

Colours – the Children of Light and Darkness

By Linoia Pullen



All the colours in the auditorium arise from the sunlight shining through coloured glass windows and the complementary colours that form as a consequence in the shadows.

The ceiling has the entire history of human evolution painted in images from Rudolf Steiner



Light from the Glass windows create all these colours



Images of the Second Goetheanum - Anthroposophical Society Centre Dornach



Eurythmy performance in the Great Hall at the Goetheanum . Note the coloured shadows on the stage.
All the shadows are deliberately coloured through careful lighting



Stage lighting for this eurhythmy performance create all the colours through the science of coloured lighting

“If a real experience of colour is not cultivated in our time and if the mechanistic theories of the nature of colour persist, then children will be born who no longer possess any organ for the perception of colour. Life reveals itself through colour, but human beings will not be able to see colours, just as they can no longer see the elemental spirits. The world will then become grey.” This warning was given by Rudolf Steiner, educator and spiritual scientist, in the early 1900’s.



The greyness of our technological era, the greyness of our buildings, grey machines, grey concrete of homes and office blocks have caused a colour revolution. We now have 'Dayglow' colours, neon signs, psychedelic dissonant music, laser concerts, and fashion statements setting out literally, to destabilise and unsettle the heart, to bombard the soul.

Of clothes, Virginia Wolff, author of the Edwardian era, part of the Bloomsbury set, and one of my heroes, said:

"Vain trifles as they seem, clothes have more important offices than merely to keep us warm. They change our view of the world and the world's view of us. Thus there is much to support the view that it is clothes that wear us and not we them. We may make them take the mould of arm or breast, but they would mould our hearts, our brains, our tongues to their liking."

