia

# DRAWING FOR CHILDREN AND OTHERS

*by*

VERNON BLAKE





TREES AND A CHERRY TREE

This is a reproduction of a bit of colour 'fun' that I had one late afternoon in February. Why I am talking a little about colour in a book on drawing is explained on pages 14-21.

# CONTENTS

	PREFACE... FOR THE 'OTHERS'	vii
1.	WHAT DRAWING IS	1
2.	WHAT TO DRAW	20
3.	WHAT TO DRAW WITH	46
4.	SHAPES OF THINGS	52
5.	CONCERNING A CHESTNUT TREE	71
6.	A DRAWING OF A CHESTNUT TREE	89



## PREFACE... FOR THE 'OTHERS'

When first the idea of writing this short book came to me, I meant it to be a book for children only; but when I began to work seriously on it, I also began to realize several things to which I had not paid sufficient attention before I began. Quite true that the great text of my sermon was, from the beginning, clear and evident to me: Drawing is a beautiful and intensely interesting thing, and so is the learning of it. It is not classroom drudgery — as, so often, it is made to be; it is nothing else than knowing how to see the beauties of construction and of effect in the natural universe. In a word: learning to draw is learning to see.

Before I began to write, I thought that it would be quite easy to explain this little by little to a juvenile audience. I still think that it is. But I now realize — and I believe that I am right in this — that this explanation must indeed be done “little by little,” must be backed up by the repetition of innumerable examples; examples that may be looked at with both eyes, felt, perhaps, with all ten fingers. The abstractions of the child are many, but they are not those of the philosopher and aesthete. The child’s abstractions are his own affair; the realities of our grown-up life, which we lose no occasion of forcing upon him, will soon make an end of them, just as our grown-up drawing will make an end of his primitive art, with which (in spite of certain modern movements, which it is not the place to examine here) our grown-up art has nothing, or so very, very little, to do. His own abstractions he invents for himself; but when we want him to learn to understand ours, our grown-up abstractions, the difficulty begins.

The very existence of this book naturally raises a question

which would not have been asked fifty or sixty years ago in Europe<sup>1</sup>, when naïve suggestiveness of untrammelled childlike invention had not yet been lauded or, at most, had only been praised as a past thing executed by some primitive of Florence or Siena. The child left to himself never draws from nature, never studies in the way I suggest in these pages; he draws “from his imagination.” It is undeniable that such drawings have a very definite aesthetic value. They contain, they depend on, much which lies at the base of the arts of primitive peoples. To this, I have drawn attention in a chapter on Primitive Art written for Captain Rattray’s book on *The Religion of Ashanti* (published by the Clarendon Press at the expense of the British Government). I have also examined primitive art in *The Art and Craft of Drawing*<sup>2</sup>. It is thus superfluous to do more than mention it here. The motive forces of primitive arts are practically in complete opposition to the program set out in the following pages. Why have I not encouraged the child to continue, to perfect the naively imaginative art which is natural to him? Why have I directed him into completely different paths? Not, I beg you to believe, from want of meditation upon the subject.

The child’s mind is molded not only by hereditary tendencies but by the environment in which he lives his daily life. He has only one mind, not many! When, at the age of six, he does not deal consistently with logical thought; when imagination and observed fact still commingle casually in his mental act, and he cheerfully assures you that he has just met a tiger in the back garden — one kind of artistic impulse, the “primitive,” is natural to him. His work on such lines will be, to a certain extent, “good” and interesting. But when you have slowly trained him to more or

1 I cannot here develop my reasons for adding the reservation of Europe. I must, however, beg my reader to note that I have made it.

2 Clarendon Press, 1927.

less exact coordination between observation and statement, you have, at every step, rendered *naïveté* and primitivism more alien to his mind. Imaginative primitive art becomes less and less the natural expression of his mind. In these pages, I have endeavored to trace the way by which he may arrive at being more or less adept in the art which is an expression of the general mind-form inevitably imposed upon him by his environment. Yet I, too, lean towards regret that the naïve imaginings of his early years can but be the ephemeral flowering of an age so quickly past.

Drawing is seeing. It may be no more difficult to prove (the truth of this aphorism?) than it is to prove the truth (again imagine the question marks!) of any other. But how are we to get our young gentleman or young lady of eight or ten to follow our learned phrases? I fear the view out of the window, the casual dog, the passing motorcar will prove far more interesting.

