

Un Hommage à Thomas Pynchon's Rainbow

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One of the great novels of the 20th century is Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*. For those interested in the use of color as a code in literature it is a positive goldmine. Consequently, many erudite essays have been written about this aspect of the work. My activity in this area has involved an examination and compilation of the phrases in which these color codes appear. Using this database I have constructed a reading of the novel based on these phrases.

In carrying out this process I set myself the following constraints;

- . Each phrase abstracted from the novel must contain at least one color term.
- . The words in each phrase must be in the order used by Pynchon.
- . The phrases subsequently used to construct sentences to be in the order in which they occur in the novel.
- . The only freedom to be in the selection of appropriate punctuation.

Arguably, the four parts of the novel can be divided into a total of eighty-one episodes. I have followed this convention and hence produced eighty-one sentences covering the four parts.

All the words used in this *Hommage* are Thomas Pynchon's.

Part 1 Beyond the Zero

Episode 1

With blue shadows, cockades the color of lead, globular lights painted a dark green, velvet black surfaces. At each brown floor, a tartan of orange, rust and scarlet. Giant bananas cluster, radiant yellow, humid green. A short vertical white line begins to vanish in red daybreak. Trudges through black compost. Winter gray enough to age this iron among these yellow chandeliers.

Episode 2

Across a blue tile patio, near to the exit to the blue patio, red rubber hot-water bags, a dented green Lagonda. Tame green lights. Get a bit of lime green in with your rose. Fatal strips of white cotton knickers. Some indoor intervention of charcoal streets. Sergeant commanding the red cap section across the blue baize fields, carefully, black-shod step by step. Some-thing right outa the blue, black phaetons clatter in massive ant-cortege. Black iron control panels. Yellow fat-nodes appear. A hideous green pseudopod. Alienists in black seven button suits, bringing hods full of the white substance.

Episode 3

A gray stone town house. Black typewriters as tall as grave markers. Electric light is yellow, cheap, dingy scuffed-cream fiberboard walls, millions of tiny red and brown curls of rubber eraser, ash, very fine black debris. Puzzles showing parts of the amber left eye, the green velvet folds of a gown, slate-blue veining in a distant cloud, orange nimbus of an explosion, and the pink inner thigh of a pouting pin-up girl. Gummed paper stars in many colors, the available spectrum, beginning with silver, a constellation with Gladys green and Katherine gold, Sallys- mostly red and blue, a violet density above Covent Garden, in the weak yellow light.

Episode 4

Army-green paint, over the blue wool shoulder of an engine man, posed, skin stained lavender. Ladies happen to be silver stars, that day, blue on up to golden. Pompadours, sprouting yellow pencils, the place purple and yellow as hickeys. Hand gone purple with the cold. The yellow sun being teased. Haze-gray, grease black, red lead and pale aluminum. Wood, brown growing deeper, approaching black through an instant. Slopes of his long blue Berkshires. Mint and purple loosestrife. Gone to necropolis gray with marble dust, whose diminishing green reaches back now to a green wilderness. Sky was gusting red, warm-orange. White rockets about to fire.

Episode 5

Smooth blue light that hovers. Trews, blue puttees, dress kilts, reddish-brown curls tightening close. A young rosy girl in the uniform, above the brown wool collar, her lighter brown hair. Gusts of white noise out in the aether. Black smoke vomiting from every little bucktooth yellow rat. Operation Black Wing. "The White Visitation". Incredible black and white. The "Red Bitch of the High Seas", talc-white face through the last window.

Episode 6

The white fracture of the rain passes. He saw every white straying of her, each saccade of her olive, her amber, her coffee colored eyes. The blue flame sparking about the edges. Black slip, clear pearl thighs above the khaki stockings, sweeping Army-colored skirt. Moaning away on her gray tide, dark coats over white nightclothes. A coal black Packard up a side street. White collars rigid in the shadows. Their faces, eye-searing yellow, that flash of yellow when the fire leaps into the early black mornings. Paper, fires, khaki, steel.

Episode 7

The white waiting throat, a white, pre-war confection of lace and satin, only a white ear and fringe of hair.

Episode 8

Out of the blackness, worn gold-leaf letters shining, scuffed charcoal black, pale yellow, black grime that blows weakly, the on-whitening of the interior. Her eyes are red. Exit doors painted beige, with edges smudged browner. Perfectly black rectangle of night, coal swinging in orange arc. This same white frame, a fiery red ball, falling, his white face more vulnerable.

Episode 9

Cream lids with stiff lashes. Bottle holding scarlet blossoms. A white, athletic tension, shoulder padded white, satin polished. Thickets of silver blue stalks. Green-brown masses in uniforms. On the ring, blue light goes rattling. Winter-silver drops welling, the air beyond is blue from cigarettes. Later in the freezing black morning, his face often grows chalky, his red nail-bitten hands, red mouth about to open in a scream, gray reserved eyes. Leas more golden as their linseed oil ages aslant purple hills to pallid sky. Purple and orange creatures blooming. Great balloons drift in the sky, pearl-grown, cable white goes twisting peppermint stick, down in a silver string. Brown onions on a chopping board, carrot blossoms sprinkling with brilliant yellow, deep, very green lawn. Black alley kitten with white little feet. Peach taffeta.

Episode 10

White overhead to wake him. Black faces, white tablecloth, eye reddening and tart as wine. White college boys, hollering. Green broad leaves. Black as a hand in an evening glove. Only as dark, sunset orange. Can't even see his own white face. Brown wood surfaces, fine silver seeds stripping loose. Stone-white cervix, his snow-white Arrow. Bile-brown coils of his vomit, his silver chances of song, follow? Red the Negro shoeshine boy. Lie about white crimes. Darkness and brown fingers, into the white men's room. Red, the shoeshine boy, black patents, extravagantly conked redhead, all the black cocks know him. Up the walls of the white bowl, the light down here is dark gray, a deliberate brown barnacled. The black professionals lost in the gray light. Millions of blues lines, notes to be bent.

Episode 11

Brown liquid tearing along. At some point the brown dusk, wood fires burn in black fireplaces. Blue bead clogged with dust. A reddish brown hawk. The light is thick and water green with a hard, nearly blue persistence. Browning by the sun against the deep brown slats of the barn, solid-set against the purple mountain slope, black iron in the middle of the night. Polacks in gray caps. The White Cocksman. Bandanna of the regulation magenta and green, what the white man does not have. Black fleas hopping against the sunlit mortar. Carrots from the Red River Valley, trampled raw greens of many kinds, strong white onions. Brown uniformed militia. Servants from the pastel houses. Babies under white woolen blankets. Cross hatchings of his black rubber soles, in the shadows black and white. Drawing on heavy cream paper under the black-letter inscription. Her fingers stroke lightly her long olive thighs. Nacreous film of his seed, in Negro brown.

Episode 12

The White Visitation, the walls read ice. Darkening blood brick and terracotta, green to blonde, to snow. Staring at the pink or sun freckled overflow. Muffled — chromeless black machinery. Vineyards sunlit very green. Operation Black Wing, the first Black Wing directive. Who was the ginger-haired chap? Like the gold-lit borders of consciousness, among the brown offices. Robes, greenish and submarine, traditional orange. A column of light red oil, saliva pushes the red line over. In their flowing green robes, just before the apricot sunrise. Stood in the sun, its many shades of brown, even the poor blackened stump of a tree. Mashed pulp all magenta with pomegranates. Very high, blacked, lead-crossed windows. The ravings of reddish and liver spotted Brigadier. The sentry, a dark figure in white webbing.

