

WHEEL OF SADNESS



Based on Mary Ruefle's "My Private Library"

Mary Ruefle' showed in "My Private Library" that sadness doesn't look like one colour. Sadness comes through in different ways based on the situation we are in or the people they are about. It doesn't have to be black and white for sadness and happiness as opposites, but both with shades of how we feel them. You define the shade you feel.

Sadness about a loved one leaving could be a sparkly blue grey but someone who hurt you, a yellow-blue because you no longer have to be around them.

Shades of Sadness

"Blue sadness is that which you wish to forget, but cannot, as when on a bus one suddenly pictures with absolute clarity a ball of dust in a closet, such an odd, unsharable thought that one blushes, a deep rose spreading over the blue fact of sadness."

"Purple sadness is pervasive, and goes deeper into the interior than the world's greatest nickel deposits, or any other sadness on earth. It is the sadness of depositories, and heels echoing down a long corridor, it is the sound of your mother closing the door at night, leaving you alone."

"Gray sadness is beautiful, but not to be confused with the beauty of blue sadness, which is irreplaceable. Sad to say, gray sadness is replaceable, it can be replaced daily, it is the sadness of a melting snowman in a snowstorm."

"Red sadness is the secret one. Red sadness never appears sad, it appears as Nijinsky bolting across the stage in mid-air, it appears in flashes of passion, anger, fear, inspiration, and courage, in dark unsellable visions."

Shades of Sadness

"Green sadness weighs no more than an unused handkerchief, it is the funeral silence of bones beneath the green carpet of evenly cut grass upon which the bride and groom walk in joy."

"Pink sadness is the sadness of white anchovies. It is the sadness of deprivation, of going without, of having to swallow when your throat is no bigger than an acupuncture pin."

"Orange sadness is the sadness of anxiety and worry, it is the sadness of an orange balloon drifting over snow-capped mountains, the sadness of wild goats, the sadness of counting, as when one worries that another shipment of thoughts is about to enter the house."

"Yellow sadness is the surprise sadness. It is the sadness of naps and eggs, swan's down, sachet powder and moist towelettes. It is the citrus of sadness, and all things round and whole and dying like the sun possess this sadness, which is the sadness of the first place; it is the sadness of explosion and expansion."