

AND my mouth tastes like the bottom of a Russian veterinarian's valise. Uh, substance mouth....

Q: Turn that thing off. It's too inhibiting. That tape recorder is leading you, putting pressure on you to say something.

R: No, those were -- I had some thoughts.

Q: OK. Finish your thoughts, and turn the damn thing off.

R: Now it is eight-oh-four.

Q: And twentyfive minutes later!

R: Yes, like you describe. It turned out it was not the Richard Strauss composition, it was the one by Cervantes!

Q: Well, it Cervantes you right.

R: I am Cervantes very well, thank you. RILLY.

Q: You never had such a big foot.

All the hard surfaces are bending. All straight lines are wavering... slowly...there's kinetic motion. There's a definite distortion of everything. But not so much that one loses sense of his surrounding...except that the rim on the glass keeps changing into an oval...I can't make it stay in a circle...it keeps wanting to undulate.

R: It gives you a ceiling that you've never seen before...I was noticing that. I was annoyed about a few things...I forgot what they were...something crossed by mind, and it looked like a spiderweb!

Q: Gee, I was hearing Latin American Music...rhythms...Beguine...My whole being was captivated by being in a humid, sultry, Latin or South American climate...with everything that connotes.

R: What I was annoyed about is that everything seems to stem from that plant...because everything is one of those two colors...everything in the room is one of those two colors...the top of the leaf is red, the bottom is green. I was getting little spectrum off the clock, and when there's a little more light in here, you can see there had to be some colors escaping somewhere, like a TV set that had all these colors in it.

Q: There's a halo around the outside porch light...a prism for a microsecond ... it's there and it's gone.

R: It certainly does slow down time...from a quarter to seven to a quarter to eight was about an hour and a half. I still can't shake the feeling that everything in the world is those two colors...because everything in here is green or brown.
(PAUSE)

Q: The fuchsias certainly are red...(RENATO MUMBLES RE FUCHSIAS)

R: Surfaces don't have anything active on them. They sure are actively pure...pastels are really seductive. (Looking at Disney Book). (Later) 8:48... Quinn is going downstairs to watch TV but I don't hear it...I wouldn't subject myself to that gang of sales-crazed idiots!!! (Talks to cat).

R: The reason I turned on [this tape recorder] is that there's a while lot of SFUMATO in increasing amounts on my peripheral vision...like sfumato tunnel vision. Surfaces are active indeed...visually...cat walked across rug and it looked as if he were pulling it up beneath his claws. The color is drawn out of everything. I mean uh there aren't enough intensities of tone to really register brilliant colors in anything.

You know, gimme more.

...I tried to get rid of this (recorder), but I've decided instead to go with it and see the room in these colors -- the couch is sort of a tan with shakes of pink -- and the terracotta of the pots -- the Imari bowl -- although so different, are the same color. Uh like the filter they use to shoot closeups of Doris Day.

Suddenly I'm feeling too self-conscious to sit here and talk into a tape recorder all by myself --it's silly.