Episode 13

A scarlet dragon's tongue. The Abbey's ruin stands gray and crystal. Undersides of the cold clouds are blue, are veined in blue, touched with grayed-out pink or purple, shadowed underneath in dark gray. All vulnerable surfaces a uniform bleak gray, the sky behind in white ice-furrows, windows and openings in soft blackness. Young anarchist in his red scarf saw these white barriers. The black lattice work, each line of the black scrawl, etched in white, electric white lines of energy, like so many white muffins. On a little pond the black man. Figures dwindling, fawn and gray and a lick of scarlet reflecting from the glazed beach, nearly white.

Episode 14

An old, tarnished silver crown, shiny red-orange cups, with raised parches of whitish-gray veil. Each persimmon-colored mushroom cup, a growing heap of orange-gray fungus, covered with yellow scum. Gold, fresh and tarnished, fanned on the pale orange paper. Her breasts a rich cocoa shade. Murky glass, charcoal saturated, antique. Veined with bright brown rot, the yellow teeth. Whitening perfumed curls, Spanish inquisitor black robes. Brown arching nose, in highest drag, black velvet, under a flesh-colored leather jockstrap. Bright purple clitoris. Across the golden ungressed back, afternoon a luminous synthetic orange. Her golden game-brother. Dark green crumble of trees may hide the red welts across the boy's buttocks. The black indomitable Oven. Away into a green blankness of trees, paralyzed to this scholarly white, brought blue-trousered troops in. With white sand turning a cold, Queenly blue as the afternoon lengthened. Chill comes over the white man, including black and white, male and female. Mandala, red circle with a black cross inside. Pale yellow stump-tops wink. The crews move, nervously gray-green. Shiny black India-rubber cables snake away. A flash of gold helping a color-negative, yellow and blue. I'm red, and brown . . . Black. You would be yellow and blue, the yellow sun and freezing blue shadows, the yellow haired and blue eyed youth. What black girl he never saw. Because he never saw the black girl either. The black girl is a genius of meta-solutions. A fine, imponderable net of gold, the eyes a seldom encountered blue, drowned man blue, blue drawn into the chalky walls. The poisoned gray of the trucks, the white sweep upward, away across the silk of wrinkled silver. Cellarful of gin in brown crocks and an old dress, black moiré. The creamed papers stamped purple. Markets carefully styled "black". A cat's amber eyes staring down, passing like the empurpled clouds, stoness the water has left behind shining black. The humourless magenta face, above and the blue night, a statue in wine colored *façonné* velvet, eyeballs rolling white. Incommensurate with gold, golden calf, in this case golden swine, no more pigs of gold, through the ebony forests. Mistress: blood-red, finely tattooed purple. Volcanoes cupped rainfall blue as the sky, watched into freak saffrons, streaming indigos. A single white dodo's egg. Sun to black-powder sea, sky lit half crimson by a volcano, a drastic stain of burnt orange, squares of coral sunset. His blackness recorded on film, the black man moves about in plausible blackface, playing the black rocketeers. Blackened and slightly melted gin bottles, behind the green shades, with an old tarnished silver crown.

Episode 15

Glowing, pink and pearl in the sunrise, white wedgies clattering on cobblestones. Antiquated diseases, greensickness, purples, yellow-green back down the street. The khaki dress rattling, herself tiny in a rose plush chair, black, ribbed liquorice drop, mayonnaise and orange peels, confection of pastel green, studded all over with lavender nonpareils. Handing him a hard red candy, it is purple in color. Nasty-looking brownish novelty, Cartridge green and pink striped taffy, some silver-flecked blue gelatin. Sugared violets. Ambient tourmalines in German gold, yellower later in the year. Coat with golden galloons at the sleeves, the King's white ungloved hand, blinding white. Shade gone all to white. Black lattice mourning-cards. Part of the white light, the loud blast, the explosion has died to red, through the crack in the orange shade.

Episode 16

The light always gets very red. Wearing a red sweater, bare arms glowed red by her sides. Child's red wrinkling face, red velvet. Cop-faces pink with rectitude, red insignia leaning, out with the black binoculars. Green with the evening, inferno red at its edges, brown with gold clouds. Rocking chair staring chalk blue. Long pale brown hair, his graying government flannel, mauve turn of the century tale, hawking fine marbled phlegm into the basin. Lemon and beige, Oilsmoke black and twilight brown in here. Red pockmarks on the pure white skin. Cream taper wax. Laundry-white puckered elastic, suspender-clips glittering silver, lacquered red fingernails, behind red topiary trees. Wide necks of the white robes, many faces nearly as white, there was one black face. Mammoth red firecrackers, lemon peels crushed in the brown shadows of alleys. Black man riding above, bringing brown girls to sashay. The black man's presence, through brown ghosts of her hair. Flames ungluttering and very yellow. Skin more child-pink. Black greatcoats crowd together. Their blue torches, gauges with apricot light, transformed to mint fumes that left white spots across the quicksilver mirrors. Scumming gray estuary, ground of golden straw, tonight shone green and smooth. White-crumpled veils begun to yellow, prams of black hide, high chairs pink and blue, stare out of blue orbits. Deploying meat-pink, yellow and blue, oxen frosted with gold leaf, quietly scalloped pearl. Tall red buses sway. Men and their black bellwether. Rubbery maroon organs. Yellow garnishes of fat. Among the white-painted tanks, over the Black North Sea, ever faster to orange heat, red-eyed, sore throated.

Episode 17

A round white light. Clusters of white flowers, along the silver downs. Out of very red, thin lips, white incandescence. Pretty, amber eyes, turrets and blue waters, ruby nipples, black lace cami-knickers. Alone in a black field, a long golden twilight, mottled in grease browns, the hooded olive trucks in the dust and brown light. His liver-gray shape receding, clusters of blue dissonance among scarlet banks of bougainvillea, golden pathways. The sky over New York glowing purple, where the gray dog can turn, and the amber eyes gaze. A blood glow, orange then white, their wet pools of Prussian blue.

Episode 18

Artist's two pastels, salmon darkening to fawn and black across the enormous lawn, she with a dusting of ochre and the creamy block of yellow, heliotrope and green, framing the brown-wrapped box. A dark maroon cravat. A tarnished pince-nez of white gold. Carrying machines of black metal. Brown-black pigment responsible can change his color from most ghastly albino to a very deep, purplish, black, pale freckled redhead's complexion. Gilt and mirroring, red velvet, lemon-rubbed teak, rugs in gold and scarlet, nameless earth tone, hedge green, clay brown, sunset falls a tranquil yellow, mild citrus light, falling milky white. Scarves of lime, aqua, lavender inside gold mountings. The poison-green domes moved into new white abyss. Irises red as embers. The rainbowed Valkyrie, the bright blue gremlins. Black and white make-up, face white in mirror, a yellow gel.

