

PHILOSOPHY OF COLOUR



Monochrome: an offbeat beauty. Dark and light are not the eternal undertones within the variations of one shade - they are, instead, a layered petal of a crystalline ripple. Tints of a single hue dive into its intrinsic transparency, much like swimming to the bottom of an endless ocean made of pebbled glass. These gradations, therefore, pose the question: what are they meant to be? And why?

Your world is the colour you choose. Artistic subtleties in Pointillism define the ambiguity of a deep monochrome through an amalgamation of the beautiful mundane. Picasso's Rose and Blue Periods mould the degrees of one dominant shade into a slow tempo of sensualism. Like a pure plain of paint. Within colour, one finds its actual essence: the monochromatic dream. According to Zhuangzi, you dream to be a butterfly; and the butterfly dreams to be you.

Ah, the monochrome of existence! You peer down a well of mirrors, only to see one colour bouncing off other innumerable spectra! Kierkegaard is right: the cause of anxiety is the excess of possibilities. Sartre tells the story of how people ignore their colours for the sake of 'bad faith'. And those are what make happiness so tantalisingly perfect. We search for it ardently - but where can happiness be?

Sorrow and desperation fill our hearts, as the walls start closing in with seemingly no rescue. Then, at the final edge of endeavour, impossibility fades away. It bursts out in symmetrical monochrome into the realm of Freedom. Freedom, yes, Freedom! You are born to exceed its idea! Its form is ceaselessly yours!

Overwhelmed by the horizon of the darkening future, we all can transcend the poignancy of our present pain. We are never born for total agony - we are born for Hope.

This is the eternal meaning of our gorgeously monochromatic lives. This is the meaning of our souls!

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