Still, I am not without hope, but success must be pushed one degree farther off. I must begin by converting to the doctrine a "grown-up," who in turn shall administer the gospel by very small doses at a time — small doses of abstraction mixed with large doses of solid, tangible fact: of tree trunks which **ARE** round; of visible fact which **CAN BE** looked at with both eyes; of things which **DO** get smaller as they move off; of near trees which do seem darker in color than more distant ones; of street footways that do seem to meet in the distance; of horizontal building tops that do seem to slope downwards as they recede. And it is not once but many, many times that the child's naturally wandering attention must be called to these observations. Evidently, such repetitions are not possible in book form. Did one even try to make them, no child would ever wade through the pages. I must fall back on the help of the "grown-up" who, in common with me, desires (why do we?) to replace the inherent art of childhood by

that complex thing of profound knowledge, of abstract aesthetic reasoning, of multiple manifestation, that art has become during the ages of man's habitation of the globe.

So, I have restrained my first ambition to the minor one of — in the main — suggesting to the “grown-up” what he or she shall say to the child, shall say many times to the child, shall say as often as possible to the child, and shall just as many times point out to the child about Nature herself — that is, if so be that the “grown-up” finds any health in my argument.

At the same time, I have employed the simplest language that I have found myself able to use. I have paid no attention at all to any kind of literary elegance. I have committed all possible crimes against style; have I not, time after time, finished a sentence with a preposition? I have done this in hopes of some children being willing to read part, at least, of the text, and also with the intention of furnishing as many phrases as possible ready-made to the intermediate “grown-up.” I trust I shall not be pilloried for my crimes of *lèse-anglais*, nor for my repeated use of the first personal pronoun which always renders an explanation more vivid and easier for the child to seize. One tells him in a direct way what one wishes him to do.

I am conscious of my repetitions. They are made intentionally; a thing once said is rarely assimilated. It is by no means useless to repeat several times, varying slightly each time, both the language and the method of presenting an idea.

When I had written the greater part of these pages, I handed them over to a young lady to read. “But,” said she, “this is just what I have always been looking for! I have never been able to find anyone who can explain to me what is the difference between a good picture and a bad one!” Of course! The thing had not occurred to me. When one describes the kind, the nature of

the observation that, either consciously or subconsciously, an artist of value makes with a view to enclosing its results in his picture, one has automatically defined the nature of the results. One has automatically defined a whole category of "good" qualities of painting — in any case, of good painting as it is generally understood and practised in contemporary Europe. I changed my title. I introduced explanations into the text. I pointed out in so many words that here were means of discriminating between good and bad pictures, at least in so far as drawing went. And drawing is the base of painting. Painting without shape is not painting. The loosest brushwork of Monet aims at suggesting *form*, though under the robe of colour, though behind the veiling of effect. Again, drawing is seeing; it is not the way in which the thing is done, but the way in which it is thought. Whether my intention be to represent the shape of an object by means of a clear-cut pencil outline, or to represent it dimly shrouded in luminous and tinted mist, I must note the same facts concerning its solidity, its "construction," its "volumes," its "planes," the "suppleness" or the "stability" of its kind. I must submit all the observed facts to the perspective conventions on which we are agreed in modern Europe, to the codified conventions and to the admitted derogations from them. The observations which I make from Nature are, in all their principal parts, the same, whether I have in view one or other of those two extreme techniques. At the last moment, I take up the pencil or I take up the brush. I either use my observations in a precise and clearly defined way or, mingled with "effect," in a less precise, more suggestive way, allowing the charm of colour or the subtlety of light and shade a greater part in the work. Meditate upon this seeming paradox: the drawing is finished before ever the drawing is begun — or if it is not, it ought to be.

But all this is much too difficult for children. Undoubtedly. Art is a very difficult subject and demands more years of study than any other. Let us go back to the accepted method for at least a few years until the child is old enough to understand better. Let us give him “copies” to copy. Let us give him spheres to draw. Let us inculcate in him habits of tidiness by obliging him to rub out lines until they are of equal blackness all along and quite symmetrical on either side of the “ornamental” (alas!) design. This will teach him perseverance and accuracy. It is an excellent training for him. One moment, please. What are we talking about? Moral training with a view to turning out good ratepayers by the dozen, each as like the other as we can — nine to four at the office, and so on? Very sorry, but that is not precisely the subject taught here. You must have mistaken the address. We teach art here — or we try to do so. Whatever art may have been in hierarchic and ancient Egypt, in less ancient China — in both countries there was a firmly established aesthetic tradition which stretched over the centuries — two essentials of modern European art are individuality and innovation. True again, this innovation — modern Europe has decided — must be based on natural observation. But that is precisely for what I am striving. A great proportion of modern art is emotional; why kill emotion in a dry-as-dust classroom? Probably on account of the ingrained British belief that emotion must neither be encouraged nor shown; only a little cheap sentimentalism is to be allowed. How intensely uninteresting and monotonous British life is to those not perennially soaked in its apathy! Can we not react against the materialism of the somnolent after-dinner armchair, the pipe which follows the plentiful plate of roast beef and potatoes? Ah! But the football and the cricket! Be not deceived; the materialism of twenty demands movement. The same materialism at forty demands its pipe and its very low and very easy chair. Art is a keen and nervous emo-

