

AUDIENCE # 2  
Date of event: 2/9/92  
Sunset: 5:09 pm

I read about Red in Woods in the Mobius newsletter, and this was, last year 1990-91 winter, (inhale) and called Marilyn and said I was interested in being a volunteer to do the project and all it said was that you would be taken for a walk in the woods and there had to be snow on the ground, and you would not be harmed, and you needed a car to get there. So I thought, well, why not, and called and got myself on the list, but of course there was no snow last year so we got stalled until this year, and (swallow) Marilyn called about a month ago and said was I interested in doing it again and I said yes and we made a date for, last Sunday and lo and behold, there was a little snow on the ground so off I went to Concord.

Marilyn had said to meet her at a certain point at 4:37, which was an odd time, so of course I looked up to see when sunset was and it was about 15 minutes after that. I was sort of wondering what the tie-in was. So I met her at that point, which was off a road in kind of the western part of Concord, and we drove around the block quite a bit until it was - I think it was to disorient me, so I wouldn't really know where I was.

But we pulled into another lot near some woods and she said, you know, eventually, just go experience and you'll use all of your senses and take as long as you like and you will know where it's done, have fun and be careful. So I thought, what have I got myself into? This is awfully trusting of me to get into a car with a strange person and abandon my own car and go for a walk in the woods. (swallow) It was also, I should tell

you, about 5 degrees out. It was very, very cold and windy.

But I got out and ventured forth and she said you'll see a piece of red yarn on the ground and just follow that into the woods. (inhale) So I followed the piece of yarn, and it threaded through and around and did some roundabouts and circuitously routed its way through the this lot, and every so often I would come across something that was red, and, well, you know, the red in woods. And it was funny how I didn't know what to expect, other than I would see something red. But when I did see something red, it was so unexpected that it made me startle and it was as if I were walking and suddenly it got placed in front of me, even though it had been there all along. I'm not being very articulate yet but I'll probably will as I - we - warm up.

But the first thing I saw was a very, very tiny red teapot (swallow) about the size of a doll house-size teapot. (inhale) I kept walking a little bit further, and I actually wrote down some of the things that I saw. It was a - above my head - there was a spider web made out of the same red yarn I think as as was on the path or that was my path.

And then as I got closer to a little creek, or rivulet, I looked up and there was a little girl sitting there, and I thought she was a mannequin at first, because she just - her cheeks were so flushed with the cold and rosy and red, and she was dressed in - I think she had on a red muff she had some red on her as well. I realized that she was in fact alive and part of the performance and (swallowed) she looked exactly like a doll that I used to have as a child that I never played with very much because it was too perfect, somehow. But I had to get across the stream to get to her so I was asking her, you know, who she

was and what she was doing, and she said that she was with her mother who was around picking up sticks and would I watch her while she ran across to make sure that she got across safely. So I got myself across and then watched her go, and we waved good-bye and that was it. (deep breath)

So I kept going and the next thing that I came across that I remember seeing was on my left, down in a culvert. There was a nicely set table cloth with - I don't know, a teapot, or an urn on a burner and a dish of something that looked like tomatoes with basil on top. That was the only thing that I could think of - stuffed tomatoes, and of course they were red. And I didn't go down to where the food was. I just kind of kept going; I was starting to get very cold at that point. I think when I forded the stream, my waterproof boots turned out to be not quite so. It was from then on I wanted to stay and I wanted to savor everything, but I was starting to get so uncomfortably cold that I kind of had to keep moving.

But the next thing that I saw was an Indian bell that was right across my path under an arch of trees and I had to jangle it as I went through. (inhale) And then there was a red lacquer box with some potpourri in it, a lot of red petals and a handmade paper book with a story of little red riding hood in it. And I went, uhuh, OK, here we go, this is this is starting to make some sense now. All these things are tying together. (exhale)

And there was another box a little further on with something that looked like liver, or a heart and I think was referring back to the story. (swallow) and what else, I think I'm getting out of sequence, but at some point I saw a - there was a black dog, a live black dog, barking at some big shin bones that were hanging from a tree.

He wasn't terribly friendly, he was more interested in the bones and barking away.

And I saw a person in a red cloak who was wanting me to come hither, but I was so cold I kept going. I had - I couldn't stop it was just absolutely - my my toes were going to fall off! (laughs)

And there were more Indian bells and some beautiful, beautiful cattails. And at that point it was starting to get close to twilight. It was probably about, I don't know, 5:15 or so at that point, but there were very, very tall cattails, some of the biggest I've ever seen, and there were little battery operated lanterns in among them. It would have been wonderful to stay there as the sun set, and just be there, in that space and watch the lights come on as the sun was going down, (swallows) but again it was so frigid that I kept moving. (inhale)

And the last thing that I saw, that I remember seeing, was red wooden apple box ,and when you lifted the lid it said, "you're done, see you Thursday, and your car is on the right. "

And when I came out of the woods there, in fact, was the spot where I had met Marilyn, on the way. So it was - I loved the way it pulled together, and I think my only regret was that it was so bitterly cold that I couldn't enjoy the experience, but, that was the Red in Woods.

It did take me out of my normal routine and it plopped me into a place where I hadn't been and suspended time in that sense, in a very real way, I was living a fairy tale, and I remember over the last week little bits of it have come back to me that would suddenly kind of envision myself back in the woods and and walking and discovering things and part of it was that I knew that that we were going to talk

about it and I wanted to keep it keep things fresh , but it stayed with me vividly, you know the colors has a lot to do with it as well, I think

It was funny, it was like being in a movie, it was being a spectator in a movie that was happening at the time where it was. A play, it was theater, and yes I was interacting with it, but it in some sense I was watching as well. You know, I could have - in retrospect it would have been interesting to see what theater action would have been between me and the figure - man, woman, whoever- in the red cloak. But I was, as I said, I was just so physically uncomfortable at that point that I had to go warm my toes, so...