Episode 19

One of the walls is stained yellow, the walls of the Red district. Face, black hairs darkening, refuge in a pale yellow room, his body golden. In the crust-brown light walls were as white as paste. Young women with green leaves, tall evergreen trees, grooves, metal gray, flash of knees under pearl-colored frock. Man in the black suitcoat, brown sleeve-less sweater, dirty beige overcoat. Rooms each with walls more silver. A blackened waste, great bursts of crimson and bottle-green. In a green wet smudge a tiny silver egg. As the silver thing blew apart you, in the gray uniform, rigid, white throat. Mauve, the invention of mauve, the color mauve, Tyrian purple, alizarin and indigo, but the important one is mauve, the mauve Perkin-Ganister line. Coal, down in the earth, dead black, growing older, blacker, deeper, mauve, the first new color on Earth.

Episode 20

She's down on her red knees, wine-colored ribbon, crimson, hot, squeak-stockinged slave girl, taking the pink Pavlovian cock. White lit moment, green shoals, she'll begin to blush red as her knees. Premature white Santa Claus beard. Infusions of blue skullcap. They are blacks. White lines go thickening, gray scrapings from his old wrinkle-black microscope, away into a white gloom. The poor, the black, black tribe, the brown flank against this whitening day. A row of bare Army colored poplars. Death's white Gymanfu Ganu. Drawn a brown, orange and blue, flat horizon-line past a green gasworks. Backlit by the white afternoon, the blacks back the silence, adjuring the white riders. Water bugs, a very dark reddish brown, fell glistening red among golden lattice of straw. Constant tremble of golden stalks, gold to antique gold.

Episode 21

Black thundercloud on the way. Of white collar now. A peppermint face in the sky, knots of gray, tan, black and brown.

Part 2 Un Perm' au Casino Hermann Goering

Episode 1

Unweaving, white and slow, the sea in shades of gray under gray clouds. Flat white and the palms in black sawtooth now are back to green. Aqueduct loops crumbling, dry yellow, villas baked to warm rusts, high on the white sea-façade. Tossing his green pack of Cravens. Sleek green wine bottles. White cloth steaming. The original fog-silvered wool produces a gaudy yellow, green and orange display handkerchief. Plaster, purple, pink and brown, blisters that grew black, fine wrinkles edged in blue. Green bottles all dancing, foaming among the black rocks. Green and white striped lounge chairs, Bench, blue and white, and a cream colored parasol. A dazzle of violet, sorrel, saffron, emerald. Figure in a black bombazine frock halfway onto one of the black rocks, bracelet, scratched silver, before the slimy gray stranglehold. Spheres inside the green glass, Doe eyes behind blonde lashes, full of acid green. White heaps of cumulus pose out at sea.

Episode 2

Deepening go the yellow brown mountains, sea colored the soft inside of a black olive, white villas, autumn greens of copses and solitary pines. Wake goes lifting, pink with sunset, to obscure the white casino. Hair in one of those emerald tiaras, long Medici gown of sea-green velvet. Teeth flashing, face reddening a bit, brown and distant as rotogravure. Number of red-dogging Choate boys. Flights of red-carpeted stairway, malachite nymphs and satyrs, evergreen at the silent landings. Now she wears a white pelisse, jagged white ostrich plumes at the neckline, skin is whiter than the white garment. The moonlight only whitens her back, black pupils growing, till whites are gone, only the red animal reflection. Beneath him in cream and night blue, eyes in crescent behind the gold lashes, beating against her cheeks, black sleet. Flings a clear, amber, pseudopodded glob between her black tipped breasts, her waving a big red damask tablecloth at him, swift as crystal faults, redly through the air. Just as red as a womb in here, red through the tablecloth. Foot in a two-tone shoe, coffee and indigo. Grabs a purple satin bedsheet, great Purple Kite races cursing down. A cone of green light narrows, paint-blue sea, whitecaps. The purple sheet above his head. Plump ladies in white batiste frocks. A bright-yellow striped ball comes rolling. "And he's wearing a purple sheet." Two faces now a strangled rose. But decided to put on a purple bedsheet. Silver hairbrushes and razor. Half an inch of

pastel flimsies, garnished with a white chrysanthemum. Reaches of mahogany, green baize, hanging loops of maroon velvet. Little silver bells with ebony handles. Brass colored light seeps in. Pastel swains and shepherdesses, some golden among the brown and bright cream shadows. Rainbow edges. Upright gray-feathered statues. Black formal lapels, white faces, white shirt fronts, white hands. Little pink shepherdesses. Swooping white birds. Black deep hollows. Palms shifting now to coarse-grained black. Muddy purple, advancing from the sea. Green room where girls, a silkiness of girls.

Episode 3

One day, out on the beach in a black suit, starred with dandruff from thinning carrot hair, against the white face of the Casino. One gray afternoon, she wears a white peasant blouse, a rainbow-striped dirndl skirt of satin. They chose numbers, red, black, odd, even. Reserved for its own black and white bad news as if it were the Rainbow, made of black cardboard. Jeroboams come and go, fat, green, tattered gray foil at the necks. Breathing white off its faces. He's been transmuted to black Épernay grapes. Light in the room has gone bear-brown. White-faced and stomach-clutching mob. Anachronism in primal-red, in yellow purer than can be found anywhere, ash color the night will stabilize, washed a very warm sunset-red, across grainy chocolate beach. His hair now incandescent orange. Glasses, smudged, whitish, residues of deep brown and red drinks. Stoneswept hair of the last white, the last stepoff into the black. Perfect background, brown, blurred. Her thighs marked red from the train seat. Gray vein in the man's temple. The horizon mantled in gray, the rain, heavy and wet and very green. Her hat brim makes a chic creamy green halo. The flame as it rose off the platform, scarlet, orange, iridescent green. Black curly skeletons of iron benches. Mascara bleeding out in fine black swirls. The harbor has broken out in whitecaps, her breath a white scarf, for the wind the whitecaps imply. She wears a red gown of heavy silk, as buoys ride on the white sea.

Episode 4

Rats and mice, white and black, and a few shades of gray. Long white lights buzz overhead. The sky tonight is a deep blue, blue as a Navy greatcoat; the clouds in it are amazingly white. Stacks of junk and random blacknesses, whitewash on the wall. His face is whiter than whitewash. Empty red tin that held coffee. A tattered tommy up on White Sheet Ridge, uniform burned in Maxim holes, black rimmed. White body, black uniform of the night, her

blonde hair, tucked beneath a thick black wig, long sable cape and black boots, jewelry in a silver ring. Red as her ruby, in this light the nails are almost black, dressed all in black. His tongue through the black skin. "I took their brown Spanish bodies to mine." Bound him with a gold-tasselled fourragère. Her pubic hair has been dyed black, golden clear, to the glossy hairs of her quim, absolute darkness between her white buttocks.

Episode 5

The great cusp-green equinox. Chilly gray toes stirring the shingle. Winter of dogs, of black snowfalls. The scarlet histories. Haughty glass grayness, some white surprise, spinsterish brown behind the gold. Stone blue lights, the city, dark brown, around the blue hilltops. It's a blueprint. Yankee foxing the redcoats. "Shit, this red tape!" Up in a brown stocking-hung garret. A golden benzene ring with a formée cross. Turned out in green French suit, with a subtle purple check in it, brown and white wing tip shoes, and white socks, a midnight-blue snap-brim fedora.