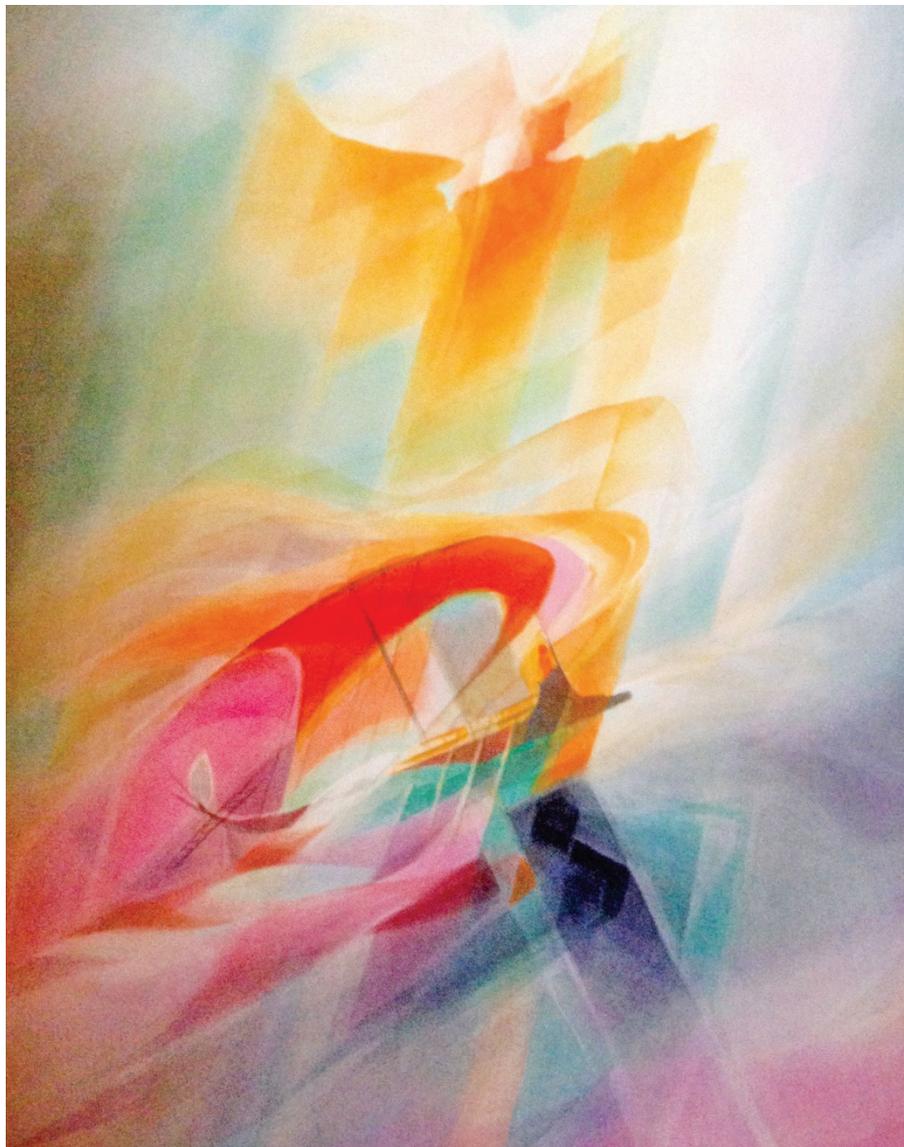


Virginia Woolff

Lianne Collot d'Herbois, author and painting therapist, found colour to be the bridge between spirit and everyday life. She was able to show how people's constitution, temperament and illness are revealed by their paintings.

"In our time we tend to lose the possibility of seeing colour. Colour-blindness is not only something in the eye. It is something in the soul too. One can call it atrophy of the soul. That is something that will happen more and more.

In the world of colour, enthusiasm expresses itself in vermillion which has a conjunction with turquoise, as its complementary colour. Turquoise is the carrier of morality, so when we lose the vermillion, we lose the turquoise as well. When we lose consciousness of the red, our soul suffers the same loss; also in the soul world it is a loss."



Liane Collot d'Herbois

At the beginning of the 20th century tests revealed by medical experts in England that four million people were colour blind. Through my own work on colour consultation, make up

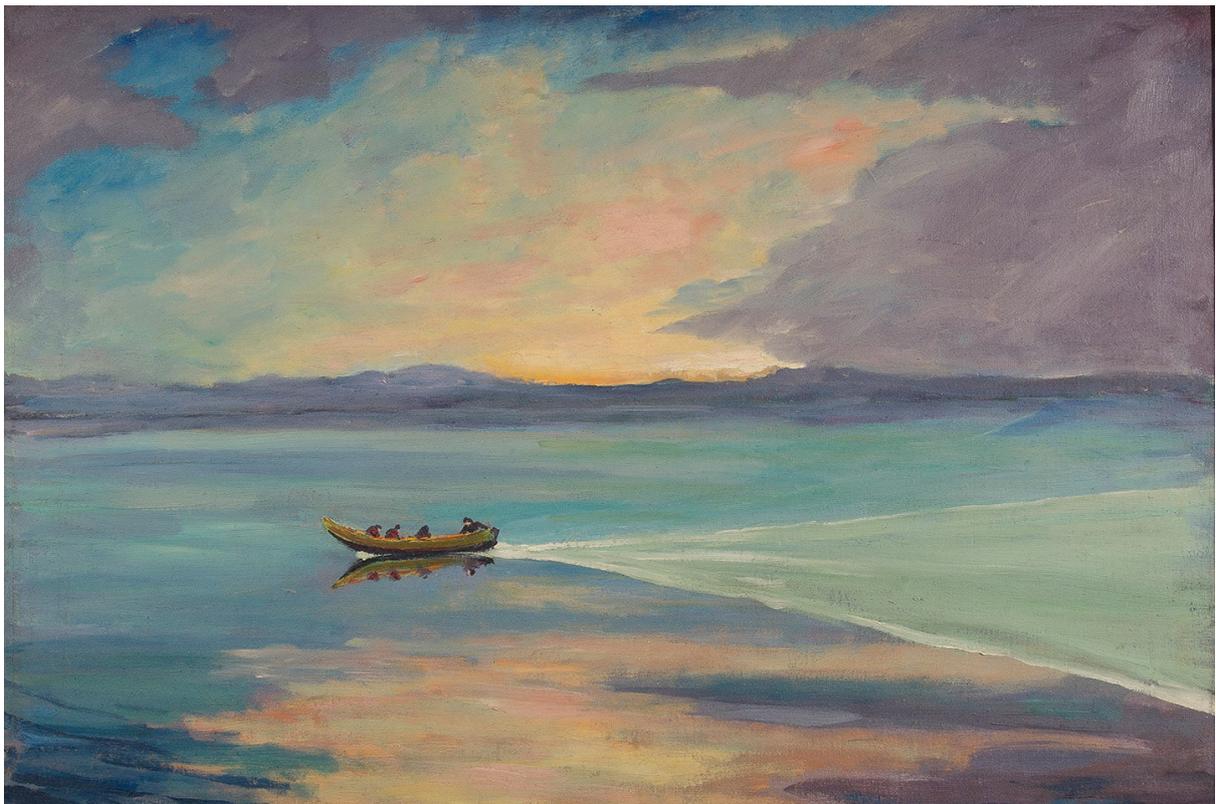
and clothing, my teacher, Beni Kleynhans, led me to discover the soul depths of colour. He said:

