

## Acute Wonders

‘HEY PING! Are you *sleeping*?’

‘Nope. Why?’

‘Nothing. I thought you must be asleep by now. I guess you had a terribly bad day today.’

‘Why do you say this Pong? Whatever that happened, had to happen one day. I was prepared for this since the beginning.’

‘But Ping, I still wish Tinkle had considered once at least. After all you were just asking, and that too very politely, not in a forcing manner. At least some concern must have been given to your feeling. Refusal could’ve come sometime later after letting you complete at least. *I think it was pretty rude.*’

‘Oh Pong! I know you care for me, but, it’s okay. I’m not sad. Believe me, I feel so lucky to have a friend like you, such a loving one. Why should I, then, cry for that endless circle? So what if I’ve to accept my fate as a loser in one sphere of my life? And then, it’s just a matter of three cuts, and may god bring that day soon, I’ll too have my center located and there will be stability – *peace!*’

‘Oh please don’t use such words. I can’t live without you....’

‘Oh Pong! You’re all so dear....’

‘Hey Ping! That’s okay. Thanks for your compliments, but I was actually not so much concerned about you than I was for my strange doubt.’

‘Good lord! I won’t spare you next time I say.... Hadn’t I been so much upset today, I would’ve bisected you right now you *two legged dot!*  
Someone has said it rightly- “Angles can never be angels”

‘Okay sorry jaar! At least listen to my open question....’

‘Open question! What else can you have except *open* questions? You are *so incomplete* – with the mind of a dot and arms open to infinity. You don’t need to be a *drafter* to understand that whatever you’ll think would be *small* and *open!*’

‘Are Ping, at least listen to me once....’

‘Shut up you acute headache!’

‘Okay, okay, no need to shout. Don’t forget that you too were once like me before my protector left. And here I am – *incomplete*. But you know what? I am happy. Someone has rightly said – “Once a triangle, always a triangle- *odd, closed* and *rigid.*”

‘Aaghhh! Okay. Sorry. I apologize. Now let me sleep or blurt out your doubt.’

‘Good Night.’

‘Good Night’

‘Aagh Pong. Okay.... Pong, my dear Pong, please please tell me what is your question. I can’t sleep with so much suspense bouncing inside me whole night. Please, express yourself. Please’

‘Ahem. So *now* you are in plane. Here it goes.... Actually today in the morning, when I opened my eyes, welcomed by the white light – the harbinger of all shadows – the food for all sight....’

*‘O my dear Pong!  
I like the song,  
Only if,  
It’s not so long!’*

‘.. Yeah.... okay.... So it occurred to me, as I saw the light, that, *what* is light? Light is but the combination of all colors. And what are the colors then? If you have studied optics, which I doubt, because you mastered in tribiology, and still slipped miserably without oil....’

‘Will you please just continue?’

‘....yeah. So where was I? hmmn.. So colors are nothing but the wavelengths, I mean, the portion of light which is reflected by an object after light falls on it. Okay? This portion then goes into our eyes and we thus identify the color. So far, so good’

‘So far, so pointless’

‘Here comes the twist. Now imagine what would happen if things were different for different people from this point i.e. after light falls into our eyes!’

‘....means what? Different?’

‘Let me make it simple. See all the colors of the light can be derived by combination of three colors called primary colors – red, blue and green.’

‘Is that so? I thought they were red, blue and yellow?’

‘Aagh! You are so *dumb*. Now for you ‘ill have to digress a little. Then don’t complain about the epic.’

‘Fast, fast, fast.’

‘Red, blue and yellow are mistakenly and *widely* thought as primary colors for paints. But the actual primary colors for paints are cyan, magenta and yellow. Go open any color printer cartridge for proof.’

‘Yeah, yeah, understood.’

‘Now where was I? , yes, Red, blue and Green are also primary colors. They are the primary colors of light. All other colors can be made by mixing them. If you mix all, you get white and if you mix nothing, it’s black. Clear?’

‘In black and white. Yes.’

‘Now imagine...!’

(Ping stopped itself, with some effort.)

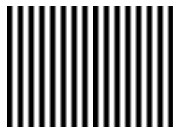
‘Now imagine three kinds of creatures – The Titans, the Bitans and the Pitans, and they have....’

‘....and they have children called Tits, Bits and Pits!’

(Ping did try this time but....)

‘aaeee.. be serious Ping. This is a serious issue. Listen carefully. Imagine God has created these three kinds of creatures, only i.e. all the creatures that exist, ignoring the colorblind ones, keep the things simple, belong either to the category of the Titans, the Bitans or the Pitans. Now God has made them such that what is red for the Titans is blue for the Bitans and is Green for the Pitans and so on complete it cyclically.’

