

# IT IS MAGENTA

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It is Magenta “Ma-Gen-Ta”

Color recognition is a basic faculty; when it gets tested, it can shake one’s confidence. This happened to me and I am sure to many others too. I am very happy not to have color blindness. I have tested the color blindness chart and felt good that I could make out the stealthily hidden numbers; in fact I derive a strange pleasure in finding those numbers and proclaiming victory. But my proficiency in color knowledge and confidence got shattered. Here is the story.

It must have been a few months after I got married. Like a good husband I went with my wife for shopping. She picked a few clothes and we were discussing about the clothes on our way back.



**Urath Suresh**



I started, “the red dress is really good”

Wife: “which red”

Me: “The pinkish red”

Wife: “ that is Magenta”

Me: “May be purple”

Wife( a little irritated , having to deal with an imbecile ): “ It is Magenta, Ma- Gen – Ta”

What, I never heard of that. There is red and there is pink, I suppose you can mix both in different shades. Looks like somewhere in between there is this definite entity, the Holy Grail, Magenta. It is beyond my comprehension. There is a whole world of colors there beyond my spectrum of recognition that only a female brain can decipher. I have

reached the “no Man’s land”. Here my color knowledge falters. Going to this territory with basic colors is like ‘going to a gunfight with a knife’. The name Magenta is etched on my brain, but still I cannot make out what it is. It has become an enigma for me; I know what it is, but never can make it out. For many if some issue is not clean cut, they would say “It is not black or white, it is always grey”. For me the situation is best described as “magenta”, signifying total inability to understand.

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Another one of my Waterloo was the color TEAL. Heard of blue, heard of green, but the subtlety of the fine