Episode 6

Sometimes brown from the sun here, with wavy hair and very red eyes, wearing a white zoot suit, and a long gold keychain. Notorious white slaver of Marseilles, busy white slaving. "You wanna be a white slave, huh?" "I wanna be a green slave!" "Magenta!" "Vermilion!" American Army yellow-seal scrip. Tub of black-market Jell-O. Zoot suit is in a box tied with a purple ribbon. Shades pulled down against the white sun.

Episode 7

Hexagons like the gold one. Triad of Strength, Stability and Whiteness. Paused in front of the blue-parts list. A black Citroën. Rolling into town in his white zoot, through the taupe light. Only two colors: earth and leaf. Linen, very white in the gloom. She's wearing red-and-white striped socks. Canary yellow Borsalini, saddle stitching in contrasting colors (such as orange on blue, and the perennial favorite, green on magenta). Through the yellow brown window shade, the morning green banks, gray and desolate places. Businessmen in blue suits, sun-black skiers, women in long black dresses. He is wearing white, shoes, zoot 'n' hat, white as the cemetery

mountains. Wearing sunglasses with black lenses and white rims, the antiseptic white of the Clinic. On a furlough, away from the blues. In a green frogged waistcoat, chewing on his white sausage, white zoot in a bundle under his arm, he notes a black Rolls parked. Z_rchers in early evening blue stroll by, blue as the city twilight, deepening blue. Curly-headed alien in a green suit, holding a loaf of white. This fella in the green suit wanted the closed white version of reality. Red light filtering very faint back, squints through the weak red light. Angel white wood shavings. Gray Swiss dawn light, shocking green hills one side, brown city on the other, fruit stalls under beige awnings. Suit of Buenos Aires daytime black, moustache, goldrim glasses. White blazers lipsticked about the lapels. Tatter of white paper, for the living green, against the dead white. White castle-keep towers. Blue heaps of wrinkled satin.

Episode 8

Her grin, her red, brassy with henna-glare, lunacy of her purple eyes, braids and tied with acid-green bows. The gray steel girderwork. High white collars. Lavender twilights. White-waying into the room. Coarse black hair. The legend of the black scapeape. Real Black rocket troops. Face as blue as Krishna. Feelings about blackness. Cream-skinned Katje. Insidious yellow adversary, like a blond crew-cut Groucho Marx.

Part 3 In the Zone

Episode 1

Rivers fall bright as red wine, left a red tulip, WASPs in buckled black. Hair of a blonde doll, with lapis lazuli eyes, tuft of golden hair. A tiny black crow, with a red beak. Golden and monitory light. Their white Metropolis far away. *Black rocket troops?* The lea is a green salad, crisp with raindrops. Old people in black are bat fluttering, green and new as the leaves. Black birds with yellow beaks lace the sky. She puts on a green tarp with tassels. Shadows are soft verdigris. He'll be wearing a white suit.

Episode 2

Very blue sky with gaudy pink clouds. A gray Mercedes staff car. Cold and dripping with greens, thrusting forward in black fatality. Inside these yellow caverns a slender white rocket, so whitely lit. Crystal brown visa, past the white-topped guard towers, pink, in the weakening light. Gravity's gray eminence, has given way to whitewash. Dead of winter and amber light. Straw colored drive belts. Souls, fashioned of brown twilight rise toward the white ceilings. Civilians in khaki, yellow James is nowhere. Girls in tight pink lab coats on stylish gold wedgies, lush garlands of silvery B nuts, scarlet resistors and bright yellow capacitors. Capital As painted in white. Sinuous white-lagged pipes, columns, slender, gray, long standing blue shadows. Civilian with a red von Hindenburg moustache. Pieces of olive-drab rocket. Brain approaching the frontiers of red-out. His moustache white, teeth are grayer here, and a purple, yellow and green decoration around one eye. Khaki paunches, a boys face and gray hair. Gush of wet amber and foam, skids on a patch of wet Wehrmacht green, splashes of black, white and red, elderly man in tweed suit, with white water-buffalo moustache. Blue racks of cold-rolled sheets. Absolute blackness. Figures in khaki stare, white eyes give back the light, eyes glow green and red. The white tunnel, perfect whiteness, whiteness without heat. The white moment, whiteness back to ivory, to brushings of gold. Wearing a giant white Stetson. Parabola of green mountain slopes, doves, white teardrops, green breath of the woods, the sunlight jagged and brown, damped in white fluff. Papers are stamped with magenta. Dim portraits of nobles in big white.

Episode 3

Setting up black juntas in black Africa. Whites looked on as anxiously, cannabis and coca grow full and green. White marble statues, no white Afrikaner could quite put down. Among the blueprints, browns, swallowed in cold whiteness. His gray field-jacket, glossy black hairs, white autumn-prone Europe, saw him white. Murderers in blue came down into a white occupied world. White faggot's-dream body, soft gold European eyes, olive cock. Army-green, wrinkled finished transmitter. The white continuum grew. Headlands of very green ice, washed in seas blue as blue dye. Outside, he breathes the evergreen air.

Episode 4

Relics of the latest Black Sabbath, banners of ripped red satin, tattooing-needles and splashes of blue ink. Spectra wash red to indigo. Dropping in yellow droves. Armload of flat white boxes. Middle of a sloping green field, a great heap of bright yellow and scarlet silk. Riotous wreathing of yellow and scarlet, white dress, hair brushed back. On the green lawn, convoy of four olive-drab vehicles. A deep, golden custard pie. Air so blue, rub and bring them back blue. Red face in leather helmet, pink tongue appears, yellow droplets fall. A big white slope of cloud puts out white tentacles. A rose-gray nimbus. Fog-blankets the color of boiled shrimp. Green patchwork, urging toward black. The sunset is red and yellow.

Episode 5

With gray shirt tails hoisted, splotted black and white. His pompadour is a silver plate. Gold wirework threads. Limp as permanent as gold. Across the green oasis a brown dirt street. The "red d_urts" and gray Cossack shirts. Mosey down to the red d_urt. Black and jagged, green and gray in the wind. Frost pattern of white words. Pastel survey maps, black theodolites, his sorrel face. Teutonic lettering burntwood-black. Windows into the deep green open. The black must have found the white market lace of his own exile. Black face keeping watch. Embankment of earth-colored wall, canopies, white as visions. Black and white stars explode, black and white, with splashes of blood red. The winged rider, red Sagittarius. Courtesan who wore camisoles of white kid. The wave green world, surf, green nights. Amiable gray eyes, leather belts and silver studs. Factotum in the red dzurt, sooty gray complexion, holding pearl-gray morning hats. Unwholesome yellow body produces a repulsive black gob, in red and yellow repetitions. Pain and gold? Red Army version. Black and white of coal and arc-light, all

too black. Artificially black, honest blackness. Gray ironclads dissolve one by one. Steep cliffs and green forests. A black satin handkerchief. Through the black, fetid and black, red-orange stars, a pale banded onyx effect. Tall black rock in the desert. God might be a gold ikon. The steep and death-gray canyons. The mountain whose peak is a white dzurt. Place of the black rock, stay with your warm red fire. To the north, a white mountaintop winks.

