

When you start wrapping yourself up in a taxonomical process, it's over. Baldessari says this thing about landlord colors, the colors his Dad, a landlord (the lowest form of capitalism, according to Marx), made him paint apartments with and how he, Baldessari, identifies them as separate from the colors of the artist. If those divisions ever existed, they don't now.

Color itself is freestanding. It is a massively sprawling, edgeless, individual subject position defined by its physical existence, but it still has these little access/non-access points. To describe something as the color of Nalgene lid blue, a pre-BPA free Nalgene, overlapping the milky white BPA disclarity of the bottle itself, is to assume at the very basic level one has access to fresh water with which to activate the bottle as an apparatus. The blue that it is presupposes Nalgene blue, REI. Name checking REI assumes we're all in the know and that Nalgene and REI aren't code but rather specific descriptors, which are as appropriate as using "tree" to indicate a tree in Saussure's basic formulation. The color itself doesn't make demands of its understanding, but its deployment does. Each moment of deployment exists as an opportunity for collective definition and plagiarizable coding—like "Pepto" pink. This is the sensory bond of the brand and the color, not to mention cognition of the "pink" market. ("They're going for the pink dollar, big dollar, very smart.") Here we have pink as a gastrointestinal relief tool, and later it's used to rid seabird victims of the crude, crude oil—black, black gold—in their stomachs courtesy of BP's Deepwater Horizon. These birds aren't privy to the long term brand dominance of the Procter & Gamble family.

Color begs the question of its use as a subjugative weapon: cop blue, the blue wall of silence. It's a stand-in for a condition of time like the gray flood lines of Florence, a cautionary yellow, or the bullshit green of bullshit sustainability. We have the "shrink it and pink it" formulation of men's sportswear addressing the women's market. ("They're going for the lady dollar, big dollar, very smart") There's fire engine red replaced by lime green—the lime, a cautionary pseudo-yellow, more effective visually, more physically stimulating, re-replaced by the red because the red is more effective as a nostalgic, emotional representation. Baby boy blue cigar bands, the white of institutional sterility replaced by the Fauvist mauves and Martha Stewart peaches, which more adeptly mask wear and filth, life and experience. The high yellow of miscegenation and favorite slaves, the blue collars of the tireless American worker wearers of J. Crew chambray. Birther Arpaio's punishment pink inmate underwear, the red indication of thermometer heat and its cartoon temp drop to teeth-chattering blue, managing to sidestep an awkward transitional purple, not to be confused with royal purple. A purple people eater, Purple Rain, Lakers purple, podcast purple—or a blue hyperlink, previously "read"

purple, blue and “read” equal purple. An already read purple link not to be confused with the Purple Link from a number of Legend of Zelda multi-player spin off games.