

Black and White

a story by

Pier Celeste Marchetti

(English translation by Wendy Piemonte)

In the town of Rainbow, with its seven inhabitants who were named after the colors of the rainbow and whose relatives were the combinations of their DNA, lived two other people who stood out because one was Black, the opposite of all the others apart from himself, and the other was White, a combination of all the others apart from Black. Things seemed to be fine because everything went according to the absolute principles of Mrs. Logic who lived in a nearby hamlet called Absolute and who wanted all, the contrary of nothing, and vice versa.

White got on well with everybody. And since he was an incurable optimist because of this, everything looked rosy. The reason was that, out of all the inhabitants who were entitled to live in the village of Rainbow, Ms Rosy was the one who excited him the most and aroused that *je ne sais quoi* every time he met her. This was logical too, because ever since the beginning of time, females have perturbed males in a positive way, even if - logically speaking again - opposites shouldn't attract each other. Yet when logic falters, the laws of physics come to play but clash with the laws of electricity, where opposites, logically repel each other.

It was therefore logical for White to be a little confused, something that was not very logical, because logic in itself should not lead to confusion nor should it be a consequence of it.

The thought luminaries of that time who lived in another hamlet called Philosophy had conflicting opinions about this for a long time.

It was just as logical that they should have conflicting opinions, but this was sometimes contradictory, especially when everything looked black for the supporters of White as the debates quickly led to disputes and made them lose their optimism.

And yet, as the holy texts of their fathers read, they were all the off-spring of Mrs. Logic who lived in the neighboring hamlet of Rainbow, and who had been the first to take shape in the minds of the living.

It was an equation with a thousand and one unknown factors, and was therefore extremely difficult, if not impossible to resolve.

On the contrary, Black obviously and logically didn't get on with anybody. However, things were not going bad for him who respected all the principles of logic. Things were always black and never white for him, and rightly so, even if to tell the truth he sometimes would have liked to see Rosy.

This explains why, according to logic, White and Black cannot get along: not because they are the opposite of each other color-wise, but because of a certain Rosy.