Episode 6

Her Gold Star brightening the black iron water pipe. A painted steel device in red, white and blue. Tasseled, frayed gold and red uniforms. Spring and death-white old Winter. Men in blue uniforms. Birds swirl upward, round and black. His white grin preceding him. A slash mark, a white 2. Blackinstrument, Blackcommand. Towards dusk the black birds descend. A magenta gel. Long hair streaked with gray. All he wants is a handful of greens, goldshot green of the Rif's slant fields. A cheerful orange star. Trudi, the blonde. A cape of green velvet. Back of the cape put a big, scarlet capital R. Tiny blonde hairs dance up and down. Trudi wears the green cape. Kindling and greens to fill the helmet. Lime and chestnut trees, fire-brushed powdery black. White crystalline substances, small pink pills, pink 'n' purple pills. The flowering Panama Red. Wearing fluorescent indigo eye-shadow, and a black leather snood, devotee of the Green Hershey Bar.

Episode 7

Has shown the white feather. Seething across the blue sky. Mountains of debris, yellow mountains, red, yellow and pale. Mapping of the white and geometric capital. Hitler head stamps of blue, orange and yellow. Pieces of wall – white fading scraps. Fresh summer frocks, orange and green. White Woman appears again, under a wooden archway painted red. He swirls his green cape. Shorts lie sunning, brown and gold. Bright orange beaks, streaking the water red and gold, water, red lead and rust, bashed gray hullplates. Green capped elite, marching. Maniacs in white helmets, all safe up in their white towers. Lets a lean gray Porsche whir by, the red of its tailgates flashing. Grotto of one eyeball to blue jigsaw, the sea-green fan of the cape's silk lining. Painted a kind of barf brown. Folds of his cape are gone to corroded bronze, twinkle across the black water. Mickey Rooney's shiny black shoes in the yellow electric room. Steel teeth, eyes black and soft, dwindling white point of himself.

Episode 8

Night, smeared full of golden stars. Dome in the roof, green Perspex. Painted white, white teeth, well cared for, bone white. Lines in deep violet fanning up, filmlight flickered blue, white gloves bouncing up and down, figure in a white zoot suit, the white gaucho. Perfect, the green return. Wedges of silver sponge.

Episode 9

Plunge into the nuclear blackness, black runs all through. The recurring color black. Blackwoman, Blackrocket, Blackdream. Is it the Blackrocket? Driven by his Black-phenomenon, *his* reflexes about blackness. Lovers, white blossoms, nightingales.

Episode 10

The broad green back of someone. It's a white room. Raw green against the muddy brown, he lies in the white cube. Wakes again to the white room, where yellow sunlight comes through. Black burned-out klieg lights. Stark Expressionist white/black. Woman in a black Parisian frock, purple yellow iris at her breast, eyes rimmed soft as black ash. Silver paint worn away, silver-gray collects in the fine wrinkles. The gold, the mirrors, face down the golden vistas, survived in black and white. Whispering out of scarlet lips, open. Black Forest elves' whip, lacquered black handle. Black skirt furred back, suspenders of the bone black rig. Skin, long red stripes on the white, bruise colored flower that cries. Silver memory of her body on film.

Episode 11

White whistling. His heart shrugs in its scarlet net. Air currents and yellow Africa, dainty black snakes. Bright shirt fronts and black ties. A street full of tan and green uniforms. Strands of steel cable under black rubber skin, brute white vector dominating them. Bootsoles crashing overhead like black thunder, heading down the gray darkening streets. He wore a robe of gold and orange brocade. Several gray eminences around the rocket, fading from gray clouds, with a few score other whites, surrounded by electric colors, green nitrogen bottles, a thick tangle of red, yellow and blue plumbing. Copper face with the same kind of serenity, remembers the worn red plush, struck to gold by the late sun. The sea was mostly calm and blue; water was

white for fifty meters, wearing in her hair a ribbon of brown velvet. A man in a black uniform could see its red glow out of the window. Some Red must have got her into this. Blue Peenemünde shivered around them. Gold mountains out one window, earth green and blue in the sky, a little gray squirrel under her blanket. Serpent in the violet splendor of its scales. Begin to think of it as a blueprint. Removing from his fob a gold hexagon. Shadowing into great purplish chunks, twinkled rose and white in the hot sun, images of the aurora on a white scrim. Her white frock already pulled above the leading edge of faintest flesh. Gray and green in the mist, pouring red and green over and over, brave men in blue. Air from the white sphere turning clothes white. Radiance of the black candles. Green rye and low hills for miles, many shades of forest green, farmhouses white and brown. Binoculars sway from slate-colored leather, scratches at a graying 48-hour beard, black-suited enforcers look on. Eyes cupped against the black binoculars. Streak of white condensation in the blue sky. Dynamited stone painted white. Graying and is arranged, northward through the gray kilometers and rainy purple heath, so white he was nearly invisible. Her face, brown legs kicking, the white sleepless bustle. Tall trees sunlit green. Toes clustering white and round.

Episode 12

The gray river. A moleskin coat, a taupe cloud, floor in wrinkled splashes of aged magenta, saffron, steel blue, flowers painted in white, warms the rainlight with a handful of yellow. Chalcedony doorknob dyed blue, piano keys all white, amber eye from some stuffed animal, ranks of blackened window-sockets, reinforcing rod that curls like black spaghetti out of the black winters. Brown *Saturday Evening Post* faces, a yellow wickerware suit, the white object on the table a white knight. Eyes, organdie whites, irises pitch black stare him down. Golden light in the afternoons, black light from the pavements, white light from satin dresses. Only shadowed green folds, yellow flame flowing over the edges. He can feel each pink taste-bud, inside the great red hall, fading to sea-shell and spring-time grades of pink. White Woman. Brother was in the black market. Red-drenched eyes, white hair and blue shirt streaked with some green horrible scum. Bright orange pennants, waiters in lean black coats, on the river, ducks with green heads. Her hair blows in gray-black cloud, silhouette against luminous and dying orange, glancing back at the white-flowered mirror. Fish, an unwholesome yellow. He finds the black girdle he is looking for. Margherita's hair like black doves. In red neon through a mist faces made up yellow and white lipped, sweating yellow, breath is white on the air. The key color in this section is violet. Through these green river-depths, her verdigris belly among the weeds. Sunlit green lake or pond. The key color is now green. The fog moves white.

Episode 13

The interior is steel gray, crowded its green, a comfortable acid green. Their gray crew-cuts, himself, in a gray suit. Yellow lids with pink rims, camouflaged in shades of gray. Setting them flaming yellow on the scarlet VD toilet. Maypole dancing on the white deck, gone dead green in the last sunset, obscured by the black uniforms. Map-shapes, green valleys and mountains, crowding soon in gray cliffs, all the mountains blue. Jacks on black rubber cords, they are all so black.

Episode 14

A little red and white resort town, black dumplings of smoke, out of the stack of a white river steamer. A wet sienna fan. A pink gardenia. They wear gray clothes, except a few figures in black. The woman is wearing a black coat, calves showing through her black stockings as nearly purple. Very white face, eyes as black as her clothing, black and lightless. That woman in black. Queasy, accosts the woman in black. A skylight of yellow panes, graveyard clouds, the blue river. Open-air café strung with yellow lights. Cheerful array of lights, red, green and white, down the river. In the yellow light from the café, the white vessel sliding away, lettered in black. Slender wrists in silver and sapphires, sequined gown, with hair blonde to the point of pure whiteness. White pubic hairs. Every man in the scene wears a black hood. Fat fellows in white gloves, with pink magnolias in their hair. Waiters with brown skins. A sinister white powder into the highball. Wearing a red chiffon gown, fanned-skin and mellow peach light. A spoon to turn the absinthe milky green, thrusting into the virgin blue robes of the sky. White blank ovals, the eyes of a statue, with gray rain behind them. Her little red frock, slender thighs, with black lace petticoats peeping, white-lace knickers. White centimeter markings, against the red stripes down her inverted and reddening face. One of the white-gloved, a blonde in a wine velvet frock. Elderly lady in lemon organza, fastening felt-lined silver manacles, leather corselette and black Russian boots. Roses, red as the beads of blood. Recall, eating that juicy blonde, emerald eyes with lashes thick as fur.