tion which fixes itself upon beauty; it is not somnolent, it is not apathetic, it is not tidy, it has no office hours. It is not concrete, though based on concrete phenomena. If you would teach art, encourage emotion caused by beauty, encourage enthusiasm; do not suppress both as being in "bad taste."

That ugly classroom! "But there is beauty everywhere," someone cries. That may be so. However, be careful of the maxim. There may be degrees of beauty, degrees in the artistic values of different forms of beauty. Let us begin by encouraging children to enjoy the more obvious kinds and leave to a later perception the estimate of those types of beauty that may be found in the sewer, to which Anatole France gently relegated Zola after the loss of his spectacles. No, give your child beautiful things to study and to draw from the start, for drawing is naught but the appreciation of beauty. What can one do to uproot the heinous fallacy that drawing is the copying of objects? Be careful, very careful, lest in the beginning you heap arid mountains of drudgery upon the nascent love of the beautiful that your child may show, upon a natural want which he may feel of creating a form of beauty of his own — lest you stifle, for years irreparably, a first fine delicate desire. The flower in its new blossoming is but a fragile thing. For seven years did my "art masters" separate me from my future end in life. Thrice cursed be their names.

But surely one must begin at the beginning and work one's way slowly upwards! Did it ever occur to you that the beginning and the end of art, both, are beauty? That art and beauty are inseparable? That — let us say it at once — they are identical?

How can we begin by the grammar of the subject, by that horrible dry invention of desiccated professors, of would-be creators who cannot create, of Rabelais's "*cervaux à bourlet, grabeleurs de*

*corrections,*” to whom he cries to get out of his sunlight, out from between him and the enduring source of life and beauty? How many of you would be condemned to eternal silence had you been forced to learn the grammar of your native tongue before you were allowed to speak it?

By high fortune, still the nursemaid scoffs at the grammarian! I, too, submitted to immobile years in the same unchanging class — the “lower third” (!) — of Latin grammar; till one fine day (how came it to be permitted?) Horace thrust in:

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte.<sup>3</sup>

Long after, in subtle line and faintest violet tints, I drew the fair shape of that same Soracte; and today, I am not wholly Latinless.

To the dust heap with your grammars, with your plaster casts, with your schoolmaster’s copies, with your tidy lines and your india-rubber! Rubbing out never yet made a Michelangelo who cut, unhesitatingly, Titans from the marble block. Learn from the first to see, to wonder at the rhythmic beauty of things, rise up and haste towards it, yield to its magnetism; what matter if you stumble on the way? Pick yourself up, stretch out your hands anew towards the ever unattainable — perfection of Beauty.

And pencil could not emulate  
The beauty in this, how free, how fine  
To fear almost! of the limit-line.

ROBERT BROWNING, *James Lee's Wife*  
(VIII. Beside the Drawing Board).

*Look in the Glossary, p. 148, for any name which you do not know,  
or for any word of which you do not know the meaning; it will very  
likely be there.*



## WHAT DRAWING IS

**L**EARNING to draw is learning to see. Many people think that drawing is a lot of mysterious ways of using a pencil, or a pen, or a piece of chalk, or a piece of charcoal so as to make a picture on a sheet of paper — a picture of things, a picture which shall be a nice, tidy portrait of each one of them so that everyone can see what it is meant to be. Now, I don't mean to deny that there is not a wonderful lot of clever ways of using a pen in this way or in that, in order that the marks that we make on the paper may look 'like' leaves, look 'like' water, look 'like' a teapot, a cup and saucer, a sugar basin. Unfortunately, this is so. I say 'unfortunately,' because the drawings done in this way are not generally worth very much and have very little to do with art. If you know how to see — that is, if you know how to distinguish between the artistically important facts and those which are only of less importance — you have only to scribble these facts down anyhow on a piece of paper, and you will be surprised to find how 'like' your drawing is to what you have drawn it from, especially if you look at your drawing from a little way off. This is really the belief of a school of painters called Impressionists, because they painted the impressions they received from Nature, who worked much in this way about fifty years ago in France, and have been very much imitated since. If you work in that way, you may call yourself an Impressionist too. But perhaps you don't believe what I have just said about scribbling shadows and things in

anyhow. If so, the best thing I can do is to leave off writing and make just such a scribble, or just such a drawing, whichever it pleases you to call it.

