The air in their shared warehouse studio was thick with imploding drama. They all felt it but were reluctant to name it. RED. Gone. BLUE missing. GREEN empty. Left without the foundational RGB they were conceptually, scientifically, politically, and philosophically bereft. Voided. Limp.

Thoroughly shaken by Red Betty’s sudden departure, the gaping sinkholes in The Bettys’ ROYGBV spectrum signaled the imminent collapse of their project. A sense of urgency prevailed in desperate defiance of any tendency to retreat into a sullen depression, a despairing bardo. Collectively they needed to get back in the saddle. Mottled crew that they now were, unable to address the issue of their insolvency directly, they opted instead for a refreshing dip into the chaosmos. They partied. Hard.