

November one; I waked from a deep sleep. I had been dreaming of blue chairs.

November two: I found a green shirt in an old clothes shop. White letters spelled out the word brick on it. Bricks are usually reddish brown. How curious.

November three: I noticed some gray hairs.

November five: At Trisha Browns place I noticed some blue chairs stacked against the white wall. I blacked out.

November six: I told Valda about the blue chairs and the green shirt. Her pink lips parted and curled sneering and her brown eyes crossed with black rage. She has no patience with symbolism.

November eight: Out of a clear blue sky I developed a red spot on my face. I don't usually blemish.

November nine: I began making notes in my yellow pad using a red magic marker.

November twelve: We had dinner at Norma's house. She lived in the south when she worked for Blue Cross. She learned to make collared greens and black eyed peas. We had them for dinner along with blue fish and white wine. I felt ill.

November thirteen: Grey morning. Black mood. Blue funk.

November fourteen: The phone rang too early. It was Nancy Green. She said she'd dreamed of me falling off a blue chair. I can't ignore it any longer.

November fifteen: We began working this afternoon. I felt red hot and raring to go.

November seventeen: Working hard. We were both purple in the face with the effort and when we undressed Valda was black and blue on what's left of her tan.

November nineteen: I'm green with envy at the way she juggles that chair.

November twenty: I couldn't get that fall right. I guess I'm yellow.

November twenty-one: I saw a double feature at the Elgin. The Blue Angel and the Red Shoes. At intermission they played The Yellow Rose of Texas and Greensleeves. Far out!

November twenty-four: In trying to balance my bank statement I came out in the red.

November twenty-six: Without thinking, I snacked today on orange juice and apple brown betty.

November twenty-nine: I caught Valda whistling a medley of Bye Bye Blackbird, Hello Bluebird and When The Red Red Robin Comes Bob Bob Bobbin' Along, while snipping the ends off the green beans. I smiled knowingly.

December one: I hailed a yellow cab on Greene Street that went through two red lights and got a ticket.

December five: There was a black-out at the studio. Perhaps it means the piece is done.

December thirteen: Red letter day.