Now, don't you think you can scribble just about as badly as that (Fig. 1)? I haven't taken any kind of trouble with my pen; I have just used it anyhow, and although the result is not very good and very clever and all the rest of it, still, I think you can see what the things are meant for. That's just the funny part of it — I scribble anyhow on a piece of paper, and somehow or another my scribbles look like a teapot and a teacup and other things. Let us try to find out why.

The first thing I want to tell you is that when I left off writing just now, I didn't begin to draw at once out of my head. I went and got a teapot, and a teacup, and all the rest, and set them out



FIG. 1

This is a very rough scribble from tea things and a decanter. It is meant to show that it doesn't matter how you scribble the lines, if only you choose the right things to scribble down. Attention has been paid to the *importance* of certain things and to the 'pattern' — which is really the same thing — but no attention has been paid at all to 'the way in which it has been done.'

on the table in front of me. I have been drawing and painting and cutting stone into statues for the last thirty years; all the same, I don't start to make a scribble like this one without having the things themselves in front of me — that is, if I want the scribble to be at all a good scribble.

I should advise you too only to scribble in front of the things themselves. Just now, I told you that learning to draw was learning to see; if you've got nothing to look at, you can't learn to see it! Perhaps the best thing to do will be for me to tell you just how I 'saw' this group of things arranged so as to make what we artists call a 'Still Life.'

First of all, I noticed that the teapot was fat and round, and then I remembered that the window from which the light was coming was on my left hand, so all the shadows in the Still Life were on the right-hand side of the things and sloped a little away from me. When an object is solid and not transparent, it stops some of the light that falls on it from going any farther, so one side of the object is darker than the other; also, a shadow falls on the table or the ground on the side away from the light. When we look at things, the best way we have of understanding that they are solid — that we can take hold of them if they are small enough, or that we can walk around them if they are bigger — is by noticing that one side is light and the other darker. If we want to make a drawing look like them, one of the best things we can do is to copy these shadows by making some parts of our paper darker than others, just in the places where the dark shadows come on the objects themselves. So when I noticed that the teapot was shaped like a ball, I at once noticed also that I saw its round shape mostly because it was darker just to the left of the bottom of the spout and also just over the spout. Moreover, the feet of the teapot threw shadows on the table, and all the table under and to the right of the teapot was in shadow and so darker than

the rest. I scribbled in these patches of shade at once, pretty well in their right places, but, as you can see, without taking much care about it. Then I did the same kind of thing when I came to the cup and saucer and the sugar basin and the plate. All these things showed up against a dark background, against which the far edge of the table appeared light. When I looked at the glass decanter, I saw that the edge of the table, which I saw *through* the glass, looked much higher up than the rest and seemed to be curved. This is due to what scientific people call 'refraction.' You will notice that in my scribble, I put these facts down. I mustn't say carefully, because my drawing is a very untidy one; anyway, I put them down. If I didn't put them down carefully, I did one thing carefully: *I looked at the teapot and the other things very carefully*, and that is just what matters. People don't do nearly enough when they are drawing. People look much too much at the drawing and not nearly enough at the model. If they would do just the opposite, their work would be much better. It isn't what you do on the paper that matters; it's what you think before you do it that is of so much importance. So long as you choose the right thing to put down on the paper, it hardly matters a bit how you put it down. The great difficulty is to choose the right thing; that's where all the trouble comes in. That's what takes such a very long time to learn. It's a very funny thing, but just what we are inclined to think the most important thing is nearly always the least important. You would think that the edges of a house are the most important to draw, and you want to begin at once by drawing straight lines along the roof and down the corners of the walls. But look at Figure 2. I think you will see that it is meant to be a house and a fence and so on. If you look carefully at it, you will see that I have drawn nothing but the shadows. The wooden railings aren't drawn at all. You guess that they are there on account of the shadows they throw on the ground. What is more,

