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" Hey, you know that's purple, right?"

My best friend Jacob was leaning over the picture that I had just finished coloring. We had just started kindergarten, and there were big Crayola crayons scattered willi-nilli over the table. I was of course very proud of my drawing; the middle of the paper dominated by a large farmhouse, standing next to a large stick figure tree. It was I believed framed by an expanse of what I had imagined was a perfect light blue sky. In its rightful place ie the upper right corner, was the sun. . "why is the sun green?" Jacob added, genuinely puzzled. followed by - Isn't the sun supposed to be yellow."

Ive recently learned that my being colorblind was less than a one in twenty chance. . According to the eye specialist that my parents had dragged me to kicking and screaming , (me not my parents). I even had difficulty distinguishing the difference between blues and reds. It seems I was born with fewer green cones in my retina than a normally -sighted person . Though it is not a life threatening disability (I still cannot get a handicapped parking sticker for my car, seeing the world in essentially black and white does present some issues . In eighth grade I recall my horror at failing my geography test as the colors on the map seemed only a shade different—a "lame excuse" according to Ms. Meyer.

As others with some perceptual differences , I have actually enjoyed learning to compensate. For example I occasionally still paint. some may interpret my painting the sun green as a sign of youthful creativity so I try to limit myself to sketching in mostly pencil and ink. I deconstruct objects into simple shapes, notice the ways the shadows fall , and convey moods through perspective and cross-hatching rather than what some others may use colors and tones. Knowing that I see colors differently unfortunately makes them an unreliable resource for conveying meaning. However I don't feel constrained or less expressive by only working in black and white. I view the fact that as my vision may not work as well as it y might, I have developed other senses to compensate for their deficiency .

Being colorblind also gives me a rare insight into the nature of beauty. We are taught to believe that as equal human beings we must share the same aesthetic sense. We are meant to appreciate or anything by Van Gogh, but in reality, we all actually see the world only as we see it. . Most of the magazines that target students my age assume that we all want to look the same When love when people now point out that I am using purple instead of blue, I nod as only an artist could. . The world doesn't change; it is just that we each perceive it according to the number of red, blue and green cones at the back of our eyes.

So I would propose a new nomenclature I am no longer colorblind, or color-ignorant, or even color-challenged. I am simply an artist. It's the great lesson I have gained from my condition. . My kindergarten self may have been crushed to have my friends critique my masterpiece, but today they recognize my unique talents There are, I am told, a lot of really ugly color combinations out there, and I luckily cannot see any of them.

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