"In my soul there sounds a constant lighting up and darkening of beings and gestures which I cannot give names to, except (and even then not true enough) through the larynx of colour."

And Winston Churchill wrote in 1948:

"I cannot pretend to feel impartial about the colours. I rejoice with the brilliant ones, and am genuinely sorry for the poor browns. When I get to heaven I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject.

But then I shall require a still gayer palette than I get here below. I expect orange and vermillion will be the darkest, dullest colours upon it, and beyond them there will be a whole range of wonderful new colours which will delight the celestial eye."



Winston Churchill

I cannot read these words, which I have memorised, without shedding tears of joy, for what I know to be the truth of these words and the deep sadness for how impoverished our souls have become.

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The ancient one gazed at the little band of seekers around the forest fire, flames flickering in their eager eyes. She lifted her hand and sprinkled the magic dust over the fire, images arising in the cracking night and began her story of the magic of colour...



On misty golden Mount Olympus, Juno sends for Iris, her beloved messenger, who carries all communication to mortals in the Underworld. A beautiful maiden, bedecked in every colour, she flits across the rainbow bridge into the imagination of those who would see through the smoke to the beginning of time.

*You are floating in **magenta** mist; all is fluid, dreamy, in warmth of will, universal oneness. Gradually you become aware of the ground under your feet and notice a hazy horizon, through dense **carmine** dew. You become familiar with plants and animals, planting and hunting during the day yet returning to magenta mist each night.*

*With time the light changes to golden sienna glow and for the first time you see an **orange** disc in the brazen sky. The pharaoh reads the wisdom from the heavens and all obey. As above; so below. You learn to measure, to build huge projects and paint in two dimensions.*

*A **new pale yellow green**, the last veil of darkness in front of the light, brings lightness to your body; you dance on bulls, play, fly and leap over your partner at the games. You feel your own body, know you are separate and delight in the play between heaven and earth. You explore space. Seafarers venture out.*

*The clarity of the Spiritual world, of Zeus, Apollo, Diana, the Furies who chastise those in error begin to fade. With horror you experience the World of Shades, the Twilight of the Gods. Everything becomes **green**. Thoughts take hold of your brain for the first time; you have your very own thoughts. You feel the form of things and begin to sculpt. Schools of philosophy call you to ponder on the seven arts. Your clairvoyance dims and in pity, the Gods compensate by giving you the power of perceiving complementary colours as a reminder of your communion with the Gods. Your world appears as emerald green surrounded by magenta atmosphere. You have a clear view of the horizon for the first time.*

*At the Turning point of Time the Spirit light of the world steps into the earthly stream of being, hardly noticed. Personalities develop in this **green**. Rome is filled with those demanding rights, making laws, having opinions. The Crucifixion had taken place; the light has been. Now you walk towards the darkness.*

*For the first time the sky, instead of 'honey coloured' as Homer described it, becomes crystalline **turquoise**, the first colour behind the light, toward the darkening of consciousness. The icons and your devotion to the Light keep you soul alive at time filled with conflict between the Church fathers and the scholars. Dogma is conceived. You experience the bliss of heaven and cruelty of men. Evil grows.*

