

"Psychics can see the color
of time it's blue."

-- Ronald Sukenick, *Blown Away*

Malibu

December 1984

WHEN YOU LOOK AT A CROWD
LIKE THIS, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

THE HORROR OF UNRESTRAINED
WEALTH? CELEBRITY TRAIN
WRECKS WAITING TO HAPPEN?

THIS MAY BE THE CASE.
BUT I SEE SOMETHING ELSE.

I SEE THEIR LIGHTS.

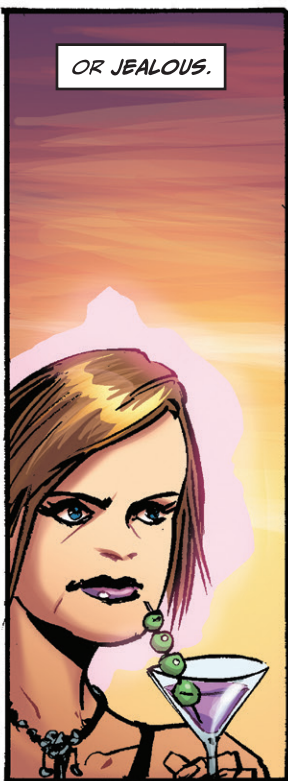


IT'S NOT SUPERNATURAL.
I'M NOT PSYCHIC.

THE LIGHTS JUST HELP ME TELL
WHEN A PERSON IS LYING.



OR GREEDY.



OR JEALOUS.



OR WEAK.



OR WANTS
TO FUCK MY
BRAINS OUT.



THE LIGHTS HAVE
SERVED ME WELL
OVER THE YEARS.

HERE?
WHY DON'T
WE JUST HEAD
HOME?

BUT THEN I
WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO BLOW YOU BEHIND
A BILLIONAIRE'S POOL
HOUSE.



YOU ALREADY KNOW. TWO WEEKS AGO? THAT TV GUY'S PLACE UP IN BRENTWOOD?

ARE YOU ACTUALLY TRYING TO TALK ME OUT OF THIS?

NO, SWEETIE. JUST STRIVING FOR FACTUAL ACCUR-



WHAT THE FUCK...?

YEAH, THE LIGHTS SERVED ME WELL.



RIGHT UP UNTIL THE MOMENT THEY DIDN'T.

EX-CON: BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT

MY NAME IS
CODY POMERAY.

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT
I'VE BEEN CALLING
MYSELF OVER THE
PAST TWO YEARS
I'VE BEEN IN L.A.

(I NICKED THE NAME FROM A BEAT
NOVEL I READ WHILE HITCHING MY
WAY WEST FROM OHIO.)

GO AHEAD, TAKE A GOOD
HARD LOOK, ASSHOLES.

ALL OF YOU FUCKERS WANTED
TO BE MY BEST BUDDIES JUST
A FEW MINUTES AGO.

I INHABITED IN YOUR WORLD BECAUSE I KNEW
HOW TO ACT, WHAT TO SAY, WHAT TO WEAR, WHAT
TO ORDER, WHEN TO PUSH, WHEN TO PULL BACK.

IF YOU COULD ONLY
SEE YOUR FACES NOW.

Cleveland, 1974.

I WAS 13 WHEN I STARTED SEEING THE LIGHTS. MY POP ASSUMED I WAS JACKING OFF SO MUCH I WAS GOING BLIND.

BUT THE EYE DOC HAD A SLIGHTLY MORE SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION.

I WANT TO TRY SOMETHING.

MY-NAME-IS-LANCE-DUNOFF. I-AM-AN-OPHTHALMOLOGIST. I-AM-MARRIED.

OKAY, WHAT COLOR AM I?

UM... BLUE?

AND YOUR FATHER?

I DON'T HAVE MONEY FOR NO SURGERY, DOC.

YELLOW.

INTERESTING.

I BELIEVE THIS IS A CASE OF COLOR SYNESTHESIA--THOUGHT TO BE THE RESULT OF INCREASED GREY MATTER IN THE LEFT CAUDAL INTRAPARIETAL SULCUS...

WHOA...WHAT? DOES HE HAVE A GODDAMNED TUMOR?

NO, NO. THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR SON. HIS PERCEPTION OF HUMAN BEINGS IS INVOLUNTARILY LINKED TO COLORS.

MOM, BEFORE SHE DIED, WAS ORANGE.

ORANGE ALWAYS MEANT WEAK.

SO HE'S GOING TO BE A FREAK ALL HIS LIFE?