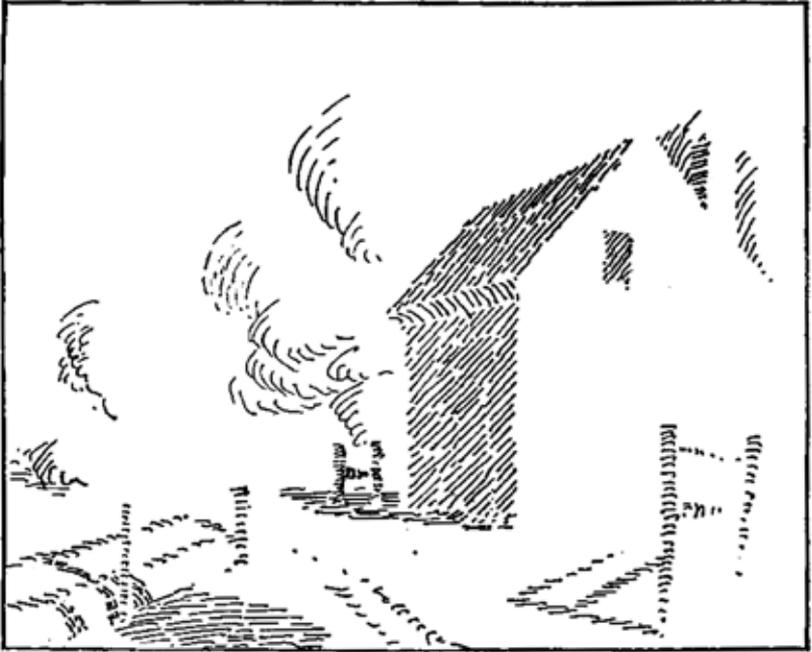


FIG. 2 shows how very often we need only put down the shapes of the shadows in order to make people think that the things have really been drawn. When shadows are clearly marked, you should always take a great deal of trouble over drawing them. You will generally find that the drawing looks quite finished enough when you have done drawing the shadows. You notice how there are *no outlines at all* in this diagram and that none of the objects have been drawn as one would naturally think they ought to be. The shapes of the shadows are specially useful in modeling the front (ground part) of the picture.

you see the shape of the ground; you see that there is a ditch at the left of the picture. It is only the shape of the shadow that makes you think there is a ditch just behind the fence. Any reasonable person would have thought that if we want to draw a fence and a ditch, we must draw a fence and a ditch, and that it would not be any use at all only to draw the shadow of a fence. But you see from this drawing that there are a lot of things in art that don't happen at all as reasonable people would expect them to happen, and that here the shadow of a fence is quite enough to *suggest* the existence of both a fence and a ditch. And there's

the big word let loose! *Suggestion* is at the bottom of it all! If I do draw a teapot on a piece of paper, at the best of times, my drawing is not a real teapot; I can only *suggest* a teapot to you. What we have to do is to look at the model, at the teapot, at the fence, and choose what will best suggest their existence. There are lots of different ways of suggesting a teapot. Many teachers will tell you to draw a nice, tidy line all around it, which will give you a great deal of trouble and will take a tremendous lot of rubbing out and putting in again before you get it not too crooked. I am afraid that you will get very tired of that drawing and others like it before you get very far toward making a really good drawing. I don't want you to get tired. Art is a most interesting subject; we ought to take a keen delight in exercising it, and we can take this delight if we only set about doing it in the right and interesting way. I don't mean to say that it does not want a great deal of work to turn us into capable draughtsmen — it does; it takes years and years. Still, this work can be most interesting and attractive. Why should it be turned into an annoying drudgery of india-rubber and tidy black lines that refuse to get tidy, however hard we work at them? One thing is sure to happen if you use india-rubber and try to make tidy lines: before long, you will be looking at your drawing a great deal more than you look at the model. Just try once if this isn't true. A little way back, I have said that drawing is learning how to see things. While you are looking at your drawing, you can't very well be learning how to see, how to look at the model. No, choose nice, interesting things to draw and look at them. Study them very carefully. Notice how they are made or how they have grown. It is wonderful how interesting things get as soon as we begin to pay attention to them. Until one begins, one would never think how interesting it is to find out what a pretty pattern there is inside that little white flower that we didn't even notice before, or how amusing it is to see how the cabinet-