*In the new **Cobalt** light you feel bereft of the Spiritual companions, guides and mentors who have always guided you. Space is empty. Your senses come alive; you experience three dimensional space and perspective. Your eye becomes focused and you rely on outer vision, experimentation and observation. Knowledge becomes information. You long to retreat into yourself, to find the inner warmth of cobalt. Your brain is sharp; intellect bristles.*

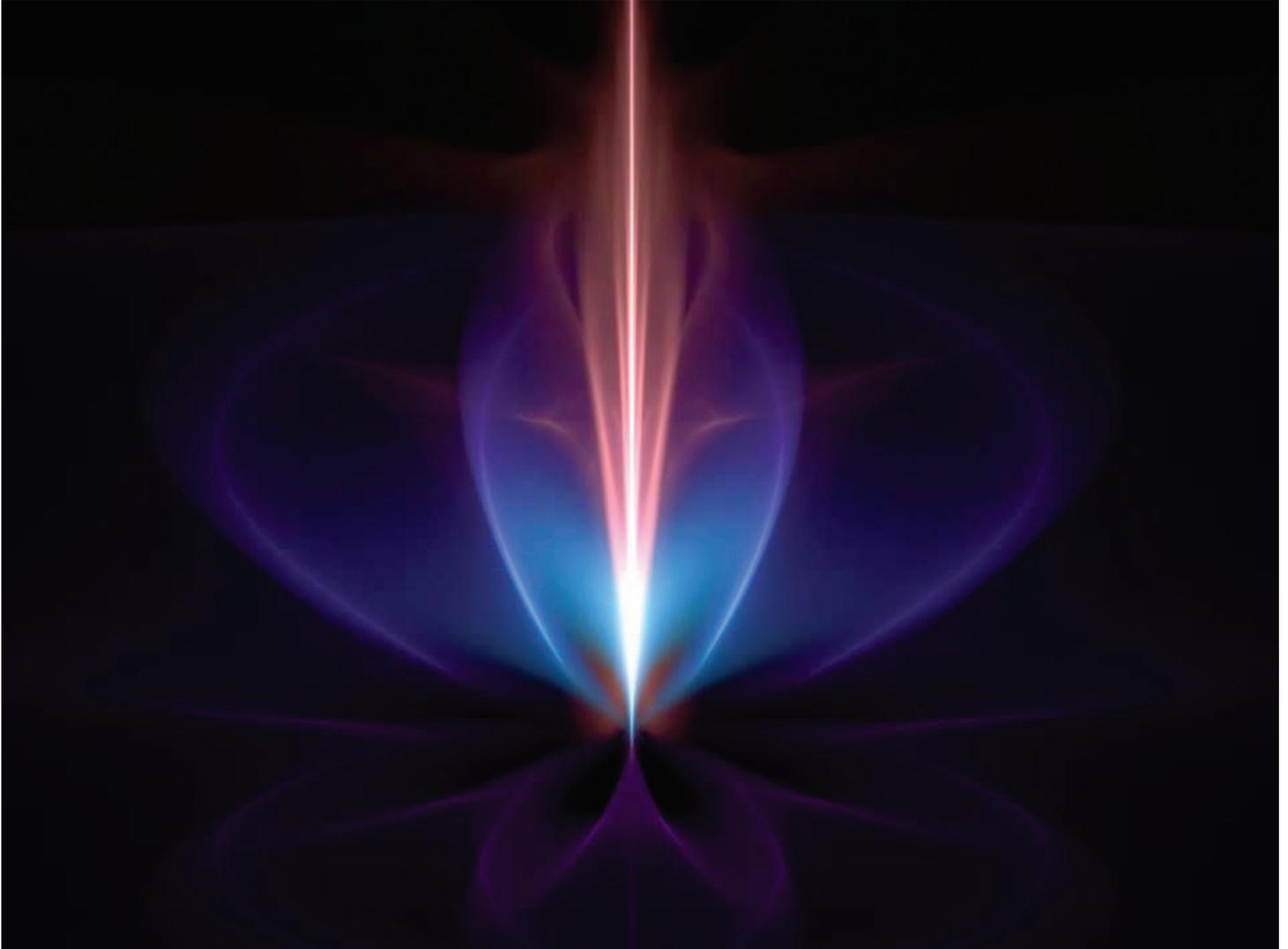
*The darkness deepens into the **Indigo** of the material world. Space is empty; so many lightyears to the nearest star. Atoms whirl about in matter! The new clairvoyance is connected to our living rooms, to our cars, to our very pockets. The Indigo of Denim prevails. And a deep fear creeps about in this darkness. And yet the mystery of indigo waits - the pure primary colours take refuge in its warm darkness. They hide in indigo longing to be redeemed. The depression we feel at being alone at the abyss, with no light except the one kindled within. Boundless depths - illness, famine, floods, abortion, and the killing of the helpless, the hopeless. Yet in Indigo glows mother-warmth filled with potential as we discover the light in the darkness.*



