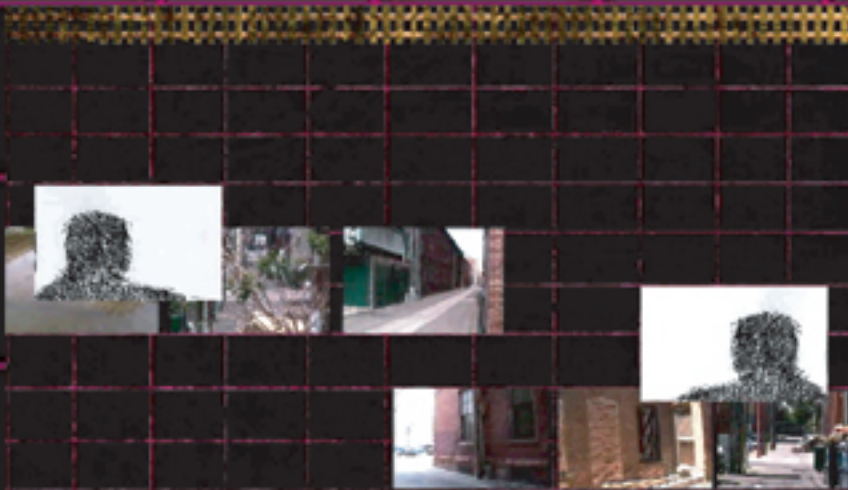


The present:  
The Detective's story.

The not so distant past:  
The Woman's journey.  
The Man's journey.

The distant past:  
The Chinese Immigrant,  
each and every story.



This is the Detective's story:  
In the late hours of a July afternoon, a man is found lying on his right side at the edge of the curb at Wazze and 17th Streets. He is wearing a black sports jacket and black pants with a light blue shirt. His collar is open. He does not wear a tie. He has on dark blue socks and black shoes with rubber soles. The Detective checks the man's breast pocket, his pants pocket for identification. Later, a search to match his fingerprints will be conducted. An impression of his teeth will be taken. Those things are predictable. And the outcome is predictable. The Detective won't find a print match. He will find the dentist. But all this does not interest the Detective. The Detective begins to walk north —up 17th street. He stops at the entrance to the alley, and then turns into the alley and walks west.



He reaches the edge of the alley at 14th and Cherry Creek. He stops at creek edge, looks toward the mountains. He waits for a moment. Cars move south and north along the boulevard that separates the creek wall from the sky above. He traces the creek wall with an outstretched hand. He is slicing the air in front of him, slowly, deliberately. He turns around and faces the alley east. Close up: edge of his leather shoes against grey pavement. Walking carefully he retraces the journey of the unidentified man. Or so he believes this to be the last markings of the unidentified man. The Detective gets a hunch, a feeling of sorts. And he acts. He is sure of this. As this is his habit



Video Stills and Partial Text: "Remembrances and Passages"

*The Second Passage:  
Archeology...remnants found  
through digging, sifting, gently  
tearing away.*