(Ping, who was already fed up of anything related to circle, did not even try at first but then with a comeback imagined so:



Titans	R	B	G
Bitans	G	R	B
Pitans	B	G	R

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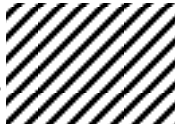
‘Take your time.’

‘No, I’m done. Continue. But wait a minute. How is it possible? I mean do you mean to distribute the colors or the names or the perceptions? Oh my God it’s so confusing....’


‘You did is right perhaps, or may be wrong, but let me help you on this. This can be difficult but I’ll make it easy. Imaging an object. Just an object. Don’t assign any color to it. Okay?’



‘Now forget any notions you have and imagine that when Titans see this they see it as




and say it is of red color.

(  can be what *you* see as red)

‘Now when Bitans see the same object they see color.’

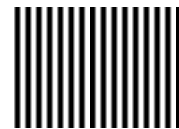


and say it is of red


(  can be what *you* see as blue)

‘But shouldn’t they say....’)

‘Wait. Let me complete. When Pitans see the same object, they see



and say it is of red color.’

(  can be what *you* see as green)

‘But shouldn’t they say red, blue and green respectively?’

‘No!’

‘Why?’

‘Because since childhood they have been taught so.’

‘How?’

‘Imagine rose (a red rose)’

‘Okay.’

‘Now imagine you are a Titan.’



‘Hmm’

‘and sitting in a pre-nursery class.’

‘Hmm’

‘And your teacher pointing towards the rose and telling you it is *red* in color.’



‘Hmm’

‘So you see  and identify  with *red*.’

‘Yeah’

‘Now imagine your friend, a Bitan, sitting next to you.’

‘Hmm’

‘He sees the same rose as  and identifies  with *red*.’

‘Yeah!’

‘So what Bitan actually sees is blue as per *your* perception, but he identifies it as *red*. So whenever you both see a rose, although you both see it as differently but still you *agree* that it is red in color, and so you do whole your life!’

‘Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my my, what the hell....’

‘Now you understand!’

‘This is a big big problem yaar!’

‘It is not.’

‘Arre, this can be actually true!!’

‘You may be right’

‘That means I can be a Titan and you can be a Bitan and may be I am a Pitán.... and seeing different colors as differently.’

‘Exactly so’

‘And if I’m not wrong, since we’ve done this for three primary colors, then I think we’ve done this for any color.’

‘Yes my intelligent Ping, the whole spectrum is rotated as we move to next kind of creature. They all always agree. There is no dispute. Ever’

‘But yaar, can’t we crack this?! There must be some way to know who is of what kind.’

‘I’ve thought of a lot and given up.’

‘Wait yaar, we can still try. We can move on to abstractions. What about the things which don’t have colors, but still we attach colors to them, like red for love, green for envy etc.’

‘It’s not possible. See red is for love because love is attached to heart and heart to blood and blood and blood – which is tangible that is.’

‘No.. so it comes down somehow to something we see. Imagine! A Bitan feeling love on seeing a *blue* valentine card! Thank God I am a Titan.’

‘Yeah, it’s hard to imagine but it makes no difference. Emotion will be the same emotion of same magnitude for all.’

‘I think I follow you.’

‘How rare!’

‘But then if it is same for everybody, I mean the way one responds to colors what they are to *them* – then what is the point of discussion? We can never know who is who or even about ourselves. And everybody is equally happy. And say, may be, no doubt we’ve discovered the possibility Pong, but may be it is not so. May be we all are of same kind. May be we are not. It’s all pointless to discuss all this.’

‘Yeah, it may be pointless or may be not but perhaps not as pointless as my other doubt....’

‘What you have one more?’

‘Imagine we all see things on different scales. You seeing one centimeter twice as I do, so that even your field of view is twice as mine, and so is the sense of motion, velocity, acceleration and thus force. Can we really ever know?’

‘May be because God has also adjusted the sense of passage of time for everybody likewise so that even if I see the things twice the size but at the same time I feel the time passing at half of your speed so that all other things – these velocities and all are same for all of us.’

‘Hey Ping! We better go to sleep now.’

‘No but then we also have to take into consideration our own sizes as they seem to us perhaps....’

‘Good night Ping’

‘Wait. I think I’m near.’

‘I’m not listening Ping.’

‘But.... Okay.... .... Whew... Pong... I wish Tinkle had said yes.... Good Night....’

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- (Written by amit bhola) -