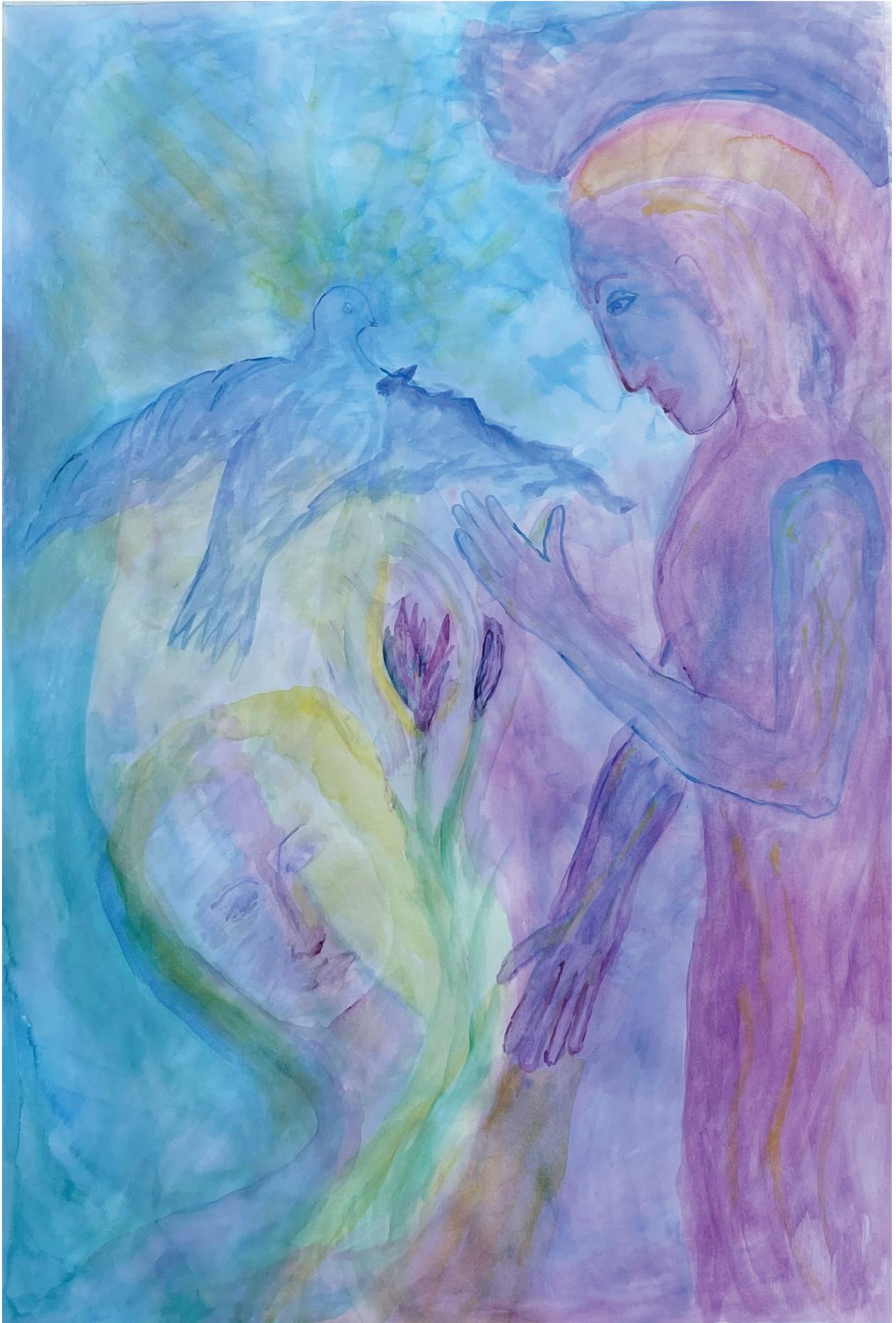
'Human Soul Know yourself!' sounds the Cosmic Word. Michael no longer slays the dragon; he transforms it. We are ready for our final step to the Rainbow's end.

