
Unveiled beauty

To Bill Thurston, with admiration and gratitude for the playground he unlocked for us

You open your eyes, and you find yourself in a hyperbolic three manifold. Rainbows of geodesics cross the space, and you climb in a red one and slide at a speed that would be vertiginous if it not were for the deep beauty that surrounds you. The rainbow rays rapidly separate from each other, and new rays appear greeting you with sharp presentations.

We are also there, sequences of us trying to open our eyes, sometimes holding hands, sometimes isolated. You wave from your red ray and we find some orientation. We wave back while a cloud of thin triangles flies nearby.

Nothing, absolutely nothing compares to this place you unveil for us. Quasi-geodesics get jealous of your attention to geodesics and claim for some of their own. You rest for a while in an incompressible surface and then jump to one of them, and slide once more.

The red ray follows you closely, but never touching. The quasigeodesic trip seems is a bit more bumpy than the geodesic one but there, at the distance, you see the limit point. We all travel in different directions, some whirl around an fixed points, others get dizzy on horocycles.

We diverge, you diverge too.

Now there is neither we, nor you.

Only the deep beauty of the playground.