



The Man:

I walk slowly. I am carrying a small cloth bag that is made to hold all those cards that tells a stranger - everything. A medical card. A driver's license. Credit cards. But I carry only one piece of information. She would get a telephone call in the evening. An interruption to her evening habits. A voice at the end of the telephone would ask, in that sort of objective official manner, if she knew the man who wrote her name on a small piece of blue lined paper. It seems her name was written carefully. Carefully, because the letters where so evenly spaced...so lacking in any surprise or anticipation.

No, she says to the voice on the other end of the telephone, she can't match a name to a face.

"No, I never did meet him after all".



The Woman:

"No, no , I can't match a name to a face.

I ... never did meet him ...after all."

The landscape of the city at the surface:

The Sun

The Heat

The Dust

The Water

The Third Passage:

Reemergence. Remnants

Found...what will they become.



They move back and forth across the narrow opening. They talk in strange gurgling sounds. They shout at me. They whisper at me. They disappear as quickly as I see them. They leave everything behind like ghosts taunting, waving their silks, cluttering our steps with their gold. They leave as quickly as they came. Where there was silk, now soiled rags. Where there was gold, now dust and pebbles. I see them at the edge of the world. They leave everything behind. I have made a list of these things.

The list:

Detail of clothes

Detail of hair

Detail of skin

Detail of gesture

Detail of light at shadows' edge

Detail of the edge of a word, of a sound at the gate

Video Stills and Partial Text: "Remembrances and Passages"