

AUDIENCE # 4

Date of event: 2/14/93

Sunset: 5:15 pm

So, let's see, my experiences. It's actually hard to do, the only way I can do it is chronological. So you've been calling me for 3 (laughs) years trying to set this up, and it seemed interesting from the first time you mentioned it. Let's see, about six years ago you had done a production where people traipsed through the streets of Boston, I forget what that was called - Orpheus? And it seemed like an interesting concept to trek through the woods at sundown.

I drove up to Concord, got there a little earlier - 4:45, actually; drove around the area a little bit, saw a couple of your props from the road. The bed was visible from the road, and I parked. You came up, took me for a very long drive, in one very big circle, and then got to the beginning. Spotted... walked down a path, pointed me at this piece of yarn and said follow it. And as far as I could tell looking at the sun, it was exactly half below the sunset.

And so I started following the yarn, and the first thing I came to was this little tiny teapot, red teapot, sitting on a rock. (swallows) And, then right after that, I looked across the stream, and there was what, at the time, looked like a mannequin. It later turned out to be a little girl, sitting there, very still, until I got about half way across the stream and she looked at me, and asked me the question "what are you doing here?" I believe I answered, "following this piece of yarn. What are you doing here?" and she said "waiting for my mom." I said, "oh, okay," kept walking on, at which point a voice called out from somewhere. She was about 10 years old and she ran

off in the woods. Was she really that young?

So then, I walked a bit more. We begin with a very good view of the of the sunset, going down over a ridge line and, (swallows) I was basically enjoying the walk in the woods, and I got to a point where I looked down and there was this little tea table, with a teapot on it, and a nice little snack. That was a nice touch by the way. I had been looking for some place to get some coffee on the way, and had not eaten any dinner and that was a very nice touch. So I sort of walked down the depression, I walked down there, and sat and sort of enjoyed the cup of red tea for a while, and spent about 10 minutes just having a nice little snack in the woods, at which point it started to get a little darker, and I decided it was time to move, and started walking again.

Let's see, at one point there was a branch across the path that had some red seeds in it. What did I pass next? I think there was a point where I looked up and I don't know if this was a coincidence or not, but it looked like some red berries, in one of the trees. Was that a coincidence?

And then there was this dog barking, and some spots which looked like simulated blood, across the snow, and I walked up to see if he or she was friendly, and dog started barking and was apparently protecting some kind of food and I decided, OK if the dog wants to bark, I'm not going to pet it.. And I walked off, in sort of a - was it a boy or a girl dog? - and watched him start eating some snow, and he seemed to be enjoying whatever he was doing.

Let's see what was next? I kept walking, was facing the sunset again and then sort of off in the marsh a little bit was this red four poster bed, looked like someone was

lying in it, and some rather odd music started up. And I was tempted to walk over to it, but at the time I figured maybe the path would lead closer to it, so I kept walking a bit.

At that point there was a little lacquer jar with something in it that looked like some calf livers or something, and I figured, gee maybe the dog would like it, and picked it up and took it with me for a while.

Then I got to a little lacquer box that had a rather odd story, an odd story in it. It seemed like an odd variant on little red riding hood, and (pause) I believe my reaction after reading that was curiouser and curiouser, and it sort of set up an expectation for something ominous to happen.

There was also a candle sitting there; a little candle lamp, sitting there which I picked up and lit, just for the heck of it, and walked a little further, and there was that dog over in the distance, and over in the other direction was sort of a person in a gray monk's robe, carrying a lantern, and I believe I said something, said hello, and got sort of a wave, or something from him. Then he sort of disappeared into the woods.

And let's see, kept going a little bit, heard some whispering coming out of the woods, sounded like my name but I couldn't be sure, couldn't locate it. I passed a bushel of apples on the ground, and decided to have an apple along the way. Heard the whispering again, I actually saw someone this time, I tried talking to them, and couldn't get a rise out of them and they seemed to disappear again.

And then there was this - I got another glimpse of that four poster bed, (swallows) and it was at that time that I

saw someone walking away from it. And I started to walk out and take a look. And let's see - it had some blood and some hair sprinkled over it, sort of an allusion to the story.

I walked back to the path and followed it some more. There seemed to be some lamps along it, at that point, and at that point I pretty much wound around a bit and came to the end, and the lacquer jar with a little message saying "this is the end, see you Tuesday, your car is to the right." At which point I was pretty mellow from walking around, and I didn't particularly feel like getting in the car and driving off immediately, so I ended up wandering down the road a bit, and looking out at the marsh, and after about ten or fifteen minutes, got back in the car and drove off.

Then I guess, yesterday morning, a couple of strange red things - a pair of gloves appeared on our stoop. And I wasn't sure if it was a coincidence or not, until a red scarf showed up today, which my daughter wants, by the way. And there was a - I don't know if it was a coincidence or not - there was a broken red tail light reflector, up on the curb. Is that a coincidence as well? And that's about it. (pause)