Episode 15

Decadent lavender medium amuses herself under the keel of the white ship. The golden jackal. A statue of the White Rabbit in Llandudno. He catches a flutter of red as he unzips her red taffeta, lavender bruises starting to show, further laced into a tiny black corset, breasts up into little white crescents. Scarlet nails digging sharp, red nebulae across her sensitive spaces, eyes, fine and black, small of her white back, cock into her rouged mouth. Maroon and evening, red flesh echoing her worst visions in black and white, the silver-salt dark closing. Her brown hoods no longer glide up and down the rut brown slopes, the sky purple-gray, dark, the mist starting to make white dashes, beveled stonery, green and elm-folded, no chance of a beige summer. Red-ring manacles. Her mother's water-white love.

Episode 16

Under orange-and-red awnings, the apparition in black, cases full of gold needles, jet black. Rockets, yellow starbursts. The amber stem of his dead pipe, she with her yellow sunglasses, white plumed, her shoes beaded with drying black mud, black eyes among those huddled jewels. White-moustached men, dressed all in black. At the edge of the black mud pool, gray Nazi statuary. Out of the black radiance. White small-tuff unlacing rapidly, white cardigan and slacks, lipstick smudges in three shades of magenta and a black Italian moduro. A scrap of red is waiting for him off the point of a ruby dagger. Wearing nothing but a black chemise, black hair curl high on her thighs, her face is white, old. A glowing black mudslide of nausea.

Episode 17

Shadow that shines black all around, a thin white scum. A week's gray beard and old gray suit, very white behind a wall. Beneath the black mud a long blonde wig. Fine gray scribbling of willows against our snow-white cockle shell. Usually silver, violet bleeding interfaces, very white today, long and white, like cobwebs. Figures in rust colored robes. Cherry-red coals falling among the green underbrush. An old jacket of green suede and a white kerchief. The lavender-gray metal shell. Blue hazy mornings, oilfields, and blackened earth, replaced by gray furrows, red veins in patterns. A white land in a white sea. Through the gray weather, black and broken towers. Silver stork flew wings-down. Black swirls of limousines. Graying hair, always fussing. Gray, plastic, shining, black and viscous, black radiant and deep, some black polymer.

Episode 18

His face black, black as his eye, black as the watchcap, portholes onto the white river. The cloudy night goes white, inside where cobwebs whiten. Jittering electric green to the white ship. The white ship settles like the soul, points fluttering white as telltales. The white ship, camouflaged in the storm, tonight Whitecaps will come slamming in. White bow tie, hands full of red, white, and blue chips that spill, vanish inside sudden whiteness. Black sky as the rain drives down to the whipped white desolation.

Episode 19

A pink faced youth reaches out a pink hand. Pink boy crouching beside him. They run black market items, know a man in a white suit, the white knight of the black market. Black market. The white ship could be hiding behind interference pattern, mackerel gray and blue. Men in black-billed caps, girls in dirndls and white knee-socks, men in dark old blue uniforms, round a gaudy red kiosk. Gold eyeglass frame. Baltic, restless Wehrmacht gray. Old ladies in black who have come out. Week's growth of orange and gray whiskers reaches inside his white suit jacket. "Bright days for the black market, silver 'n gold makes it shine! Be she green or scarlet, the black, black ma(a)rket, cause silver and gold makes it shii-iine!" Whitefaced as patient livestock. Wind rises, soon a whitecap here. His inventory in a green morocco book. Black conclave iron, splashed with red-lead through white streaked, salt smelling Baltic, a black version of something inside himself. On shore, the green downs roll up, little resort towns with white beaches. Chromosunset colors. Eyes inside blackrim lenses, black and fatal. Green human shapes flash in the ruins. Teeming with horses pied, sorrel, snow white, red as blood. Out of green reeds a white-tailed eagle is soaring. Shell craters hold blue sea water and sunwhite the bones. Green summer '45. Great blackened remains shimmer through the blue haze. The red brick tower of the cathedral. White swans drift in the reeds against an orange-topped oil drum. Gray hair like sheep's wool comes twisting, dodging a sudden plume of yellow, walked over by three sets of pink-soled feet. Clouds turning orange, tangerine, tropical.

Episode 20

Unrolling low white waves, rabbits scurry, only their white patches visible, round berries, dusty blue, sweet, yellow runway lights comes on. White suggestions of the sinister. Saw the rust colored eminences, the boneblack trestling of water towers, bleak and bruise purple, yellowed a brown. A silence under the white wall, it's gone pitch black. Pretty blonde auxiliary in black boots, jacket with gold starred *pogoni*, white suit. Those *black* apes! Expressionist ripples streaming gray and black all over it. An erect green steed in a white panic. Orange flickers. A wide upper lip steelwool gray.

Episode 21

Basement room – field gray kit, the brown ellipse her blood made, and washing-blue in grainy splashes. Washing-blue the abortifacient of choice. Dry docks, charcoal ribs of warehouses. Fated acceleration, red-shifting, smudged into faces white as salt. Wastefield, all of it ungraded blackness. Brightest green you can imagine, a green murmur. A long rainbow, mostly indigo, indigo and Kelly green, green, overflow of smooth cherry-red, snailing whitely to heaven.

Episode 22

A big white boss of eye, legs, a black kerchief above. Keel-edged and gray, the closing smell of gray weather, clouds, a dozen shades of gray, go scudding. Gorges, gray and green spires of white chalk, groves of white-trunked trees. A tiny white ghost of a ship, fine gold lettering, behind the golden jackal, on the wraith-white bow. In rattling yellow flow, lies the green rocky coast. A huge blue-flowered bowl, all painted white, soft-white has slowed, white and violent. Three silver stars, the brown paper bundle dancing, dead white and scarlet at the edges.

Episode 23

Her white hair in filaments of foam, with lube green shadow, yellow light, he looks up from his green notebook. Bowed gray horses kissing, herself part of the ash-colored web, a white haired girl. He is wearing an enormous gold star. Displays of bougainvillea red and peach.

Episode 24

A black man, handfuls of gold. Picking with dirt-black fingernails. Handing him the black-lensed glasses, thick yellow exploding down the beach, she was black. Commercial colors from aquamarine to beige changes the faces of buildings to light gray.