maker arranged the joints of that chair or table, or how the shoulder-blades of the cat stick up in the air when she plants her fore-paws on the ground in a certain way while she is squatting down. What comes of all that kind of noticing is the sort of thing we must treasure up if we mean to draw. We should even go on with our curiosity and understand all about the arrangement of the pistil, the stamens, and the petals of the flower; about the way in which the cat's shoulder-blades are joined to the bones of her front legs; and even the more we know about cabinet-making, the better we shall draw a chair or a table. Learning all about the shapes of things is part of learning how to see them, and learning how to see them is learning how to draw them. Your drawing doesn't matter a little bit, *so don't be anxious about it. Don't rub out all the lines that aren't tidy.* Just make up your mind what you mean to put down on the paper and then put it down as well as you can straight off. Perhaps it won't be very well done to begin with; that doesn't matter. *When you have done some hundreds of drawings, you will find that they get better and better as you go on.* So don't use expensive drawing paper; any thin wrapping paper will do. Instead of trying hard to correct a wrong drawing, make another one all over again. Learning to correct bad drawings (or rather learning to tidy them up) is not learning to draw. *Learning to draw is learning to make a good drawing straight off.* Learning to draw is learning to see; learning to correct is not learning to see. And what is worse, we don't really learn to correct. With all our rubbings out, we only learn to tidy up, which is not at all the same thing. A drawing is not necessarily good because it is untidy, but a drawing made by a beginner will probably be bad if it is tidy. There is only one real way to learn to draw: it is to look at the model, to examine it, to try to understand it, to try to decide what the most important facts about the lights

and shadows on it are. When we have learned to do this properly, we have learned how to draw.

But let us return to my scribble that I made from the tea-things. I said something about the way in which the edge of the table appeared higher up and curved when seen through the glass of the decanter. If we want our drawing of a decanter to 'look like glass,' we must carefully remark all sorts of facts of this kind, all sorts of reflections of shade and light which are often twisted out of the shape that they would naturally have if they were just ordinary reflections in a looking-glass. It is just these changes and twistings which will suggest in the drawing the shape of the decanter or the vase. It's not a bit of good your trying to imagine how these twistings will go and trying to draw them out of your head; you must look carefully at the vase and put down what you see, not what you think you ought to see. What is the good of learning to draw if you know everything about that sort of thing to begin with? If you do know all about it, well, you know how to draw. As for me, I am always surprised to find that such and such a reflection 'goes like that'; I should never have thought so. Nature always surprises us right to the end of a long life of study.

The shadow side of a round object is, of course, darker than the light side; but most things reflect light; indeed, it is by the light which they reflect that we see them. The tablecloth underneath and all around the teapot is white, so it reflects some light back into the shadow on the right-hand side of the teapot. You will see that I have noted this in my scribble by leaving the lower right-hand border of the teapot lighter than the rest of the shaded part. You should always look for these reflected lights; they nearly always exist, and they help to suggest that the round shape goes on going round into the paper, that the object is really round. Although we are not conscious of it, we are really used to seeing this kind of reflection in the shadow every time we look at things;

so when we look at a drawing in which the reflection is noted, we feel comfortable about the business—we feel that everything is all right, that the teapot really is round. Ordinary people who can't draw don't notice that they see these reflections. Artists do notice that they see them. When I say we must learn to see, I mean that we must learn to notice all the details of what we see, learn to notice both that we *do* see and *what* we see. Then we shall be able to put down on the paper what we and everyone else really do see, though it isn't by any means everyone who understands that he does see in that way.

I have hardly used any outlines in my scribble. You can see in Figure 2 that outlines are not needful at all. Those I have used in Figure 1 are hardly worthy to be called outlines, they are so badly done. I might have done without them altogether as in Figure 2. In the cup in the front of the picture, you will see that I have drawn no outline along its left side because I did not feel that it was *important* enough to be put in. Why put in an outline between the part of the saucer that I have left white and the part of the cup that is white too? We are, this time, making notes — very roughly scribbled notes, very carelessly scribbled notes — of what strikes us first on looking at the tea-things. Now it is not the boundary between two white parts of our subject that strikes us as being very important; indeed, we have to look very hard at our still life before we can see just where the boundary comes. If we were doing a very highly finished drawing of this still life, we might have to notice exactly where the teacup ends and the saucer begins; but don't let us try to do a finished drawing yet, because a finished drawing is not a tidied-up drawing, but a drawing which contains thousands and thousands of facts that we have noticed on the model, facts of appearance which we have put down carefully, one after the other, in the right order of *importance*. Before we can do this with any hope of success, we