*In **violet** we experience the new thinking, the heart thinking. The heart is the new organ of perception. We are able to truly enter the being of the other, transforming fear into the Light of Compassion, into Love. From the dreamy Magenta glow of our mother's womb to the violet ray of true Humanity, the rainbow spans the aeons of time, almost concluded.*

the Violet Ray

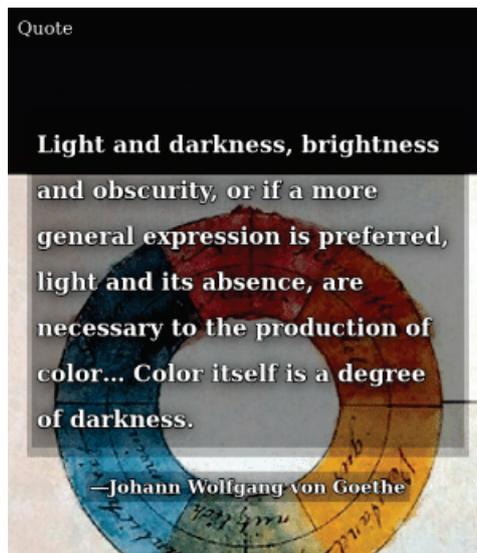
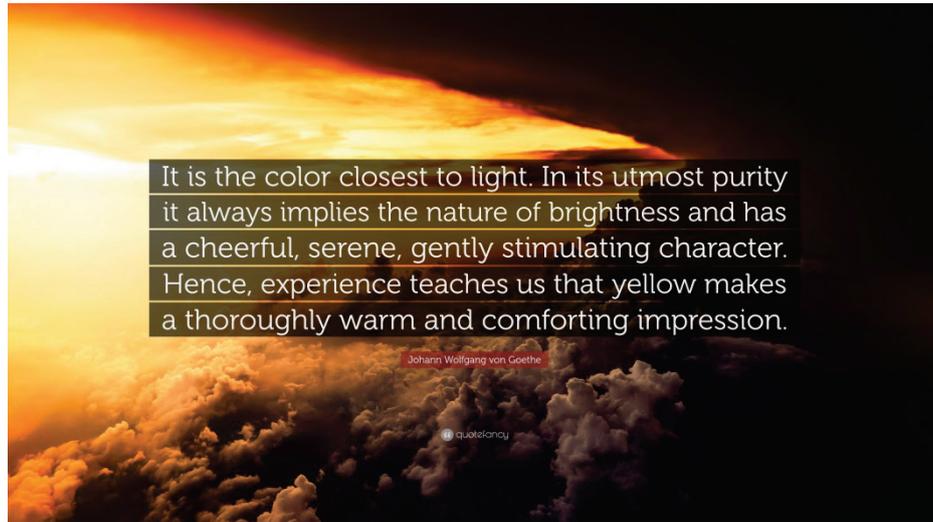


... The story teller becomes silent. The embers of the campfire glow and flicker as we step across the threshold.



Beni's pupil – Igor Sturmheit

'Colours are the deeds of Light, its deeds and sufferings: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe



Goethe argued there is no color in the physical world; there are only patterns of light and dark. These patterns are a sensation produced by our very souls.

John Gage
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