Episode 25

A ginger cat meowing. Domes of copper corroded green, high gable and red tiles, the horse's sandy forelock bobs, farmland rolls gray and green as waves. White wrists and ankles. A day, over the white hot Autobahns. Pale green farmworker triangles. White turbans, violins in weathered black cases. Paintings of pink daughters in pink frocks, salmon and purple sunsets over the sea, dolls smiling out of violently red lips, man painted cream, gold and blue, ribboned black lingerie. Small lake surrounded by green, purple foxgloves in the yard. Country quilted in darkened green and amazingly bright straw yellow, women dressed in white. Blood spilled and turned black and the haycocks to gold, His face white and troubled. On the rooftops the black and white storks. By the shore of some blue anonymous lake. Down gray narrow streets, white sails of gaffriggers against thee other shore so green. Pink eyelashes and kind eyes, memories of the blue hills, green maize fields and red squirrels. Street cobbles are heavy and sand-colored. Only her brown legs visible. Something small and gray, artificial yellow eyes gleam. It's a gray fox.

Episode 26

Gold communion chalices. A green, grinning Ford staff car. A charred patch becoming green, late dandelions, gray heads nodding, forget-me-nots are growing violent blue, violent yellow, green and purple weeds with a tatter of white. Red, white and blue winks. The problem of *these* black devils. As if green dye flowed and seeped, pure milk-colored light sweeps up, transparent white flesh, fading up through many blues, powdery dark steel at the zenith. Lean, bearded, black. Women in white cotton skirts, printed with dark blue flowers, white blouses, black kerchiefs, necklaces knife-hatched in red and blue. Nervous as wire, wearing a navy pullover.

Episode 27

The blacks don't know what goes erecting against this starch-colored sky. Even now the black may be looking. Lights a cigarette, green-bluelavender flare settling to yellow. A very large white Finger addressing him, circus-bright, poster reds and yellows.

Episode 28

Backlit, a strangely wet gray now over the green plains, white lanterns come crowding, lightning bolts covered with gold leaf, startling- pink, blue, yellow, bright sour colors. Images with white stock and red and blue cornflowers. Black powder blasts him out in a shower of white blossoms. Sausages, gold-brown Kartoffpuffer smoking in black skillet. Clouds blowing along the blue sky, blue-gray woods breathe, white sails move out to sea, from the brown back room, a crowd, out here usually mean black market. Weeds of paranoia begin to bloom, army-green. Gold watches and rings appear from these gray hustlers. Two black 'n' white charabancs, full of bluegreen uniforms, white armband. Black dildos in nervous hands, wobbling. Gold picture frames around still-lives, behind a sperm-yellow bedsheet, waterfalled, white peaked, cold red suburbs sunlight and cold, purple rainclouds. A black great-coat, blonde hair, fading golden woman, flowered wallpaper deep-orange and red behind her. White flowers fall one by one, tall white daises grow, noisy white tumbleweed hens. Tops of solitary trees are blurred green. Brown windmills turn across miles of straw-sprinkled red earth, across the sand and into the plum sea. The blue shadow behind a wall, man, blond, nearly bald, steps out. Bobbling ellipses of blue light. Silver and passive image, invisible as a glass of gray lemonade.

Episode 29

The grayness of certain crowds, against the gray forces. The same annihilating white, for the white light.

Episode 30

Pinks in the Nieman-Marcus bowl. The carpet's ash-colored lowland. The green little river town, skirts flipping redder and deeper, leaving a diminishing red glow. Doughboys in khaki,

white hunters on safari. A set of real blueprints, laid on for the white stranger, to tickle 100,000 little yellow folks, rejoin the inert white container.

Episode 31

Crimson-lipped, sausage-limbed Pretty Girl. Pig suit, yellow, pink and blue, face under these lights gone apoplectic mauve. Black neckerchiefs whipping about under the white electricity, tonight in dress whites, tiny red eyes in a vast pink Jell-O of a face. A glass vial full of white tablets. Two red-hatted MPs turn up, known as Krypton Blue, snuffs a big fingerful of the flaky white. Suddenly full of red hats, cocaine falling in little white flashes. "Follow the yellow-brick rod," "Follow the yellow-brick rod," Four haze gray piglets in this poisoned gray gathering. Blood drips into the white jumper. Black under these arc lights, to the gangplank of his gray mother. Under cover of pretty-pastel synthetics. Yellow gravy, coffee grounds. Shifting under its khaki shirt as she stands. Sentries in white stenciled helmet liners, white belts, white holsters. Here and there more silver, his white plastic knight. Hands, red-pointed finger vectors. The gold glittering fall of piss. Bugs in green nimbus around the streetlight. A high comb and black-lace mantilla, up in her cold green mountains, a foot-darkened yellow and blue. Finds himself with a thick red hardon. Inside her damp black Spanish lace, all he wants is the brown skin, up and down the stubborn red shaft, his brown forearm, a gray cloudy evacuation. Red-hatted 'suckers coming his way. Moon-softened blackness out of the window. Everything very white, at last, an olive-drab derelict, a white pathetic grope, against the red-veined and hairy bag, restless, wearing a black garter and stockings.

Episode 32

Two men, one white, one black, holding guitars, stand in the rust and hazy distance, first purple flowers are showing on the heather. Wearing a long black riding skirt and black boots, a silver straw. Stunning on you, blood-red cordovan. Sent him out to destroy the blacks, our lovely black animals.

Part 4 In the Zone

Episode 1

All nudging their red lines. Thunderbolt is painted Kelly green, gray was for the War. Gray was for the War. Confectionary pink and yellow mountains, tulips at home, red cups in the rain, brushed on the green countryside. Northward march of black plague. Cocaine vials each with a red Bakelite top, decapitates with his teeth and spits the red debris. Sand-colored churchtops rear up. Black hounds and fanged little hunters. Gets an erection, tremendous dark-purple, creamy as the skin of a saint under the purple cloak of Lent. Dresses it in a little white outfit, white necropolizing, rubbers yellow with preterite seed, a smudged yellowing sheaf. A very thick rainbow, a stout rainbow cock driven down, into Earth, green wet valleyed Earth.

Episode 2

Through the burnt purple rolling, army-green with discreet daffodil, green marbled with pink, vomit-beige with magenta inclusions, perfectly two-tone, just yellow and green, a fateful river at the gates of green return, such a bright gold bearding of slope and field. Points of white and blue across the floor. Ladies in black appeared in his dreams, what ash-white smiles, black as seams up the heel of a silk stocking, eyes like red carnations. Green reports flapping. Braid-crowned and gold-thighed maiden. A shingly black corpse. Four checkmarks apiece RedWhiteBlueYellow, on the unamended form of the whitish sky. White feathers dyed a stunning peacock blue. Whites of his eyes, glowing white, watery gray but now and then. Saffron spindles, palm-green ovals, magenta firths, comic-book-orange chunks. The silver canopy, wheels up as the blue, such a violent blue, rushes in. White man welcome, Moon like yel-low ba-na-na. Colors such as lizard, evening star, pale Atlantis, a room of incandescent lemon-lime, gold paraphernalia. An airship among purple clouds, very dense purple, as pile velvet that color. A couple of black custodians, with a black man.

Episode 3

Pine limbs, crackling so blue. All in black and olive drab, standing under the white light, the colonel's silver-black hair. Quality of black and gold, big white bundles, the silver-borne blues. Black reinforcing rod, poking out.....black rust. The sky reproduced in purple. A black sunflower. Crawling magenta lips. Red and yellow turbans. He is wearing a white hood, his shoes are brown. Ecru silk cord strung buzzing tight. Squat robot, dark gray plastic. Snowy white crystals are blowing up in a brown and wine-aged district. Sandstone and adobe colors sweep away. A bow tie of a certain limp grayish-lavender. The brown rafters drip cobwebs. A warehouse facing arctic whiteness. Cadre of superclean white-robed watchers passes the Surveillances red-line, down the empty black Bakelite streets. Green spider webs. From the top of a white skyscraper the glowing orange batch is a taunt. Women in the blue shadows. Green torches flaring. Red swastikas. A white streak down each great building.

Episode 4

A stolen bicycle, a white kerchief at her crown, wearing a lean white dress, touches of blue in its deeper folds. Crumble of brown and sun-yellow, sunlight cold gold, crowding fields of white, away into green hazes or hills. White-sugar bandstand, they are dressed in white sailor suits, carrying a girl all in silver lame. The brazen blonde bombshell with these black sailors-ashore. White. Blackness. So much blackness. Among such blackness. Real blackness. She must also endure blackness. The Golden Bitch, white women. White from the waist down, trailed by her black hand-maiden. The true Golden Bitch. In the amber evenings, my slender white adventurer. Move into his blackness, understand it isn't his blackness. Blue lightning.

Episode 5

Red cunt hair there in the lurid red altitudes. Robin Hood green fedoras, little red suits and green capes, a whispering silhouette, charcoal-colored, with his red vestments furling, toward winter, growing whiter, dawn's first carmine-skirted runner, with the white handkerchief. Little rag-coated liver-colored back. A muddy brown almost black eyeball, rises very purple round the edges, purple around a yellow that is brightening, intestines of yellow shadowed in purple spilling, an ice-glaze white bobbing. A black face appears, black with coal dust, eyes riveted on blue. Empty or Green, leather and blueflowered files, Empty, Neutral and Green.

Episode 6

In the sky a white clockface drifts. Here in a shoulderpadded maroon dress, next a Negro in a pearl-gray zoot, black patent-shiny hair. Blues, crotchets, summernight blue, feelin' yellow and bright. Gold-snooded. Little cutie in blue checked pinafore and blue socks. Around this dingy yellow amphitheater, brown-yellow lights, bottles half-filled with green or orange sweet, and a bed of cherry embers, pans of gray oil-water bubbling. Teeth in white dihedral round black liquorice. At the green edge of Aries, clouds, the way white bread appears. Golden clouds. Marbling effects - for example, old-statue green at leafy dusk. Gray police in the hatchways. He is a white hat in the navy of life, falling slowly as white ash behind olive-drab tins of Bensedrine. Black top buckles. One black and white politician. The hall is golden, white gold precisely of lily-of-the-valley. All is blue and cold as the sky above, blue as a blueprint. The color white folks are afraid of, the whiteman's warm and private, that's what the white toilets for. See many brown toilets? That white porcelain's the very emblem of white man's penance. Did Red suspend his ragpopping to let white Jack see through? Aquamarine waist-sashes, wearing a blonde wig, same long flowing white cross-banded number. A gigantic black ape. A round black iron anarchist's bomb. A surprised green tongue out of every single black-lidded bowl. The light is blue, weird multi-shaded blue, some green in it, and some indigo, amazingly cool and nocturnal blue. Green radii sweeping silent round, green carrier-blob screened eightfold. Only the odd whitecap. Takeshi's blue-yellow patent wingtips. "White Man Welcome." Wind blows, yellow sparks, buzz from the black old fraying wires, against a sky gray as a hat. Green glass insulators go cloudy. Rooms seem to've been gutted black. Coal tar-impossible orange-brown, hair - part thrown into blue shadows, sentry in some kind of brown, drowned man green. A giant white cock dangling out of a white pubic bush. The white image, white genital onset in the sky. Fog whitens into morning; bicycles go by in brown-gray outlines. It's all white tile. The sky in long troughs, red and purple. An old man in black at the microphone, his white hair blown back, face polished by wind, sandy and light. Deep Cheap-Perfume Aquamarine. Creamy Chocolate FBI-Shoe Brown. The white tiled room. Mouth made up with black grease, his eyes sultry and black as his lips. Brown Government troops.

Episode 7

Stifling in the brownwood hotel suite. Two more, olive-drab agents have come in. Hunting your black brother? Pointing to every black plane and corner.

Episode 8

A table on the redbrick terrace by the edge of a little blue Holstein lake, the housetops are red, the steeples are white. Black iron fittings. Whiteface and working clothes. She flips a red lever on her intercom. Tropical-parrot combinations of yellow, green, lavender, vermilion, his purple-on-purple satin shirt, the whole suit is blue, not suit-blue, really BLUE: *paint* –blue. Shade of yellow, she is a blond image, eyebrows too dark and whites too white. The viola is a ghost, grainy brown, translucent. Loose-khaki-ed newshound. Two black iron hand-operated spits. Gums already draining white as a skull. Pair of very blue peg pants all ripped. The hirsute bluejacket. Their auras, for the record, are green. Spasms of yellow bile foaming out of his nose. The last black butler opens the last door.

Episode 9

Graying hair, her white wand. A floor of blue and white tiles. The night the blacks started off. The blacks. Now the blacks are gone. She wants her graying steel barbarian. Green faces. She is wearing gray men's trousers. "The Red Doper." Very green rolling country. Storm is blowing up mute purple, veined in yellow. It's golden-dark, almost night. What is a devil's blue bite? The equinox..... green spring equal nights. Like greens in a pot, the green uprising. Hair spills, silver white, under the gray cloth. White gigantic muzzles, beasts frozen white. No fittings of gold. Black and white film-images. His face whiter, drawn in solid white, Army gray.

Episode 10

The rocket is seen to've turned dark slate. It will be painted black. The yellow American deserts. Red Indians, blue sky, green cactus. Breaths in white spouts breaking turbulent. Boys in white shirts. A wildness of white billow and candescence. Quaint brownwood-panelled, sepia tones are here. Him a green doped and silent hound. Purple blurs over miles of heath. Yellow-gray camouflage netting. White and monolithic, the project was a lemon. She's wearing a hooded green slicker. Another white paraboloid. Fat kid in a gray tanker jacket. The black face, black grease-paint. A thud of apricot light. The blackface sentry has vanished. Blue-white flashlight blobbing. A love song under black skies edged all around in acid orange. A white glowworm in the mist, a vast white army, smears the blacks into the earth.

Episode 11

Brown trout flick by in the stream. Commando black-face grease, of a man. Black faces pass by, talk to the scarred, unshaven white.

Episode 12

Women in green overseas caps, green velvet basques, and tapered yellowstripe trousers. Gold-brown medium, green lit by slow lightning. Delicious red lines. Horrible green hives. Miles of black mustard walls. Between two station-marks, yellow crayon, the black honor-guard ride. Brown stain assumed to be blood. Reddened fingers are living embers. In dress blues, white network being cast in all directions. Lemon and orange peel. Amazing white lacework across the cape of green, among the gray. Bright gray against a purple ceiling with an iris of darker gray. Green leaved poles. Old red and capillared nap. Girl, blonde and brown as honey. Green trimmed candy store. Very yellow school bus. Gray clapboards. A green path. Amber and black old ladies' houses. The climate blondes its way into little stilled brown explosions. Crawling across black satin. The rider on a black horse, scattering black-faced sheep. The green and tan departure of summer, dust-colored lowlands, and at last the field-gray sea. Order of the Golden Dawn. The Golden Dawn interpretation. Four gold coins. Eight stacked gold chalices.